THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Franklin

JUNE 2, 1917

In This Number

Mary Roberts Rinehart—Irvin S. Cobb—Rudyard Kipling—Basil King

Keep Them on the *Sideboard*

For Cheerfulness—*and Health*

PLACE upon your sideboard every day this summer a full-to-overflowing bowl of fresh, sweet, juicy, cooling, thirst-quenching Sunkist Oranges.

Tempt every member of the family with this constant, bountiful supply. For the orange is world-famous for its healthfulness—especially the *summer* orange. Sunkist Oranges, because they ripen in California every day the year 'round, can be *purchased fresh* all summer from *any dealer*.

NATURE'S germ-proof package—the orange skin—*protects* the goodness and *insures* the healthfulness of *Sunkist Oranges*. What summer fruit, therefore, is equally desirable for *children?*

What is good for children is also good for grownups, so henceforth make Sunkist *your* family's summer fruit.

DON'T say merely "oranges" when you order—state plainly that you want *Sunkist.* Sunkist Oranges are hand-sorted, reliable, uniformly good. They should be delivered in the original tissue wrappers stamped "Sunkist."

Sunkist

Uniformly Good Oranges

203 Recipes and Suggestions By Alice Bradley

Miss Alice Bradley, principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, Boston, Mass., has written 203 recipes and suggestions for the use of Sunkist Oranges and Lemons. A beautifully illustrated book, which will be sent *free* to any housewife, tells all about them. Send a post card for your free copy now.

California Fruit Growers Exchange
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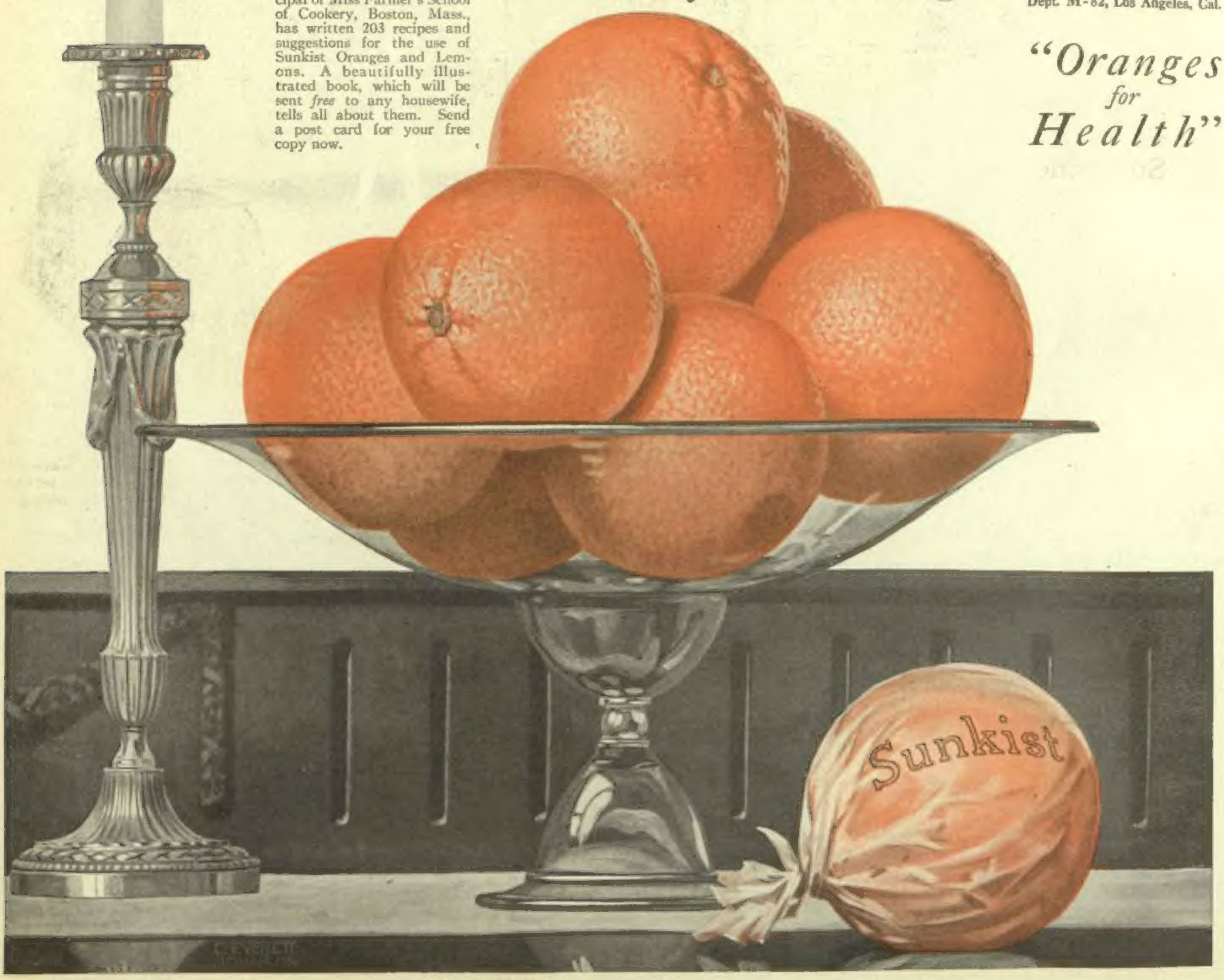
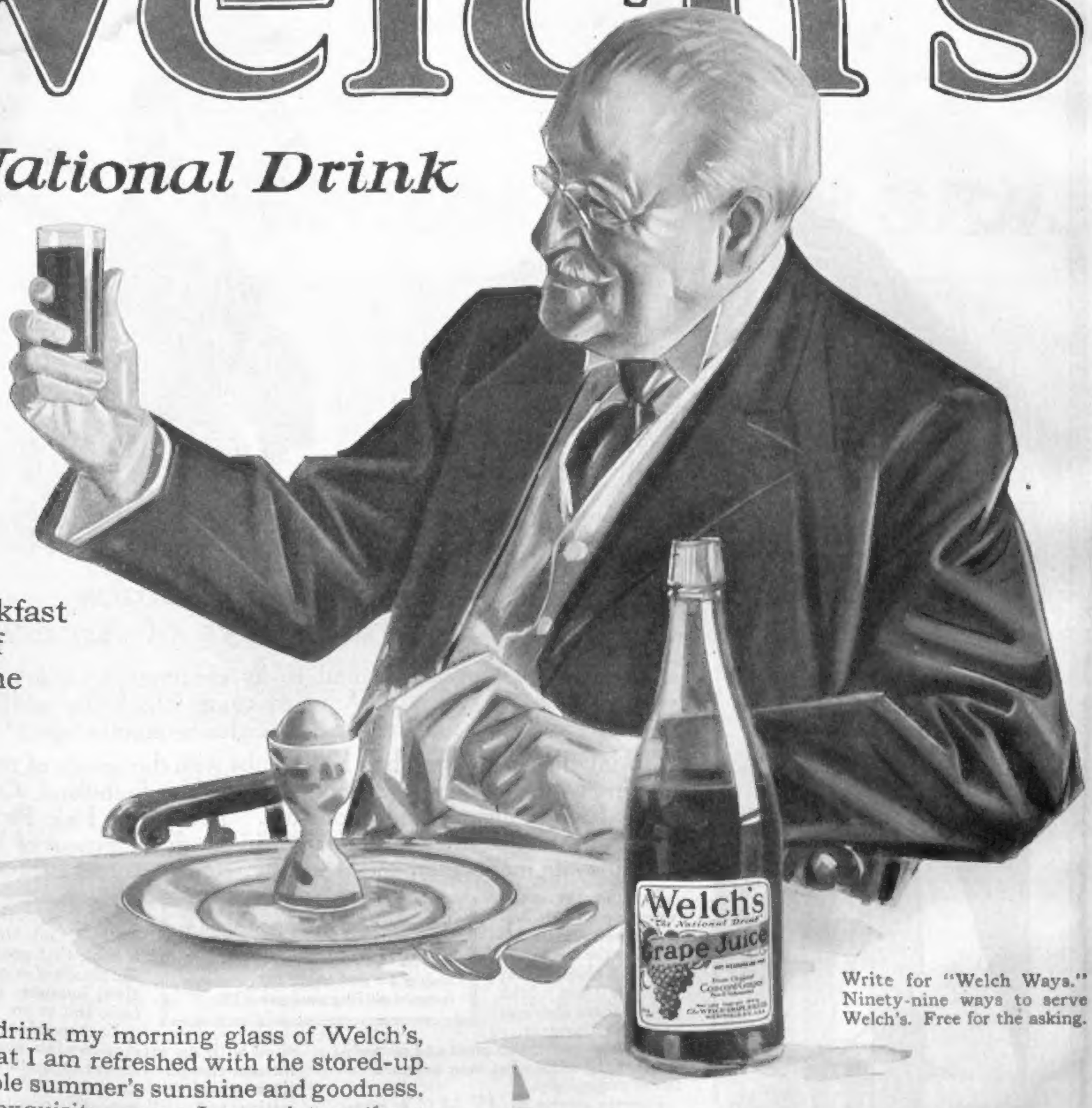
"Oranges for Health"



Welch's

The National Drink



A Breakfast
Glass of
Sunshine

"WHEN I drink my morning glass of Welch's, I feel that I am refreshed with the stored-up wealth of a whole summer's sunshine and goodness. As I catch its exquisite aroma I can picture those selected clusters of full-ripe grapes that are known in Chautauqua vineyards as Welch Premium-Price Concords.

Think! This rich, purple juice is the fulfillment of a year of nature's most excellent work.

It presents in most easily acceptable form a rare combination of fruit acids and sugar that is at once delicious to taste, refreshing, invigorating and appetizing.

Write for "Welch Ways." Ninety-nine ways to serve Welch's. Free for the asking.

A small glass of Welch's (iced) in place of ordinary breakfast fruits is a fine way to start the day. Try it tomorrow for breakfast.

You will enjoy the break in your regular morning routine food. You will enjoy the tang of Welch's and its fragrance of full-ripe Concords.

Premium quality in the grapes is what makes Welch's a drink of unusual goodness."

The Dealer Who Serves You Well, Serves You Welch's

Canadian Plant, St. Catharines, Ontario

The Welch Grape Juice Company, Westfield, N.Y.

What Fisk Bicycle Clubs Are Doing for the Boys of America

WHEN the bicycle returned to its old-time popularity, the Fisk Bicycle Clubs of America came into being with the organization of one small club about eighteen months ago.

Today there are more than 1200 clubs with thousands of members in every state in the Union, Canada, Newfoundland, Cuba, Porto Rico, Panama and Honolulu. Today the Fisk Bicycle Clubs of America are a strong factor in the development of boys and girls into manly men and womanly women—a real institution.

The thought at the beginning was to suggest to the boys and girls of today the formation of bicycle clubs similar to those from which their fathers obtained so much enjoyment.

If you have a son or daughter old enough to ride a bicycle, send for a recent number of the Fisk Club News and make a personal study of the great benefits this nation-wide movement will bring your boys and girls.

The response was so great and immediate that the movement soon assumed national proportions.

Parents, teachers and Y. M. C. A. secretaries heartily endorse it, and help in the formation of new clubs so that now the Fisk Club Chief and a corps of assistants are kept busy with the details of the organization.

The foundation of Fisk Club activities is the Fisk Club *Manual*, a book that goes into the details of organization, business meetings, and so on.

Each member is supplied with an attractive club pennant without charge. Helpful suggestions are given regarding club runs in correct formation, and in all sorts of honest fun for all seasons of the year, things that will turn a boy's mind to helpful, worthwhile exercise. The fascinating pastime of flag signalling is taught in detail, signal flags being furnished without charge.

Free Subscription to the FISK CLUB NEWS

The Fisk Club News is a monthly publication sent free to each member and is devoted to news of club activities. It suggests bicycle contests, has a stamp collectors' department, a serial story, and is full of news nearest and dearest to the hearts of boys and girls.

A limited number of names will be added to the free subscription list on application

THE FISK RUBBER COMPANY

General Offices—Chicopee Falls, Mass.

IS there a Fisk Bicycle Club in your town? Do you want to belong to a club? Do you want us to show you how to form a club of your own? Write the

Fisk Club Chief, Department 2

The Fisk Rubber Company
Chicopee Falls, Mass.

Norman Rockwell

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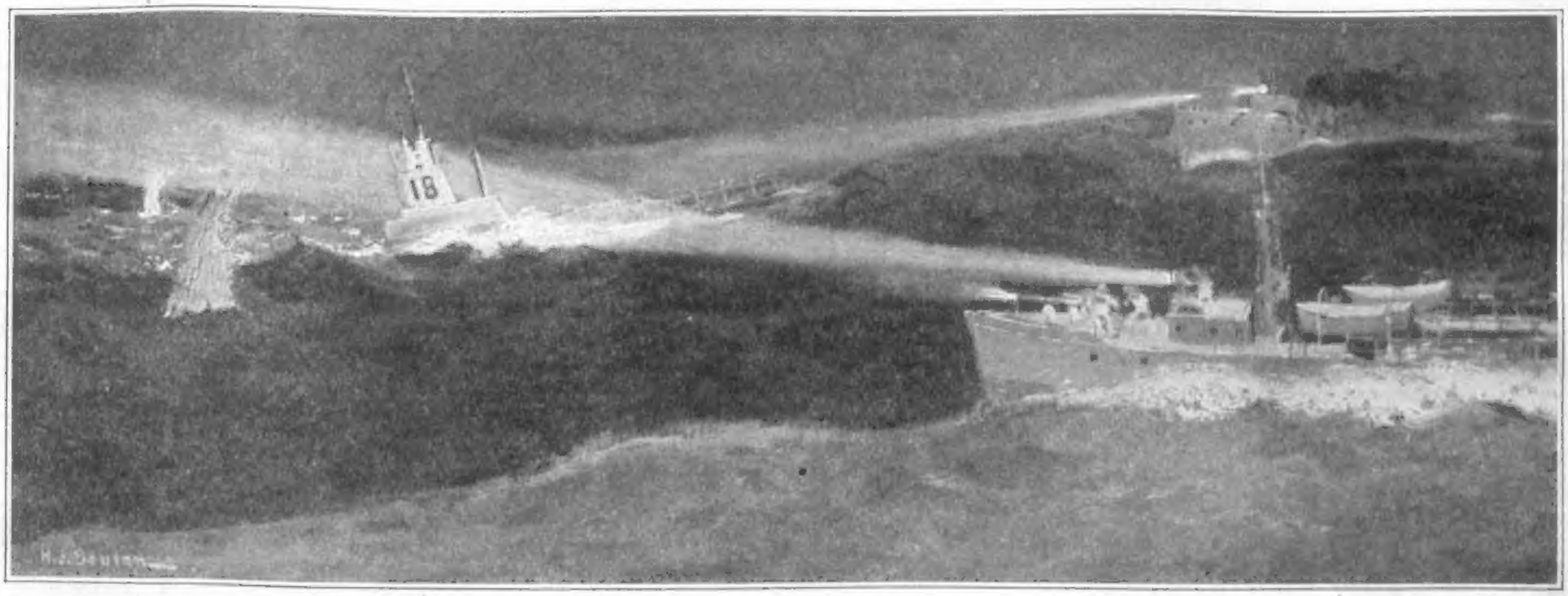
THE BERNHARDI OF THE SEAS



By Carl W. Ackerman

DECORATIONS BY HENRY J. JOULEN

BERLIN lies about midway between the village of Pless, in Silesia, and Rhineland; but militarily and politically it is not half so important. At Pless the Kaiser and his General Staff have their main headquarters, while most war materials are made in the endless factory cities along the banks of the picturesque Rhine and its more modern-looking canal tributaries. In the big castle and on the estate of the former Herzog von Pless, Field Marshal von Hindenburg, the Teutonic god, lives and moves and dreams. At the finger tips of his staff there is every available atom of military information. But when *Excellenz* wants to know the political and war business barometer level he has to send an envoy to the Rhine's industrial valley; for in wartime the opinion of ammunition makers is much more important than that of undernourished politicians, beer-hall strategists or curious Reichstag members. Modern wars can be fought with gnawing stomachs and inquisitive statesmen, but not with empty shell cases.

Late last summer the German Army had a scarcity of ammunition. General von Falkenhayn, before he resigned, had canceled a large number of contracts—no one explained just why; but the deed was done. Political and economic conditions, too, were more muddled and desperate than the people could be told. Food had little nourishment and was so scarce that the East Prussian agrarian, Adolph von Batocki, the Food Dictator, threatened eight weeks without meat. The army was holding the enemy on the various Fronts in the East and West, from Riga Bay to the Black Sea and from Greece to Flanders; but discontent and depression at home were reaching the soldiers at the Front. A few of the men at Verdun and on the Somme—I was on both battlefields and heard the soldiers talk—had refused to fight. The older men, especially, could not wade through the torn bodies of dead comrades even to attack the enemy. German leaders saw that something had to be done—and done immediately.

Sink the Allies' Ships—Crews, Cargoes and All!

SOME officials and business men got excited when they heard how badly off Germany was. The people themselves spread the most incredible rumors about Allied victories and Von Hindenburg's death. But the Chief of the General Staff, it is stated, never worries. He heard these reports, of course, because the German Secret Service repeats everything, even the talk of Germans. In due time Von Hindenburg conferred with his confidential coworker, General Ludendorf, First Quartermaster-General of the army. Besides being Paul Von Hindenburg's second self, Ludendorf is the transportation expert of the Central Powers. He was ordered to go to the industrial cities along the Rhine and the Rhone rivers. He visited Krupp's; Düsseldorf, the steel city; Hamborn, the coal center; and Cologne. He was to sound public opinion. As guests of the Ministry of War and the Foreign Office several neutral correspondents traveled in Ludendorf's wake. What these business leaders told Von Hindenburg's envoy they repeated to us.

"Look here," they said in effect; "this war is a war of transportation. So long as England can get supplies and export them to her allies, the war will continue. We cannot win unless we shut off the British Isles from the rest of the world. Ships are to the Entente what railroad trains are to us. If England could destroy as many trains as we can ships we should be crippled—absolutely broken and at England's mercy. Now apply that to the oceans. We must sink the Allies' ships—crews, cargoes and all!"

Without stopping at Berlin, Ludendorf returned to Pless and placed his report before the Kaiser and Von Hindenburg. Secretary of State von Jagow, who always urged the military party to make peace, and who, above all, did not want a break with Washington, resigned when he saw the storm approaching. Dr. Alfred Zimmerman, whose driving ambition is to be Chancellor, and whose capacity as a foreign minister can be measured by his territorial promises to Mexico, succeeded him. Ludendorf convinced Von Hindenburg that the war could be ended successfully this year by the unrestricted use of submarines; and Admiral von Capelle, successor to Grand Admiral von Tirpitz, presented figures to show that there were U-boats aplenty.

Madness and Desperation, or Cold-Blooded War Business?

BUT the Socialists and soldiers were restive and the people were weary and sick of the war; so in December the Kaiser tried to make peace. His Majesty did because the German Constitution provides that the Kaiser alone can make war or peace. His scheme for ending the war was based upon a Teutonic victory—a victory of might, militarism and money, the latter to come from the United States. One time when I was at the Front a Zeppelin commander wrote in my autograph book that the United States should pay Germany a billion dollars indemnity for damage done by American arms and ammunition—after the war!

But the Allies' reply to the Kaiser's peace feeler not only knocked it into a cocked hat but soothed the quarreling party leaders and discontented people. "Just see what England will do to us if we lose!" they said. With the ministerial clique, which wanted a ruthless submarine campaign, reënforced by the appointment of Zimmerman, and the people quieted, the new blockade of the Allied coasts was announced effective on February first. That was the beginning of the decisive battles of 1917.

Was it madness and desperation, or cold-blooded war business, which caused Germany to defy the whole world?

No one knew exactly until Rear Admiral Carl Holweg published, on February ninth of this year, a book entitled Our Right to the Submarine War. Holweg's book was to explain the German naval program as Von Bernhardi's volume, Germany and the Next War, had explained the military plans. The rear admiral's job was to justify Von Bernhardi's methods on the high seas. He was to prove to the people how the U-boats would win the war. He based the text for his sea sermon on the song by Herr Ernst Moritz Arndt, containing the following words: *Lieber ein Ende mit Schrecken als ein Schrecken ohne Ende*—"Rather an end with terror than terror without end."

How well Holweg reflects German official opinion to-day by this phrase is shown by the frank statement of Germans before I left Berlin, that "Win or lose, we must end the war."

In other words, it is "Now or never!" for the Imperial German Government. Only a decisive military victory can save German militarism. Germany has lost the war economically and internationally. By the latter I mean she has no moral standing and no future business standing outside the territory she holds under her iron heel. But a big victory might win all this back, and more. Success for the Kaiser means the United States will pay the bill.

Our Right to the Submarine War is believed to contain the arguments which convinced Von Hindenburg that he could win the war. In this little volume, which is published at the popular price of one mark—about nineteen cents now—the author makes the following points:

1. President Wilson's false neutrality justifies a disregard of the United States;

2. The loss of merchant ships is bringing about a crisis in military and economic conditions among the Allies;

3. England, as the heart of the Entente, must be defeated before peace can be made;

4. England's disregard of international law justifies a similar disregard of it by Germany; and

5. Submarines must end the war.

"If we did not know before the publication of the Entente note"—the reply to the German peace offer—"what we were up against, now we know," declares the author. "The mask fell. Now we have confirmation of the intentions to rob and conquer us, which caused the individual Entente nations to league together and conduct the war. Neutrals will also see more clearly now that for us it is '*Um sein oder nicht sein*'"—literally, "To be or not to be," meaning Germany's existence as a nation.

On page 17 Rear Admiral Holweg declares:

Holweg's Bill of Particulars

"WE ARE conducting the war against enemy commerce to-day, contrary to former war methods, only in part by ordinary warships; in the main by submarines, according to international fundamental principles as based upon German prize-court regulations. These German prize rulings were at the beginning of the war based upon the London Declaration and contain, therefore, the modern intentions of all civilized nations to decrease the horribleness of wars. These sea-law regulations have an especial object of decreasing the consequences for noncombatants and neutrals. So far during the war, because of changes in the London Declaration—especially as the contraband lists have been changed until they are unrecognizable—we Germans are at last forced to follow the English principle of 'An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth.'

"Americans would make no objections, even to-day, if they were at war with a superior sea power, to this method of conducting war, even to the ruthless use of pirate ships. May our submarines be a lesson! The clever cruiser journey off the American coasts of the U-53 gave them clearly to understand this. Legally they cannot object, and just so impossible will it be for the rest of the neutrals to object, because they have always recognized England's methods of sea warfare since the Middle Ages."

On pages 122 to 126 Holweg justifies the ruthless submarine warfare in the following way: "It is known that England and her Allies declared at the beginning of the war that they would adhere to the London Declaration. It is just as well known that England and her Allies changed this declaration through the Orders in Council and other lawless regulations until the Declaration of London is unrecognizable and worthless. Especially the spirit and purpose of the agreement were flatly pushed aside until practically nothing more remains of the Marine Law as codified in 1909. The following collection of brand-marked breaches of right shall show who the original violators of maritime law are:

"'Ten gross violations of Marine Law in wartime by England:

"1. Violation of Article IV of the Paris Maritime Declaration of April 16, 1856, by the blockading in violation of international law of neutral harbors;

"2. Violation of Article II of the same Declaration, by the confiscation of enemy property aboard neutral ships;

"3. Declaration of the North Sea as a war zone. This violated the recognized fundamental principles of the 'Freedom of the Seas';

"4. England has regarded food, since the beginning of the war, as contraband. England confiscated neutral food en route to neutral states whenever there was a possibility that it would reach the enemy;

"5. England attempted to prevent every connection between Germany and neutral countries by violating international law in seizing the mails;

"6. Also, by imprisoning German reservists aboard neutral ships;

"7. *a*, Violation of Article I of the Hague Convention, by the confiscation of the German Hospital Ship Ophelia; *b*, The murdering of the submarine crew upon command of the British auxiliary cruiser Baralong; *c*, The violation of Article XXIX, Number I, of the London Declaration, by preventing the American Red Cross Society from sending supplies to the German Red Cross;

"8. *a*, Destruction of the German cruiser Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse in Spanish territorial waters by the English cruiser Highflyer; *b*, Destruction of the German cruiser Dresden in Chilean waters by the English cruiser Glasgow; *c*, The attack of British warships on the German ship Paklas in Norwegian waters;

"9. England armed her merchant ships for attack;

"10. British merchantmen used neutral flags and signs.

"We may conclude from these facts," says the author, "that we Germans are free from the uncomfortable conditions of the London Declaration and may conduct ourselves as our own interests prescribe. We have done that partially already by following the English example of increasing the lists of war contraband. That has been uncomfortable for the neutrals and they have attempted to raise objections. We may, however, consider that they will now respect our interests just as they have recognized English interests. England demanded that they assist her because England was fighting for the future of neutrals and for justice. We now accept this same foundation for ourselves, and await, as a result, that we will compel England to accept peace agreeable to us, so that foundations for new maritime laws may be laid and in the future the deeds of belligerents against neutrals will stop. . . . This new basis for civilized warfare we bring under the title, 'Freedom of the Seas.'

"In regard to the legal status of the submarine as a warship, I [Holweg] cite here the statement of Professor Doctor Niemeyer, the German authority on international law:

"'There can be absolutely no doubt that submarine warfare is permitted. It is a war weapon, like all others. The terribleness of weapons was never a decisive ground of objection. This is a war where everything is permitted which is not prohibited.'"

Rear Admiral Holweg presents two tables to show what the war has done to the world tonnage and what the submarines accomplished from February, 1915, when the Von Tirpitz blockade was first announced, until November, 1916. His first table shows that the world tonnage at the beginning of the war amounted to 49,089,553 tons. During the war the author estimates that two million tons have been added by new construction, making a total of 51,089,553 tons of shipping in the world. Of this amount he figures that 26,835,937 tons have been destroyed, requisitioned or interned; so that at the beginning of 1917 there remained for world freight transmission only 24,253,616 tons.

In his second chart he shows that the submarine warfare, which, in February, 1915, sank less than thirty-five thousand tons, had increased until in November, 1916, nearly four hundred and fifty thousand tons of shipping was destroyed in thirty days.

The kind of submarine war Germany conducted in 1916, the author states, has been successful in the following ways:

1. It has caused a food shortage in England and France;

2. It has decreased the imports of coal in France and Italy;

3. It has increased the cost of food in England on an average of eighty per cent in price;

4. It has made England lose money during the war, in contrast with other wars where England has made money.

Rear Admiral Holweg does not discuss the future; but ever since last October, when it appeared that the ruthless torpedoing of merchant ships would be resumed, I have been in close touch with developments in Germany. Before diplomatic relations were broken, German naval authorities calculated that if Germany could sink four hundred thousand tons of shipping a month when warning merchantmen, she could double the destruction by the unrestricted use of U-boats against all shipping, belligerent and neutral. The General Staff figured that during the summer of 1917 an average of eight hundred thousand tons of ships could be sent to the bottom of the ocean every thirty days. In five months, from April first to September first, Germany expects her underwater craft to bag between four and a half million and five million tons of vessels—twice as much as the gross tonnage of Teutonic ships in United States harbors when we went to war.

Weakening the Transportation Chain

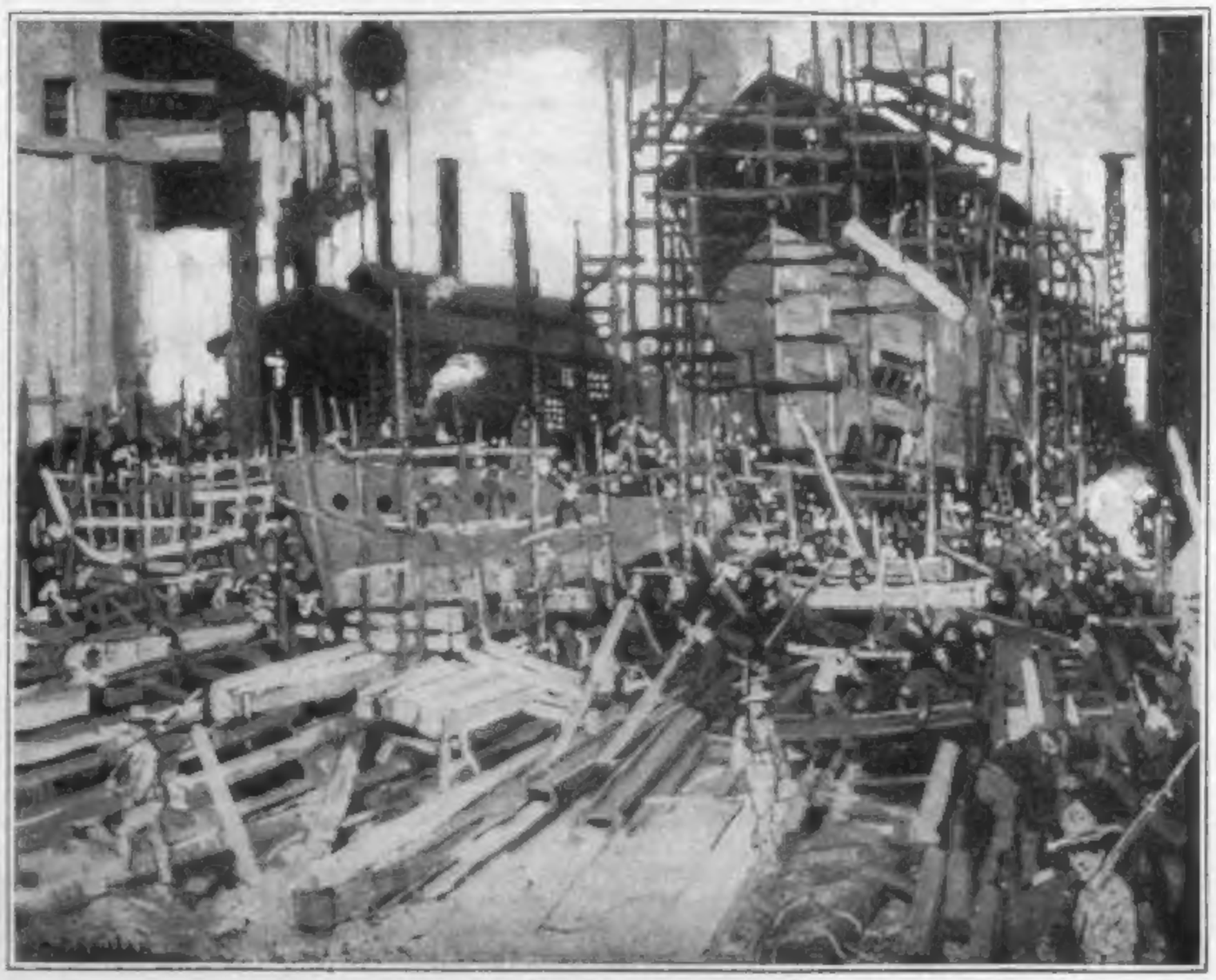
THE loss of ships has a tremendous effect upon the war because of the supplies destroyed, and because of the loss of the ships themselves. Every vessel destroyed weakens the endless Entente transportation chain. Whenever links in a military operation are broken the operation itself suffers. Germany expects dead ships to have the same direct bearing upon the battlefields of France that dead troops have. Prominent Germans stated that Von Hindenburg realized that the Allies on the Western Front were very much stronger, but they believed they could defeat Russia at any time they chose. It was explained that the blockade would so frighten neutral shippers that most of the tonnage of Scandinavia and Holland would be tied up.

It was added that Denmark shipped sixty per cent of its butter to England; that submarine operations would stop this and divert the supply to Germany. It was said that at the beginning of the war France imported two million tons of coal a month from England, and that limited submarine war had cut this down four hundred thousand tons. Italy was reported so short of coal that private supplies were being confiscated; that even three hundred tons were taken from the Grand Hotel in Rome for government purposes. It was believed that submarines and mines would cut down shipping from the United States to such an extent that American shippers would become discouraged.

German Admiralty reports of ships sunk are considered accurate, because they are based upon the dispatches of Reuter and Havas, the official English and French news agencies, and upon Lloyd's reports. Every month the German Navy summarizes these reports and checks them with reports of returning submarines. Month by month, as the German people watch the tonnage increase, they believe victory is coming nearer and nearer. The most popular items in the newspapers are those headed: "Toll of Our Tireless U-boats." And Americans can see that, unless ships are built faster than they are destroyed, the limit of endurance will be reached some day. Germans argue the crisis will come this fall.

Ever since last June the German Navy has been preparing for this submerged sea fighting by building submarines at every available wharf. Competent naval authorities estimate that on the first of February, 1917, Germany had completed or had in course of construction four hundred submarines, submarine mine layers and submarine supply ships. Submarines that were to destroy enemy and neutral ships were of two kinds: The large ocean-going U-boats, capable of crossing the Atlantic; and the smaller craft for use in

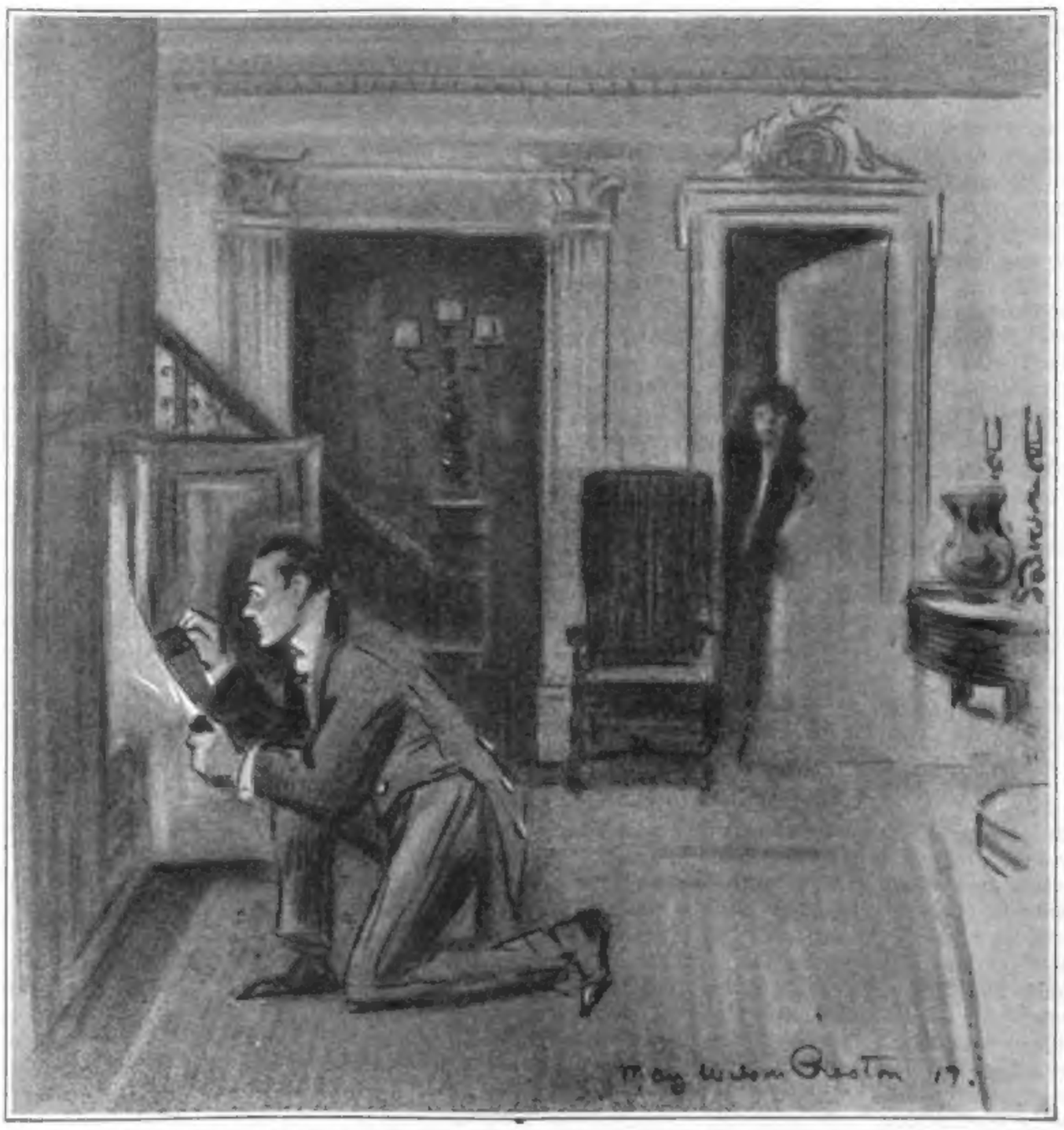
(Concluded on Page 57)



The G. A. C.—A Sub-Deb Story

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON



I Followed the Traitor Out Into the Hall and Looked In Through the Door at Him

APRIL 9TH. As I am leaving this School tomorrow for the Easter Holadays, I revert to this Dairy, which has not been written in for some months, owing to being a Senior now and carrying a heavy schedule.

My trunk has now gone, and I have but just returned from Chapel, where Miss Everett made a Speach, as the Head has quinzy. She raised a large Emblem that we have purchaced at fifty cents each, and said in a thrilling voice that our beloved Country was now at war, and expected each and all to do his duty.

"I shall not," she said, "point out to any the Fields of their Usefulness. That they must determine for themselves. But I know that the Girls of this school will do what they find to do, and return to the school at the end of two weeks, school opening with evening Chapel as usual and no tardiness permited, better off for the use they have made of this Precious Period."

We then sang the Star-Spangled Banner, all standing and facing the piano, but watching to see if Fraulein sang, which she did. Because there are those who consider that she is a German spy.

I am now sitting in the Upper House, wondering what I can do. For I am like this and always have been. I am an American through and through, having been told that I look like a tipical American girl. And I do not beleive in allowing Patriotism to be a matter of emty words.

No. I am one who beleives in doing things, even though necesarily small. What if I can be but one of the little drops of Water or little grains of Sand? I am ready to rise like a lioness to my country's call and would, if permitted and not considered imodest by my Familey, put on the clothing of the Other Sex and go into the trenches. What can I do?

It is strange to be going home in this manner, thinking of Duty and not of boys and young men. Usualy when about to return to my Familey I think of Clothes and *affairs de couer*, because at school there is nothing much of either except on Friday evenings. But now all is changed. All my friends of the Other Sex will have roused to the defense of their Country, and will be away.

And I to must do my part, or bit, as the English say.

But what? Oh what?

APRIL 10TH. I am writing this in the Train, which accounts for poor writing, etcetera. But I cannot wait for I now see a way to help my Country.

The way I thought of it was this:

I had been sitting in deep thought, and although returning to my Familey was feeling sad at the idea of my Country at war and I not helping. Because what could I do, alone and unarmed? What was my strength against that of the German Army? A trifle light as air!

It was at this point in my pain and feeling of being utterly useless, that a young man in the next seat asked if he might close the Window, owing to soot and having no other coller with him. I assented.

How little did I realize that although resembling any other Male of twenty years, he was realy Providence?

The way it happened was in this manner. Although not supposed to talk on trains, owing to once getting the wrong suit-case etcetera, one cannot very well refuse to anser if one is merely asked about a Window. And also I pride myself on knowing Human Nature, being seldom decieved as to whether a gentleman or not. I gave him a steady glance, and saw that he was one.

I then merely said to him that I hoped he intended to enlist, because I felt that I could at least do this much for my Native Land.

"I have already done so," he said, and sat down beside me. He was very interesting and I think will make a good soldier, although not handsome. He said he had been to Plattsburg the summer before, drilling, and had not been the same since, feeling now very ernest and only smoking three times a day. And he was two inches smaller in the waste and three inches more in chest. He then said: "If some of you girls with nothing to do would only try it you would have a new outlook on Life."

"Nothing to do!" I retorted, in an angry manner. "I am sick and tired of the way my Sex is always reproached as having nothing to do. If you consider French and music and Algebra and History and English composition nothing, as well as keeping house and having children and atending to social duties, *I do* not."

"Sorry," he said, stiffly. "Of course I had no idea—do you mean that you have a Familey of your own?"

"I was refering to my Sex in general," I replied.

He then said that there were Camps for girls, like Plattsburg, only more Femanine, and that they were bully. (This was his word. I do not use slang.)

"You see," he said, "they take a lot of over-indulged society girls and make them over into real People."

Ye gods! Over-indulged!

"Why don't you go to one?" he then asked.

"Evadently," I said, "I am not a real Person."

"Well, I wouldn't go as far as that. But there isn't much left of the way God made a girl, by the time she's been curled and dressed and governessed for years, is there? They can't even walk, but they talk about helping in the War. It makes me sick!"

I now saw that I had made a mistake, and began reading a Magazine, so he went back to his seat and we were as strangers again. As I was very angry I again opened my window, and he got a Cinder in his eye and had to have the Porter get it out.

He got out soon after, and he had the impertinance to stop beside me and say:

"I hate to disapoint you, but I find I have a clean coller in my bag after all." He then smiled at me, although I gave him no encouragment whatever, and said: "You're sitting up much better, you know. And if you would take off those heals I'll venture to say you could *walk* with any one."

I detested him with feirceness at that time. But since then I have pondered over what he said. For it is my Nature to be fair and to consider things from every angel. I therfore said this to myself:

"If members of the Male Sex can reduce their wastes and increase their usefulness to their Native Land by camping, exercising and drilling, why not get up a camp of my own, since I knew that I would not be allowed to go away to train, owing to my Familey?"

I am always one to decide quickly. So I have now made a sketch of a Unaform and written out the names of ten girls who will be home when I am. I here write out the Purpose of our organisation:

To defend the Country and put ourselves into good Physical Condition.

MOTTO: To be voted on later.

PASSWORD: Plattsburg.

DUES: Ten dollars each in advance to buy Tent, etcetera.

UNAFORM: Kakhi, with orange-colored necktie. In times of danger the orange color to be changed to something which will not atract the guns of the Enemy.

NAME: Girls' Aviation Corps. But to be known generally as the G. A. C. as because of Spies and so on we must be as secret as possable.

I have done everything thus in advance, because we will have but a short time, and besides I know that if everything is not settled Jane will want to run things, and probably insist on a set of By-Laws, etcetera, which will take to much time.

I have also decided to be Captain, as having organised the Camp and having a right to be.

10 P. M. I am now in my familiar Chamber, and Hannah says they intended to get new furnature but feel they should not, as War is here and everything very expencive.

But I must not complain. It is war time.

I shall now record the events from 5 P. M. to the present.

Father met me at the station as usual, and asked me if I cared to stop and buy some candy on the way home. Ye gods, was I in a mood for candy?

"I think not, father," I replied, in a dignafied way. "Our dear Country is now at war, and it is no time for self-indulgence."

"Good for you!" he said. "Evadently that school of yours is worth something after all. But we might have a bit of candy, anyhow, don't you think? Because we want to keep our Industries going and money in circulation."

I could not refuse under such circumstances, and purchaced five pounds.

Alas, war has already made changes in my Familey. George, the butler, has felt the call of Duty and has enlisted, and we now have a William who chips the best china, and looks like a German although he says not, and willing to put out the National Emblem every morning from a window in father's dressing room. Which if he is a Spy he would probably not do, or at least without being compeled to.

I said nothing about the G. A. C. during dinner, as I was waiting to see if father would give me ten dollars before I organised it. But I am a person of strong feelings, and I was sad and depressed, thinking of my dear Country at War and our beginning with soup and going on through as though nothing was happening. I therfore observed that I considered it unpatriotic, with the Enemy at our gates, to have Sauterne on the table and a Cocktail beforehand, as well as expencive tobacco and so on, even although economising in other ways, such as furnature.

"What's that?" my father said to me, in a sharp tone.

"Let her alone, father," Leila said. "She's just dramatising herself as usual. We're probably in for a dose of Patriotism."

I would perhaps have made a sharp anser, but a street-piano outside began to play The Star-Spangled Banner. I then stood up, of course, and mother said:

"Sit down, for heaven's sake, Barbara."

"Not until our National Anthem is finished, mother," I said in a tone of gentle reproof. "I may not vote or pay taxes, but this at least I can do."

Well, father got up to, and drank his coffee standing. But he gave William a dollar for the man outside, and said to tell him to keep away at meal times as even patriotism requires nourishment.

After dinner in the drawing room, mother said that she was going to let me give a Luncheon.

"There are about a dosen girls coming out when you do, Bab," she said. "And you might as well begin to get acquainted. We can have it at the Country Club, and have some boys, and tennis afterwards, if the courts are ready."

"Mother!" I cried, stupafied. "How can you think of Social pleasures when the enemy is at our gates?"

"Oh nonsense, Barbara," she replied in a cold tone. "We intend to do our part, of course. But what has that to do with a small Luncheon?"

"I do not feel like festivaty," I said. "And I shall be very busy this holaday, because although young there are some things I can do."

Now I have always loved my mother, although feeling sometimes that she had forgoten about having been a girl herself once, and also not being much given to familey embrases because of her hair being marceled and so on. I therfore felt that she would probably be angry and send me to bed. But she was not. She got up very sudenly and came around the table while William was breaking a plate in the pantrey, and put her hand on my shoulder.

"Dear little Bab!" she said. "You are right and I am wrong, and we will just turn in and do what we can, all of us. We will give the party money to the Red Cross."

I was greatly agatated, but managed to ask for the ten dollars for my share of the Tent, etcetera, although not saying exactly what for and father passed it over to me. War certainly has changed my Familey, for even Leila came over a few moments ago with a hat that she had bought and did not like.

I must now stop and learn the Star-Spangled Banner by heart, having never known but the first verse.

LATER: How helpless I feel and how hopeless!

I was learning the second verse by singing it, when father came over in his *robe de nuit*, although really pagamas, and said that he enjoyed it very much, and of course I was right to learn it as aforsaid, but that if the Familey did not sleep it could not be very usefull to the Country the next day such as making shells and other explosives.

APRIL 11TH. I have had my breakfast and called up Jane Raleigh. She was greatly excited and said:

"I'm just crazy about it. What sort of a Unaform will we have?"

This is like Jane, who puts clothes before everything. But I told her what I had in mind, and she said it sounded perfectly thrilling.

"William, What Does This Mean? The Emblem of My Country Floating in the Breese After Sunset"

"We each of us ought to learn some one thing," she said, "so we can do it right. It's an age of Specialties. Suppose you take up signaling, or sharp-shooting if you prefer it, and I can learn wireless telegraphy. And maybe Betty will take the flying course, because we ought to have an Aviator and she is afraid of nothing, besides having an uncle who is thinking of buying an Aeroplane."

"Whatelsewould yousugest?" I said freezingly. Because to hear her one would have considered the entire G. A. C. as her own idea.

"Well," she said, "I don't know, unless we have a Secret Service and guard your father's mill. Because every one thinks he is going to have trouble with Spies."

I made no reply to this, as William was dusting the Drawing Room, but said, "Come over. We can discuss that privatly." I then rang off.

I am terrably worried, because my father is my best friend, having always understood me. I cannot endure to think that he is in danger. Alas how true are the words of Dryden:

"War, he sung, is Toil and Trouble,
Honour but an empty Bubble."

NOON. Jane came over as soon as she had had her breakfast, and it was a good thing I had everything written out, because she started in right away to run things. She wanted a Constitution and By-laws as I had expected. But I was ready for her.

"We have a Constitution, Jane," I said, solemnly. "The Constitution of the United States, and if it is good enough for a whole Country I darsay it is good enough for us. As for By-laws, we can make them as we need them, which is the way laws ought to be made anyhow."

We then made a list, Jane calling up as I got the numbers in the telephone book. Everybody accepted, although Betty Anderson objected to the orange tie because she has red hair, and one of the Robinson twins could not get ten dollars because she was on probation at School and her Familey very cold with her. But she had loned a girl at school five dollars and was going to write for it at once, and thought she could sell a last year's sweater for three dollars to their laundress's daughter. We therfore admited her.

All is going well, unless our Parents refuse, which is not likely, as we intend to purchace the Tent and Unaforms before consulting them. It is the way of Parents not to care to see money wasted.

Our motto we have decided on. It is but three letters, W. I. H. and is a secret.

LATER: Sis has just informed me that Carter Brooks has not enlisted, but is playing around as usual! I feel dreadfully, as he is a friend of my Familey. Or rather *was*.

7 P. M. The Girls Aviation Corps is a fact. It is also ready for duty. How wonderful it is to feel that one is about to be of some use to one's own, one's Native Land!

We held a meeting early this P. M. in our library, all doors being closed and Sentries posted. I had made some fudge also, although the cook, who is a new one, was not pleasant about the butter and so on.

We had intended to read the Constitution of the U. S. out loud, but as it is long we did not, but signed our names to it in my father's copy of the American Common Wealth. We then went out and bought the Tent and ten camp chairs, although not expecting to have much time to sit down.

The G. A. C. was then ready for duty.

Before disbanding for the day I made a short speach in the shop, which was almost emty. I said that it was our intention to show the members of the Other Sex that we were ready to spring to the Country's call, and also to assist in recruiting by visiting the different Milatary Stations and there encouraging those who looked faint-hearted and not willing to fight.

"Each day," I said, in conclusion, "one of us will be selected by the Captain, myself, to visit these places and as soon as a man has signed up, to pin a flower in his buttonhole. As we have but little money, the tent having cost more than expected, we can use carnations as not expencive."

The man who had sold us the tent thought this was a fine idea, and said he thought he would enlist the next day, if we would be around. We then went to a book shop and bought the Plattsburg Manual, and I read to the members of the Corps these rules, to be strictly observed:

1. Carry yourself at all times as though you were proud of Yourself, your Unaform, and your Country.
2. Wear your hat so that the brim is parallel to the ground.
3. Have all buttons fastened.
4. Never have sleeves rolled up.
5. Never wear sleeve holders.
6. Never leave shirt or coat unbuttoned at the throat.
7. Have leggins and trousers properly laced. (Only leggins.)
8. Keep shoes shined.
9. Always be clean shaved. (Unecessary.)
10. Keep head up and shoulders square.
11. Camp life has a tendency to make one careless as to personal cleanliness. Bear this in mind.

We then gave the Milatary Salute and disbanded, as it was time to go home and dress for dinner.

On returning to my domacile I discovered that, although the sun had set and the hour of twilight had arived, the Emblem of my Country still floated in the breese. This made me very angry, and ringing the door-bell I called William to the steps and pointing upward, I said:

"William, what does this mean?"

He pretended not to understand, although avoiding my eye.

"What does what mean, Miss Barbara?"

"The Emblem of my Country, and I trust of yours, for I understand you are naturalized, although if not you'd better be, floating in the breese *after sunset*."

Did I or did I not see his face set into the lines of one who had little or no respect for the Flag?

"I'll take it down when I get time, miss," he said, in a tone of resignation. "But what with making the salid and laying the table and mixing cocktails, and the cook so ugly that if I as much as ask for the papriks she's likely to throw a stove lid, I haven't much time for Flags."

I regarded him sternly.

"Beware, William," I said. "Remember that, although probably not a Spy or at least not dangerous, as we in this country now have our eyes open and will stand no nonsense, you must at all times show proper respect to the National Emblem. Go upstairs and take it in."

"Very well, miss," he said. "But perhaps you will allow me to say this, miss. There are to many houses in this country where the Patriotic Feelings of the inhabatants are shown only by having a paid employee hang out and take in what you call The Emblem."

He then turned and went in, leaving me in a stupafied state on the door-step.

But I am not one to be angry on hearing the truth, although painfull. I therfore ran in after him and said:

"William, you are right and I am wrong. Go back to your Pantrey, and leave the Flag to me. From now on it will be my duty."

I therfore went upstairs to my father's dressing room, where he was shaveing for dinner, and opened the window. He was disagreable and observed:

"Here, shut that! It's as cold as blue blazes."

I turned and looked at him in a severe manner.

"I am sorry, father," I said. "But as between you and my Country I have no choice."

"What the dickens has the Country got to do with giving me influensa?" he exclaimed, glaring at me. "Shut that window."

I folded my arms, but remained calm.

"She is Lost to You Forever," I Replied in a Choking Tone. "She is Betrothed to Another"

"Father," I said, in a low and gentle tone, "need I remind you that it is at present almost seven P. M. and that the Stars and Stripes, although supposed to be lowered at sunset, are still hanging out this window?"

"Oh, that's it, is it?" he said in a releived tone. "You're nothing if you're not thorough, Bab! Well, as they have hung an hour and fifteen minutes to long as it is, I guess the Country won't go to the dogs if you shut that window until I get a shirt on. Go away and send William up in ten minutes."

"Father," I demanded, intencely, "do you consider yourself a Patriot?"

"Well," he said, "I'm not the shouting tipe, but I guess I'll be around if I'm needed. Unless I die of the chill I'm getting just now, owing to one shouting Patriot in the familey."

"Is this your Country or William's?" I insisted, in an inflexable voice.

"Oh, come now," he said, "we can divide it, William and I. There's enough for both. I'm not selfish about the country."

It is always thus in my Familey. They joke about the most serious things, and then get terrably serious about nothing at all, such as overshoes on wet days, or not passing in French grammer, or having a friend of the Other Sex, etcetera.

"There are to many houses in this country, father," I said, folding my arms, "where the Patriotism of the Inhabatants is shown by having a paid employee hang out and take in the Emblem between Cocktails and salid, so to speak."

"Oh damm!" said my father, in a feirce voice. "Here, get away and let me take it in. And as I'm in my undershirt I only hope the neighbors aren't looking out."

He then sneazed twice and drew in the Emblem, while I stood at the Salute. How far, how very far from the Plattsburg Manual, which decrees that our flag be lowered to the inspiring music of the Star-Spangled Banner, or to the bugel call. "To the Colors."

LATER: Carter Brooks dropped in this evening. I was very cold to him and said:

"Please pardon me if I do not talk much, as I am in low spirits."

"Low spirits on a holaday!" he exclaimed. "Well, we'll have to fix that. How about a motor Picnic?"

It is always like that in our house. They regard a Party or a Picnic as a cure for everything, even a heartache, or being worried about Spies, etcetera.

"No, thank you," I said. "I am worried about those of my friends who have enlisted." I then gave him a scornful glance and left the room. He said "Bah!" in a strange voice and I heard him coming after me. So I ran as fast as I could to my Chamber and locked the door.

IN CAMP GIRLS AVIATION CORPS, APRIL 12TH. We are now in Camp although not in Unaform, owing to the delivery waggon not coming yet with our clothes. I am writing on a pad on my knee, while my Orderley, Betty Anderson, holds the ink bottle. What a morning we have had! Would one not think that, in these terrable times, it would be a simple matter to obtain a spot wherein to prepare for the defence of the Country? Should not the Young be encouraged to spring to the call, "to arms, to arms, ye braves!" Instead of being reproved for buying a Tent with no place as yet to put it, and the Adams's governess being sent along with Elaine because we need a Chaperone?

Ye gods! A Chaperone to a Milatary Camp!

She is now sitting on one of the camp stools and embroidering a centerpeice.

She brought her own lunch and Elaine's, refusing to allow her to eat the regular Milatary rations of bacon and boiled potatoes, etcetera, and not ofering a thing to us, although having brought chicken sandwitches, cake and fruit.

I shall now put down the events of the day, as although the Manual says nothing of keeping a record, I am sure it is always done. Have I not read, again and again, of the Captain's log, which is not wood, as it sounds, but is a Journal or Dairy?

This morning the man at the tent store called up and asked where to send the tent. I then called a meeting in my Chamber, only to meet with bitter disapointment, as one Parent after another had refused to allow their grounds to be used. I felt sad and helpless as our house has no grounds except for hanging out washing, etcetera.

I was very angry and tired to, having had to get up at sunrise and put out the Emblem, and father having wakened and been very nasty. So I got up and said:

"It is clear that our Families are Patriots in name only and not in deed. Since they have abandoned us, The G. A. C. must abandon them and do as it thinks best. Between Familey and Country, I am for the Country."

Here they all cheered, and Hannah came in and said mother had a headache and to keep quiet.

I could but look around, with an eloquent gesture.

"You see, Members of the Corps," I said in a tence voice, "that things as at present are intollerable. We must strike out for ourselves. Those who are willing please signify by saying 'Aye.'"

They all said it and I then sugested that we take my car and as many as possable of the officers and go out to find a suitable spot. I then got my car and crowded into it the First and Second Lieutenants, the Sergeant and the Quartermaster, which was Jane. She had asked to be Veterinarion, being fond of dogs, etcetera, but as we had no animals, I had made her Quartermaster, giving her charge of the Quarters, or Tent, etcetera. The others followed in the Adams's limousine, taking also cooking utensils and food, although Mademoiselle was very disagreeable about the frying pan and refused to hold it.

We went first to the Tent store. The man in the shop then instructed me as to how to put up the Tent, and was very kind, ofering to send some one to do it. But I refused. "One must learn to do things oneself if one is to be usefull," I said. "It is our intention to call on no member of the Male Sex, but to show that we can get along without them."

"Quite right," he said. "I'm sure you can get along without us, miss, much better than we could get along without you."

Mademoiselle considered this a flirtatious speach and walked out of the shop. But I consider that it was a General Remark and not personal, and anyhow he was thirty at least, and had a married apearance.

As there was not room for the Tent and camp chairs in my car, the delivery waggon followed us, making quite a procession.

We tried several farm houses, but one and all had no Patriotism whatever and refused to let us use their terratory. It was heartrending, for were we not there to help to protect that very terratory from the enemy? But no, they cared not at all, and said they did not want papers all over the place, and so on. One woman observed that she did not object to us, but that we would probably have a lot of boys hanging around and setting fire to things with cigarettes, and anyhow if we were going to shoot it would keep the hens from laying.

Ye gods! Is this our National Spirit?

I simply stood up in the car and said:

"Madame, we intend to have no Members of the Other Sex. And if you put eggs above the Stars and Stripes you are nothing but a Traitor and we will keep an eye on you."

We then went on, and at last found a place where no one was living, and decided to claim it in the name of the government. We then put up the tent, although not as tight as it should have been, owing to the Adams's chauffeur not letting us have his wrench to drive the pins in with, and were ready for the day's work.

We have now had luncheon and the Quartermaster, Jane, is burning the papers and so on.

After I have finished this Log we will take up the signaling. We have decided in this way: Lining up in a row, and counting one to ten, even numbers will study flag signals, and the odds will take up telegraphy, which is very clearly shown in the Manual.

After that we will have exercises to make us strong and elastic, and then target practise.

We have as yet no guns, but father has one he uses for duck shooting in the fall, and Betty's uncle was in Africa last year and has three, which she thinks she can secure without being noticed. We have passed this Resolution: To have nothing to do with those of the Other Sex who are not prepared to do their Duty.

EVENING, APRIL 12TH. I returned to my domacile in time to take in Old Glory, and also to dress for dinner, being muddy and needing a bath, as we had tried bathing in the creek at the camp while Mademoiselle was asleep in the tent, but found that there was an oil well near and the water was full of oil, which stuck to us and was very disagreeable to smell.

Carter Brooks came to dinner, and I played the National Anthem on the phonograph as we went in to the Dining Room. Mother did not like it, as the soup was getting cold, but we all stood until it was finished. I then saluted, and we sat down.

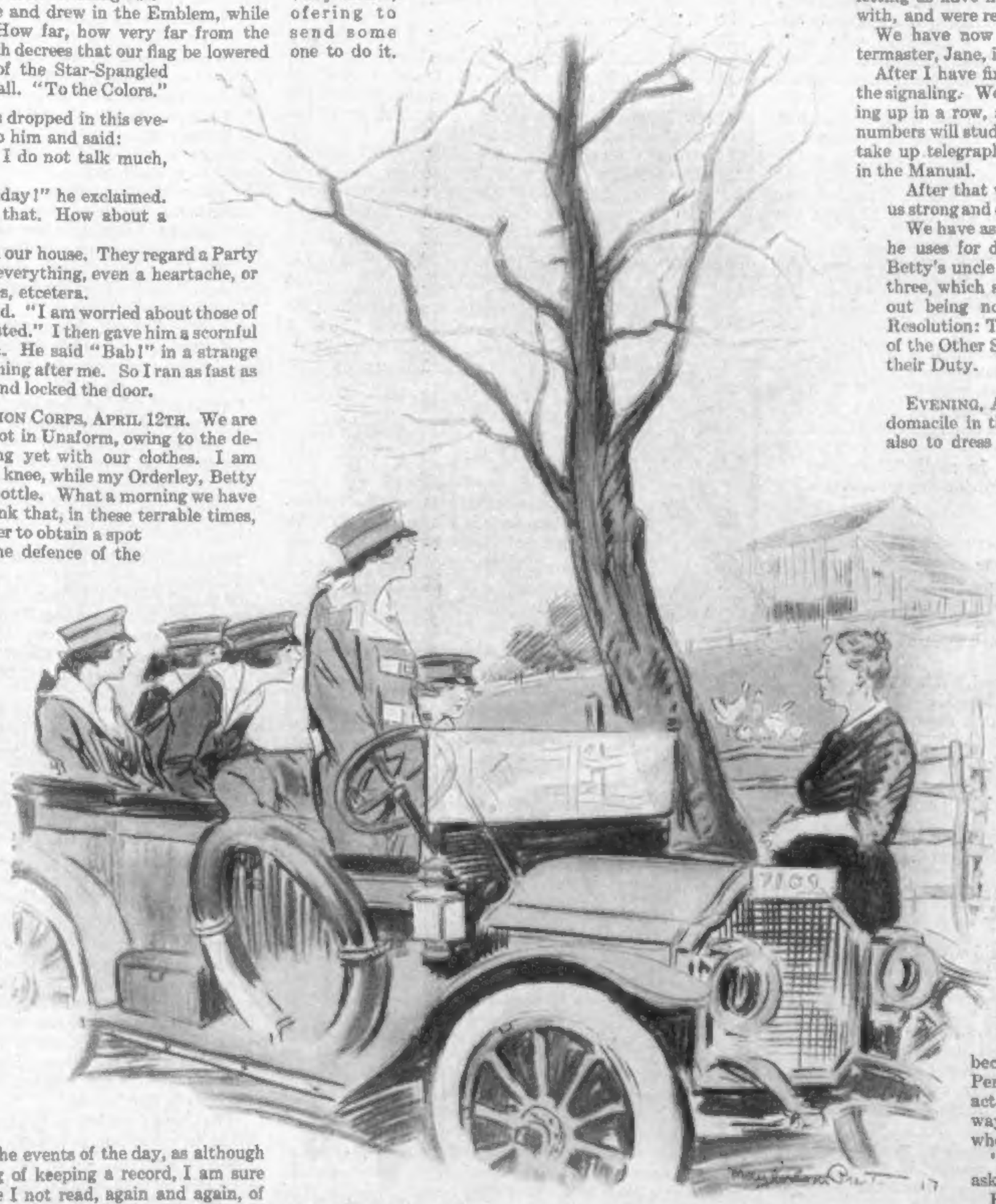
Carter Brooks sat beside me, and he gave me a long and peircing glance.

"What's the matter with you, Bab?" he said. "You were rather rude to me last night, and now you've been looking through me and not at me ever since I came. I'll bet you're feverish."

"Not at all," I said, in a cold tone. "I may be excited, because of war and my Country's Peril. But for goodness sake don't act like the Familey, which always considers that I am sick when I am merely intence."

"Intence about what?" he asked.

But can one say when one's friends are a disapointment to one? No, or at least not at the table.



"Madame, if You Put Eggs Above the Stars and Stripes You are Nothing But a Traitor and We Will Keep an Eye on You"

The others were not listening, as father was fussing about my waking him at daylight to put out the Emblem.

"Just slide your hand this way, under the table cloth," Carter Brooks said in a low tone. "It may be only intencity, but it looks most awfully like chicken-pocks."

So I did, considering that it was only Politeness, and he took it and said:

"Don't jerk! It is nice and warm and soft, but not feverish. What's that lump?"

"It's a blister," I said. And as the others were now complaining about the soup, I told him of the Corps, etcetera, thinking that perhaps it would rouse him to some patriotic feelings. But no, it did not.

"Now look here," he said, turning and frowning at me, "Aviation Corps means flying. Just remember this,—if I hear of your trying any of that nonsense I'll make it my business to see that you're locked up, young lady."

"I shall do exactly as I like, Carter," I said in a fridgid manner. "I shall fly if I so desire, and you have nothing to say about it."

However, seeing that he was going to tell my father, I added:

"We shall probably not fly, as we have no machine. There are Cavalry Regimenta that have no horses, aren't there? But we are but at the beginning of our Milatary existence, and no one can tell what the next day may bring forth."

"Not with you, anyhow," he said in an angry tone, and was very cold to me the rest of the dinner hour.

They talked about the war, but what a disapointment was mine! I had returned from my Institution of Learning full of ferver, and it was a bitter moment when I heard my father observe that he felt he could be of more use to his Native Land by making shells than by marching and carrying a gun, as he had once had milk-leg and was never the same since.

"Of course," said my father, "Bab thinks I am a slacker. But a shell is more valuable against the Germans than a milk leg, anytime."

I at that moment looked up and saw William looking at my father in a strange manner. To those who were not on the alert it might have apeared that he was trying not to smile, my father having a way of indulging in "quips and cranks and wanton wiles" at the table which mother does not like, as our Butlers are apt to listen to him and not fill the glasses and so on.

But if my Familey slept mentaly I did not. *At once* I suspected William. Being still not out, and therfore not listened to with much atention, I kept my piece and said nothing. And I saw this. William was not what he seemed.

As soon as dinner was over I went into my father's den, where he brings home drawings and estamates, and taking his Leather Dispach case, I locked it in my closet, tying the key around my neck with a blue ribben. I then decended to the lower floor, and found Carter Brooks in the hall.

"I want to talk to you," he said. "Have you young Turks—I mean young Patriots any guns at this camp of yours?"

"Not yet."

"But you expect to, of course?"

I looked at him in a steady manner. "When you have put on the Unaform of your Country," I said, "or at least of Plattsburg, I shall tell you my Milatary secrets, and not before."

"Plattsburg!" he exclaimed. "What do you know of Plattsburg?"

I then told him, and he listened, but in a very disagreeable way. And at last he said:

"The plain truth, Bab, is that some good-looking chap has filled you up with a lot of dope which is meant for men, not romantic girls. I'll bet 10 cents that if a fellow with a broken noze or a squint had told you, you'd have forgotten it the next minute."

I was exasparated. Because I am tired of being told that the defence of our Dear Country is a masculine matter.

"Carter," I said, "I do not beleive in the double standard, and never did."

"The what?"

"The double standard," I said with dignaty. "It was all well and good when war meant wearing a kitchin stove and wielding a lance. It is no longer so. And I will show you."

I did not mean to be boastfull, such not being my nature. But I did not feel that one who had not yet enlisted, remarking that there was time enough when the Enemy came over, etcetera, had any right to criticise me.

12 MIDNIGHT. How can I set down what I have discovered? And having recorded it, how be sure that Hannah will not snoop around and find this record, and so ruin everything?

It is midnight. Leila is still out, bent on frivolaty. The rest of the Familey sleeps quietly, except father, who has taken cold and is breathing through his mouth, and I sit here alone, with my secret.

William is a Spy. I have the proofs. How my hand trembles as I set down the terrable words.

I discovered it thus.

Feeling somewhat emty at bed time and never sleeping well when hollow inside, I went down to the pantrey at eleven P. M. to see if any of the dinner puding had been left, although not hopeful, owing to the servants mostly finishing the desert.

William was in the pantrey.

He was writing somthing, and he tried to hide it when I entered.

Being in my *robe de nuit* I closed the door and said through it: "Please go away, William. Because I want to come in, unless all the puding is gone."

I could hear him moving around, as though concealing somthing.

"There is no puding, miss," he said. "And no fruit except for breakfast. Your mother is very particuler that no one take the breakfast fruit."

"William," I said sternly, "go out by the kitchen door. Because I am hungry, and I am coming in for *somthing*."

He was opening and closing the pantrey drawers, and although young, and not a housekeeper, I knew that he was not looking in them for edables.

"If you'll go up to your room, Miss Bab," he said, "I'll mix you an Eggnogg, without alkohol, of course, and bring it up. An Eggnogg is a good thing to stay the stomache with at night. I frequently resort to one myself."

I saw that he would not let me in, so I agreed to the Eggnogg, but without nutmeg, and went away. My knees trembled to think that into our peacefull home had come "Grim-vizaged War," but I felt keen and capable of dealing with anything even a Spy.

William brought up the Eggnogg, with a dash of sherry in it, and I could hear him going up the stairs to his chamber. I drank the Eggnogg, feeling that I would need all my strength for what was to come, and then went down to the pantrey. It was in perfect order, except that one of the tea towles had had a pen wiped on it.

I then went through the drawers one by one, although not hopeful, because he probably had the incrimanating document in the heal of his shoe, which Spies usualy have made hollow for the purpose, or sowed in the lining of his coat.

At least, so I feared. But it was not so. Under one of the best table cloths I found it. Yes. *I found it.*

I copy it here in my journal, although knowing nothing of what it means. Is it a scheme to blow up my father's mill, where he is making shells for the defence of his Native Land? I do not know. With shaking hands I put it down as follows:

48 D. K.	36 S. S.
48 D. F.	36 C. S.
36 S. F.	24 I. H. K.
34 F. F.	36 F. K.
36 T. S.	

But in one way its meaning is clear. Treachery is abroad and Treason has but just stocked up the stairs to its Chamber.

"When You Have Put on the Unaform of Your Country," I Said, "I Shall Tell You My Milatary Secrets, and Not Before"

APRIL 13TH. It is now noon and snowing, although supposed to be spring. I am writing this Log in the tent, where we have built a fire. Mademoiselle is sitting in the Adams's limousine, wrapped in rugs. She is very sulky.

There are but nine of us, as I telephoned the Quartermaster early this morning and summoned her to come over and discuss important business.

Her Unaform had come and so had mine. What a thrill I felt as she entered Headquarters (my chamber) in kakhi, and saluted. She was about to sit down, but I reminded her that war knows no intimacies, and that I was her Captain. She therfore stood, and I handed her William's code. She read it and said:

"What is it?"

"That is what the G. A. C. is to find out," I said. "It is a cipher."

"It looks like it," said Jane in a flutering tone. "Oh, Bab, what are we to do?"

I then explained how I had discovered it and so on.

"Our first duty," I went on, "is to watch William. He must be followed and his every movement recorded. I need not tell you that our mill is making shells, and that the fate of the Country may hang on you to-day."

"On me?" said Jane, looking terrafied.

"On you. I have selected you for this first day. Tomorrow it will be another. I have not yet decided which. You must remain secreted here, but watching. If he goes out, follow him."

I was again obliged to remind her of my rank and so on, as she sat down and began to object at once.

"The Familey," I said, "will be out all day at First Aid classes. You will be safe from discovery."

Here I am sorry to say Jane disapointed me, for she observed, bitterly:

"No luncheon, I suppose!"

"Not at all," I said. "It is a part of the Plattsburg idea that a good soldier must have nourishment, as his strength is all he has, the Officers providing the brains."

I then rang for Hannah, and ofered her 10 dollars to bring Jane a tray at noon and to sneak it from the kitchin, not the pantrey.

"From the kitchin?" she said. "Miss Bab, it's as much as my life is worth to go to the kitchin. The cook and that new Butler are fighting something awfull."

Jane and I exchanged glances.

"Hannah," I said, in a low tone, "I can only say this. If you but do your part you may avert a great calamaty."

"My God, Miss Bab!" she cried. "That cook's a German. I said so from the begimning."

"Not the cook, Hannah."

We were all silent. It was a terrable moment.

I shortly afterwards left the house, leaving Jane to study flag signals or wigwaging as vulgarly called, and *to watch.*

Camp: 4 P. M. Father has just been here.

We were trying to load one of Betty's uncle's guns when my Orderley reported a car coming at a furious gate. On going to the opening of the tent I saw that it was our car with father and Jane inside. They did not stop in the road, but turned and came into the field bumping awfully.

Father leaped out and exclaimed:

"Well!"

He then folded his arms and looked around.

"Upon my word, Bab!" he said. "You might at least take your Familey into your confidence. If Jane had not happened to be at the house I'd never have found you. But never mind about that now. Have you or have you not seen my leather Dispach Case?"

Alas, my face betrayed me, being one that flushes easily and then turns pale.

"I thought so," he said, in an angry voice. "Do you know that you have kept a Board of Directors sitting for three hours, and that—Bab, you are hopeless! Where is it?"

How great was my humiliation, although done with the Highest Motives, to have my Corps standing around and listening. Also watching while I drew out the ribben and the key.

"I hid it in my closet, father," I said.

"Great thunder!" he said. "And we have called in the Secret Service!"

He then turned on his heal and stocked away, only stopping to stare at Mademoiselle in the car, and then driving as fast as possable back to the mill.

As he had forgotten Jane, she was obliged to stay. It was by now raining, and the Corps wanted to go home. But I made a speach, saying that if we weakened now what would we do in times of Real Danger.

"What are a few drops of rain?" I inquired, "to the falling of bullets and perhaps shells? We will now have the class in bandageing."

The Corps drew lots as to who would be bandaged, there being no volunttera, as it was cold and necesary to remove Unaform etcetera. Elaine got number seven. The others then practiced on her, having a book to go by.

I here add to this log Jane's report on William. He had cleaned silver until 1 P. M., when he had gone back to the

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THE EYES OF ASIA

A Retired Gentleman—By Rudyard Kipling

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

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FROM Bishen Singh Saktawut, Subedar Major, 215th Indurgurh—Todd's—Rajputs, now at Lyndhurst, Hampshire, England, to Madhu Singh, Sawant, Risaldar Major—retired—146th—Dublana—Horse, on his fief which he holds under the Thakore Sahib of Pech at Bukani by the River, near Chiturkaira, Kotah, Rajaputana:

Having experienced five months of the war, I became infected with fever and a strong coldness of the stomach [rupture]. The doctor ordered me out of it altogether. They have cut me with knives for a wound on my leg. It is now healed, but the strength is done, and it is very frightened of the ground. I have been in many hospitals for a long time. At this present I am living in a hospital for Indian troops in a forest reservation called "New," which was established by the King's order in ages past. There is no order for my return to India. I do not desire it. My Regiment has now gone out of France—to Egypt or Africa. My officer Sahibs are for the most part dead or in hospitals. During a railway journey when two people sit side by side for two hours one feels the absence of the other when he alights. How great then was my anguish at being severed from my Regiment after thirty-three years! If I return to India I cannot drill the new men between my two crutches. I should subsist in my village on my wound-pension among old and young who have never seen war. Here I have great consideration. Though I am useless, they are patient.

The King Himself Gave Me the Medal for Fetching in My Captain From the Wires

Having knowledge of the English tongue, I am sometimes invited to interpret between those in the hospital for the Indian troops and visitors of high position. I advance eminent visitors, such as relatives of Kings and princes, into the presence of the Colonel Doctor Sahib. I enjoy a small room apart from the hospital wards. I have a servant. The Colonel Doctor Sahib examines my body at certain times. I am forbidden to stoop even for my crutches. They are instantly restored to me by orderlies and my friends, among the English. I come and go at my pleasure where I will, and my presence is solicited by the honorable.

You say I made a mistake to join the war at the end of my service. I have endured five months. Come you out and endure two and a half. You are three years younger than I. Why do you sit at home and drill new men? Remember:

The Brahman who steals,
The widow who wears ornaments,
The Rajput who avoids the battle,
Are only fit for crows' meat.

You write me that this is a war for young men. The old are not entirely useless. The Badshah [the King] himself gave me the medal for fetching in my captain from the wires upon my back. That work caused me the coldness in my stomach. Old men should not do coolie work. Your cavalry were useless in France. Infantry can fight in this war—not cavalry. It is as impossible for us to get out of our trenches and exterminate the enemy as it is for the enemy to attack us. Doubtless the cavalry brigades will show what they are made of in Egypt or Persia. This business in France is all Artillery work and mines. The blowing up of the Chitoree Bastion, when Arjoon went to Heaven waving his sword, as the song says, would not be noticed in the noise of this war.

The nature of the enemy is to go to earth and flood us with artillery of large weight. When we were in the trenches it was a burden. When we rested in the villages we found great ease. As to our food, it was like a bunnia's marriage feast. Everything given, nothing counted. Some of us—especially among your cavalry—grew so fat that they were compelled to wrestle to keep thin. This is because there was no marching.

The nature of the enemy is to commit shame upon women and children; and to defile the shrines of his own faith with his own dung. It is done as a drill. We believed till then they were some sort of caste apart from the rest. We did not know they were outcaste. Now it is established by the evidence of our senses. They attack on all fours, running like apes. They are specially careful for their faces. When death is certain they offer gifts and repeat the number of their children. They are very good single shots from cover.

It is the nature of the enemy to shower seductions from out of their air-machines on our troops in the lines. They promised such as would desert that they would become Rajahs among them. Some of the men went over to see if this were true. No report came back. We cleaned out five bad characters from our Company exactly as it used to be in the little wars on the Border. May the enemy be pleased with them. No man of any caste disgraced our Regiment.

The nature of the enemy in this war is like the Nat [juggler] who is compelled to climb a pole for his belly's sake. If he does not climb he starves. If he stops he falls down. This is my thought concerning the enemy.

Now that our troops have gone out of France, the war is entirely between the enemy and the English, etc., etc. Both sides accordingly increased the number and the size of their guns. The new wounded officers in the English hospital say that the battles of even yesterday are not to be compared with the battle of to-day. Tell this to those who have returned and who boast. Only fools will desire more war when this war is ended. Their reward will be an instant extinction on account of the innumerable quantity of arms, munitions, etc., etc., which will be left in the hands of the experts. Those who make war henceforward will be as small jackals fighting beneath the feet of elephants. This Government has abundance of material, and fresh strength is added every hour. Let there be no mistake. The foolish have been greatly deceived in these matters by the nature of the English, which is in the highest degree deceptive. Everything is done and spoken upside down in this country of the English. He who has a thousand says: "It is but a scant hundred." The possessor of palaces says: "It is a hut"; and the rest in proportion. Their boast is not to boast. Their greatness is to make themselves very small. They draw a curtain in front of all they do. It is as difficult to look upon the naked face of their achievements as in our country upon the faces of women.

It is not true there is no caste in England. The mark of the high castes, such as Ul or Baharun [Earl or Baron], is that they can perform any office, such as handling the dead, wounds, blood, etc., without loss of caste. The Maharanee of the Nurses in the English Hospital, which is near our hospital, is by caste Baharanee [Baroness]. I resort thither daily for society and enlightment on the habits of this people. The high castes are forbidden to show curiosity, appetite or fear in public places. Their male children are beaten from their ninth year to their seventeenth year, by men with sticks. Their women are counted equal with their men. It is reckoned as disgraceful for a Baharanee to show fear when lights are extinguished in the hospital on account of bomb-dropping airships as for an Ul to avoid battle. They do not blacken each other's faces by loud abuse, but by jests spoken in a small voice.

The nature of the young men of high caste is as the nature of us Rajputs. They do not use opium, but they delight in horses, and sport and women, and are perpetually in debt to the moneylender. They shoot partridge and they are forced to ride foxes because there are no wild pig here. They know nothing of hawking or quail-fighting, but they gamble up to the hilt on all occasions and bear losses laughing. Their card play is called Baraich. They belittle their own and the achievements of their friends, so

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Training for Trench Fighting

By WILLIAMS HAYNES

OUR new army, so the War Department has announced, is to be trained for service overseas by the Canadian system, a method of training radically different from that which we have ever given our militia, the Plattsburgers or even our regular army. We have been preparing for preparedness; the Canadians have been training for trench fighting, and trench fighting is the work of specialists. It is carried on by bombers, scouts and sappers; by communication and construction experts; by sharpshooters, by machine gunners, by bayonet fighters. The ordinary, all-round, jack-of-all-trades soldier is as out-of-date in the trenches as a muzzle-loading, smooth-bore rifle. In learning his specialist's work, therefore, the Canadian recruit is not taken out, shown a little section of trench built by the engineers, and told this is a trench of such-and-such a type. With his battalion he is ordered into a sector of trench that from the barbed wire out in front to the clicking telegraph instruments in the dugout at the rear of the second supporting trench is a replica of a trench sector at the Front. He lives there day and night, come rain or shine. He fights a sham battle with another battalion in an opposing sector of trench, learning his specialist's work under conditions that, even to the bursting of bombs and the setting off of flares, reproduce those at the Front as closely as is possible.

The Big Push

Cold Steel

THIS highly practical training for trench fighting is seen at its best at Camp Borden, the newest and largest of the Canadian training grounds. About fourteen months ago, after a year's experience, the military authorities decided to build a model training camp. A site, well removed from the distractions of any town, was selected fifty miles northwest of Toronto. A great tract of twenty-two thousand acres, which a soldier cannot march round in a day and a half, was set aside and surveyed. The late Canadian spring was later than usual, but less than six months afterward the wilderness of oak and hemlock and thick brush had been cleared, a gridiron of broad macadam roads had been built, complete water and sewage systems had been laid, telephones and electric light installed, and nearly thirty thousand men in thirty-six battalions were encamped there. Planned and built by volunteer engineers, commanded by volunteer officers who are training an army of volunteers, fed and sheltered and equipped by volunteer quartermasters, Camp Borden may well serve us as the very pattern of a training camp. Except for a handful of officers invalided back from the Front and serving as instructors, Borden is a camp of amateur soldiers. What they are accomplishing there is at once an object lesson and an inspiration for us.

The Canadian recruit in training lives by a rigorous schedule. From five-thirty in the morning, when reveille calls him from his blankets, till ten-fifteen at night, when "lights out" is sounded, he is kept very busy. Nothing can become more monotonous than the grinding routine of a military camp; but the training is so practical that it rouses his imagination, and there is nothing perfunctory in the spirit that pervades his work. Ordinary drill is after all a dull business; but the Canadian recruit, compared with the American rookie, has got little regular drill. Even a practice march is but a glorified drill with a blanket roll and a field kit thrown in for bad measure. Bayonet fighting, field maneuvers and trench fighting, bombing and musketry, however, are very different. A man enlisted for service overseas needs no lecture by an expert detailed from headquarters to appreciate the practical value of maneuvers, especially of the sham battles fought in the practice trenches. There is something about bayonet fighting and bombing that rouses the enthusiasm of a man who knows that within the year he will be at the Front. Since these exercises occupy the most of his time, the Canadian recruit throws himself heart and soul into his training.

Trench fighting being the business of specialists, the Canadians, because they have shown special aptitude for this work, are specializing in bayonet fighting.

"After all," one of their officers said to me, "it's the bayonet that takes the next trench. However perfect the artillery preparation for an advance, in the end you can occupy the enemy's trench only by driving him out with the bayonet. Our men love the cold steel; the Boches hate it; so we take special delight in bayonet exercises."

Accordingly every morning, after breakfast and an hour of physical drill, the Canadian recruit is put through a stiff course in bayonet fighting—such a course as our soldiers have never known. The beginners are lined up in squads and a sergeant teaches them the rudiments. Just as a boxing or a fencing instructor shows his pupils how to stand and how to make every move of attack and guard, so the sergeant drills the recruits in the various lunges, parries and counters. Once these fundamentals are mastered, two squads are lined up facing each other, and, at the word of command, one executes the correct guard for a given attack made by the other. Only after the men are experts are they allowed to don masks and padded coats and fence with an opponent.

The men are also drilled at a new bayonet-fighting sport invented by Lieutenant Williams, bayonet-fighting instructor of the Toronto Sportsmen's Battalion, in which, while running at top speed, they pick off a wooden ring held on the end of a pole. This war-like variation of picking the brass ring at the merry-go-round is used in squad competitions, and is even more popular with the men than the work on the dummies. These are gunny sacks, stuffed and mounted between two poles.

On them are painted targets, arranged like the five-spot of cards, at which the men lunge. I watched a squad of Highlanders, big, burly, kilted fellows, fighting the dummies at Camp Borden. They worked with a grim, silent vigor that was at once fascinating and terrible, and their sergeant's caustic comments drove home to me how the object of training is never lost sight of for a moment and to what fine points that training is carried.

"Whist, mon," he bellowed at one of his men, "how monny times maun I tell ye six inches is enough! 'Twill put the Kaiser himsel' oot. Noo try it again—the lower right this time; and mind ye maun hit a mon's leg fair to get him!"

Bayonet Practice

THE man, abashed, stepped back, sprang forward, and lunged savagely, hitting the lower right-hand target squarely, and plunging his bayonet but halfway into the bag.

"'Tis better," the sergeant admitted.

This same sergeant had been a promising young civil engineer before the war, and I asked him why it was he had not joined the engineers or the artillery, where his technical knowledge would have been valuable.

"There's naught appeals to me," he replied, "aboot bridge building or shooting at an enemy ye dinna see. But let's go at the Boches wi' this!" He patted his bayonet affectionately, and his men murmured their approval. It flashed into my mind that the Germans have nicknamed the kilted soldiers "The ladies of hell"!

After bayonet fighting on the Canadian training program comes two hours of regular drill; after drill, dinner; and after dinner, an hour of musketry. This includes not only the care of the rifle and practice on the four hundred targets on Borden's ranges, but much particular work in judging distances and gauging the wind, for the modern rifle is a weapon of precision, and unless these factors in setting the sights are rightly estimated, the man is but wasting valuable ammunition.

At three o'clock the Canadian recruit sits down to listen for an hour to a lecture by an officer. There is infinite variety in these lectures. His company officers may expound the technicalities of drill, or experts from headquarters may talk on their specialties. To-day an officer of the dental corps will explain the care of the teeth; to-morrow an officer back from the Front will demonstrate the use of hand bombs. Every phase of the soldier's work and duty is explained in these lectures. Drill, sentry duty, scouting, bombing, mining, trench making and repairing, signaling, map-reading, the rifle, the machine gun, the bayonet, all these are taken up and discussed by authorities; but there are also lectures on the care of the feet, eyes, teeth, the use and abuse of tobacco and alcohol, drinking water, food, personal hygiene, first aid, and even lectures on history and geography, especially in their bearing on the war. Along with his training the Canadian soldier is, willy-nilly, receiving a liberal education.

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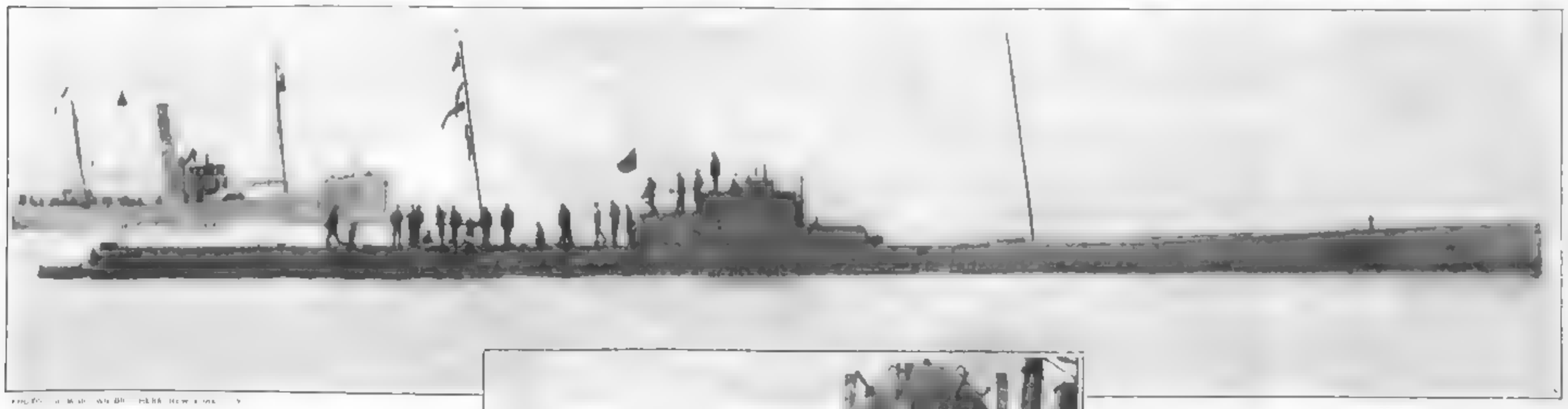
WAR INVISIBLE—By Henry Reuterdahl



SPLASH! The first twelve-pounder shell from the British patrol hits close to the German sub. The next strikes the bow and crashes into the forward superstructure. The Germans pile madly out of the hatches, and the officers pop out of the conning-tower hatch and climb down the structure. All hold up their hands in surrender, caught on the surface with dead batteries or repairing a broken-down engine, powerless to move. But when the patrol boat comes alongside to receive surrender the German submarine is sinking. One man stays below and opens the flooding valves and hits their stems with a maul hard enough to bend them so they cannot be closed. This fellow perishes. The others jump into the water and are rescued.

Now the British tar plays fair. Paddling about, Fritz gets chilled; he is given dry clothes, a tot of rum and a blanket. Haughty, but thankful, the German officers lay aft to the little wardroom of the patrol ship for a cigarette and a mug of cocoa. Donington Hall—with three big square meals a day—the Manor in Wales, will be their new home, the retreat for the commissioned personnel of the Kaiser's army and navy, drawing half pay as British prisoners.

The bursting charge of a common shell is a wonderful civilizer, and lately Fritz has changed his ways; but in the beginning of the game the Germans put up a fight to the last, even after surrender. When a U-boat was captured the British patrol would lower a whaler and send an armed boat's crew to receive surrender. Within hailing distance, the Germans opened a heavy rifle and Maxim fire; and if the British lads succeeded in boarding, the scrap continued on the deck of the submarine. There was only one thing to do—sink the rotter! "Cease fire" and "Secure" did not go until the twelve-pounders had finished their work.

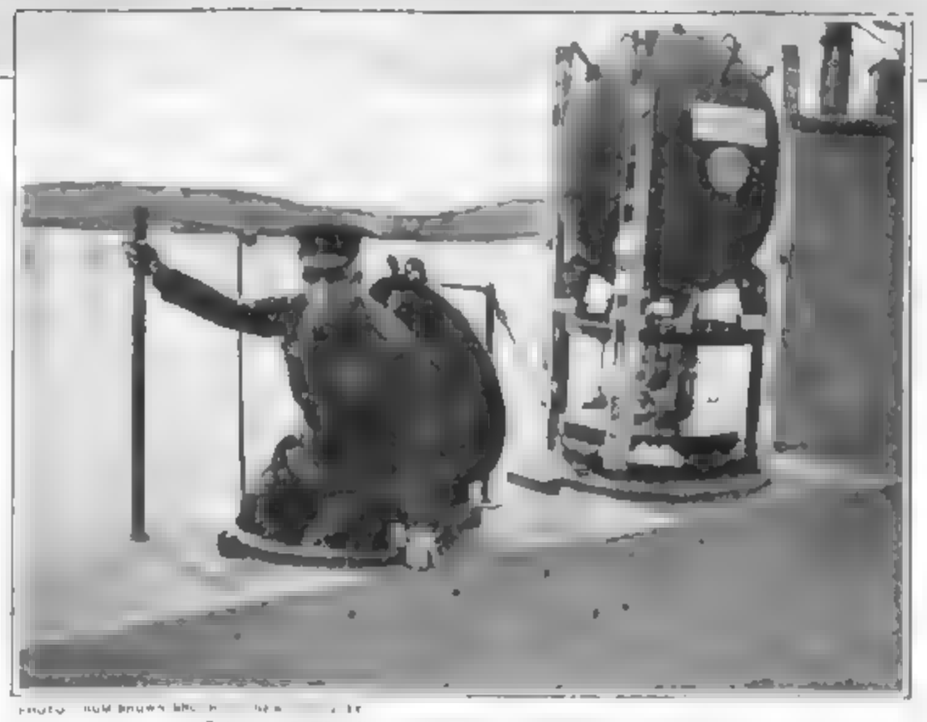
Now the drama of sea war is a double one. The great surface ships of the first and second navies in the world lie in port under full head of steam, ready to fly at each other. But they do not fight. In an open battle Germany's High-Sea Fleet has no show. Numbers count. British scouts in the upper North Sea do not make contact with the enemy. Except for short sallies, the weaker Germans stay in harbor.

Control of the Sea

UNDER the sea there is another sort of warfare; but submarines do not fight each other, and the U-boat wages war on the poor merchant vessel, tramp, fishing smack and liner. Germany's titanic struggle to force peace on Great Britain by means of cutting off her food supply is the war invisible.

The drama is staged from underneath the red cliffs of Helgoland; and from the long piers of the strand huge subs, and the smaller mine-laying ones, leave their berths to be piloted through the mine fields. German sweepers pick up the mines the British have laid. In flocks the sneaking U-boats leave their base for prey and piracy.

One of the high British navy officials now in this country was asked about the submarine situation. He said: "Old chap, that's a great secret, you know; but officially the reports are very rosy." The amazing declaration by Admiral Lord Beresford cements the regrettable belief that things are not well; that the Germans are "getting" the British.



General Sir Sam Hughes Visits the U. C-5
Above: The German Submarine, U-36

A fatuous and stupid censorship has covered up truth and Admiralty inefficiency. Beresford asserted that he was almost tempted by the seriousness of the situation to risk the penalty of the Spy Act and inform the British people of the actual conditions.

As the blunder of Antwerp helped to catapult Mr. Churchill into private life, the ruthlessness of the German submarine campaign might also torpedo Sir Edward Carson from his position as First Lord of the British Admiralty.

A perusal of the daily press, the statements of the Foreign Commission, of Lord Beresford and Sir Edward Carson leave one in considerable doubt as to what Mahan meant by "control of the sea" in his Sea Power. It is perfectly apparent that its control is contested by the submarine. Gun power and gun protection, as exemplified by England's battle fleet, are helpless to protect commerce. One of the great prizes given to him who controls the sea is absent. The Allies, with England's great battle fleet, cannot protect their commerce from the subs. Their fleet cannot even dispute the activities of the German submarine. Gun power and gun protection on battleships must be supplemented by torpedo protection, to combat the torpedo power and gun protection of the submarine. And Mahan's orthodox formula for "control of the sea"—that is, guns plus armor plus speed plus ships—battleships, battle cruisers, destroyers and submarines—equal "control of the sea"—is no longer true.

Now "control of the sea" equals a maximum, both of guns times torpedo protection times surface craft and torpedoes times gun protection—or submerged characteristics—times submarines. Both factors, submarine and surface craft, are necessary to control, and it is extremely doubtful if a surface craft as large and as powerful as a battleship is needed to destroy the submarine on the surface. It is very probable that a smaller craft can do the job, if given adequate torpedo protection.

To quote the submariner: "The gloomy atmosphere round the Allied Commission visiting the United States conveys the idea that the peril is great. At the present time I think the U-boat has the Allies by the throat, and we must pry it loose."

Sir Percy Scott's Prophecy

WHAT is the use in beating round the bush? The job is to whip the Germans. The Allies, fighting like Trojans, are not making decisive progress. England is on the verge of a food panic. The world is threatened with a famine and bread tickets. Secretary Lane told the truth when he said the toll of the U-boats was almost four hundred thousand tons in a little more than a week.

Not long ago an American abroad on Admiralty business waited in Havre seven days to find a steamer clearing for Southampton, but four hours away. This steamer brought the crews of twenty-seven merchant ships sunk in one week within rowboat distance of that port.

We must strip to the waist; we must help. This will be no shirtwaist picnic. The skull-and-crossbones flag still floats free.

At the beginning of the war, when I was in England, sitting at the door of the Admiralty begging to be permitted to see something besides the Thames, the U-boat game was in its infancy. That great naval revolutionary, Vice-Admiral Sir Percy Scott, prophesied that the submarine would dispute the mastery of the seas with the dreadnought. No one took him seriously. Two years ago no one in England, except a few "crazy" and enthusiastic youngsters in the submarine service, visualized the submarine as top dog.

And right here, in the evolution of new warfare, the submarine is taking on the function of surface craft. By means of deck guns it becomes a cruiser of menace to merchant ships; even of smaller men-of-war. Now subs operate

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Crews of S. S. Headlands and S. S. Indiana City Being Towed by a Tug Off the Scilly Islands After Being Torpedoed by German U-39

The Book and the Believers

By VICTOR SHAWE

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

SLACK-LIPPED, apathetic, Harry Johnson waited while the crew of the morning local loaded the milk cans from the depot platform. Then slowly, a bit awkwardly, he selected his employer's empty cans and put them in the spring wagon. From the top of the baggage car a tramp peered down at him speculatively. Obeying a sudden impulse, the man slipped, catlike, over the side of the car and approached him.

"Can your boss use another man?" he asked.

Seen alone, he would have impressed one as being a large man; beside the other's height and bulk he seemed slender, inefficient. Johnson looked at him with dull indifference.

"Mr. Marshal wants a man; but he won't hire tramps," he answered.

The man's fingers twitched spasmodically, but his face showed no emotion. Under the steady scrutiny of his pale blue eyes Johnson stirred uneasily.

"Here is a tramp he will hire," the man asserted mildly. "Have you all your cans in the wagon? Then hop in and we'll be on our way."

All his life Johnson had obeyed orders. He climbed slowly to the seat, picked up the lines, and started the horse on an easy jog toward the farm.

"Marshal will be mad at me for bringing you," he complained. But the tramp sat unheeding beside him, caressing a small flat package, his eyes tranced, like a mystic worshiping some diminutive pagan god.

As Johnson drove through the home gate Marshal was crossing from the barn to the house. The tramp intercepted him, said he was experienced in farm work, and asked for a job.

Marshal looked at him without curiosity. He had had his fill of tramps. He noticed the weak mouth and chin; the pale-blue eyes; the forehead sloping abruptly back under a mop of light indefinite-colored hair. Except for his size, there was certainly nothing to recommend the fellow. Marshall shook his head.

"I don't hire tramps," he said.

The man's mouth twisted into a slow smile.

"You are like most farmers," he said; "you are near-sighted. Now get this: I want work; steady work—straight time—for one year. I want thirty dollars a month. I want five dollars each month in cash. The other twenty-five I want put in escrow. If I quit before the year is up you get it. If I stay a year I get it. Any time you want to fire me, pay me in full and we'll call the deal off."

Into Marshal's shrewd old eyes came a twinkle of appreciation. "Fair enough!" he said. "Come to the house and we'll have breakfast. If the Missus says so, we'll write out that agreement."

Mrs. Marshal had never overcome the pain of seeing men wipe smears of dirty soapsuds on her clean towels. She noticed, with approval, that this man used several changes of clean water before he reached for a towel.

At the breakfast table he ate slowly, moderately. When he spoke it was with easy deference, without embarrassment. The Marshals, watching closely, were both pleased. As the men rose from the table Mr. Marshal looked toward his wife:

"Well, Ma?" he questioned.

Mrs. Marshal nodded emphatic approval.

Out in the barn lot Marshal pointed across to a field of alfalfa. "I want that top-dressed," he told the new man. "Johnson will show you which horses to use. Hook on to the spreader and clean out the manure pit."

The man was a swift, methodical worker. When night came he was satisfied with the showing he had made; but his body cried in protest from every aching muscle. Raw blisters across both hands added to his discomfort; yet he seemed indifferent to his suffering. Some thought or dream or desire had lifted him above the plane of bodily pain.

When the evening chores were finished Marshal wrote out an agreement embodying the new man's proposition.

The man read it carefully. Then, in a small, clean-cut hand, he signed his name—Owen Knox. An interpreter of handwriting would never have attributed the signature to a man of his appearance.

Evening by Evening, Johnson Studied the Book While Knox Played With His Cards and Pebbles

Marshal also signed the paper, and had his wife and Johnson witness it. Then the Marshals went into their living room and the two hired men climbed heavily to the attic bedroom.

"Is there a bathroom in the house?" Knox asked.

"Why, yes," Johnson answered hesitatingly; "but they wouldn't want you to use it."

"Then, in heaven's name, where do you bathe?" he demanded.

It seemed Johnson borrowed a washtub and went to the water trough in the barn. The new man slipped down the stairs and helped himself to one of the tubs. He returned from the barn, shivering, and hastily retired. Then he stretched himself luxuriously.

"The first bed I've been in for over two weeks," he confided.

For some time he lay staring at the rafters, his long ill-shaped fingers caressing the little package, which he had taken to bed with him. Finally he removed the wrappings and Johnson, watching with dull curiosity, saw only a book with soiled and broken purple covers. It was no Bible! Bibles all had black covers.

Johnson drew the covers of his bed closer about him and closed his eyes. They were all alike, these tramps—eccentric, incomprehensible.

There was silence for a time. Then the new man commenced talking softly to himself.

"A year's time!" he mused. "Three hundred dollars! And a year's time! Three hundred dollars compounded at one hundred per cent for five years—nine thousand six hundred dollars; for ten years—three hundred and seven thousand two hundred dollars. Call it a quarter of a million," the droning voice continued. "Good enough! Good enough!" Then, for a while, the silence was broken only by the fluttering of the book's pages, like the sound of cards softly shuffled by the fingers of a gambler.

Johnson Set Himself to the Tasks Planned for Him

Suddenly the man sat upright in his bed.

"What training have you had?" he demanded of his roommate.

"Training?"

Johnson's slow mind fumbled for a meaning and he shook his head stupidly.

"Schooling, I mean," Knox said impatiently.

"I was in the nines, and we were almost through the Third Reader when I quit," Johnson answered.

For all his great body and magnificent strength, he was still "in the nines and the Third Reader," mentally. Knox looked at him pityingly.

"Have you no ambition?" he asked. "Are you always going to be someone's hired man?"

A gleam of animation showed in the man's dull eyes.

"Some day," he said with unwonted positiveness, "I am going to have a little farm of my own."

For a few moments Knox sat lost in thought. "Why not?" he asked himself.

Abruptly he tossed the book he had been fondling across to Johnson. "Here is all you dream of," he said with passionate earnestness: "Wealth! Fame! Love! If you have the brains to know what you want, read, and you will find the power to attain it."

"If you have the brains to know what you want ——"

Johnson did not quite understand this, but the command to read was plain enough. Painstakingly he read the preface, slowly spelling out the unfamiliar words. Then he closed the book and lay staring at the man who told him to read and find a way to own a farm.

At work in the field the next day he repeated Knox's words constantly. "Attain!" That must mean to buy. A man couldn't get a farm in any other way. He had some money saved. But a farm like Marshal's cost so much! Perhaps, if he read further in the book ——

That night, when the chores were finished and the men had gone to their room, Johnson, as was his habit, retired immediately. Knox tossed him the book without comment. For himself he produced paper and pencil, a deck of cards, and a box containing several hundred pebbles of varying shapes and colors.

He shuffled the cards rapidly and dealt ten, face up, on the table. These he glanced at casually, tossed them to one side, and then wrote down the denomination and suit of each card as he remembered it.

This operation he repeated ten times. Then he put the cards away and counted out ten of the pebbles. These he studied carefully before he put them aside and endeavored to write an accurate description of each.

Johnson had opened the book without enthusiasm. Following the preface was a statement of the general principles of the subject of the book. He read:

"The goal of evolution is psychic person.

"Person acts behind the mask of body.

"The basic idea of person is self-determined unfoldment."

Johnson closed the book and laid it gently on the floor.

The next night Knox handed him the book again and brought out his cards and pebbles. Johnson laid it on the floor without opening it; and Knox smiled in understanding.

"It doesn't mean much, does it?" he asked.

"Maybe it does," the big laborer replied; "but I'm not educated."

"Suppose you had a farm without water on it. If you knew that by digging a well you could get an abundance of clear, pure water, would you quit because you did not find it in the first shovelful of dirt?"

"Of course not," Johnson answered simply.

"Take the book again. There are three hundred and sixty-three pages in the body of it. Lay off Christmas and Fourth of July," Knox suggested whimsically, "and call it a page for each day in the year. You want a farm. Read a page each day for a year and you will have found it."

So, evening by evening, Johnson studied the book while Knox played with his cards and pebbles. Knox had borrowed a small dictionary from Mrs. Marshal for Johnson and he referred to it constantly. Some nights he would master the page he had set as his task; sometimes it would be but a paragraph. The words he read at night he would ponder over during the day, seeking their meaning, their application to himself.

One night, after nearly four months of silent study, the big man turned to his roommate, a huge index finger marking a certain page and paragraph.

"Never will to be an imitator or follower," he read. "You can so will unconsciously; therefore, resolve to lead and to invent, and move out on new lines."

"I read that last night," he explained earnestly. "I've been studying about it to-day. Why, do you know, I've been following all my life? I never thought about 'moving out on new lines,' as the book says."

"You've found a little water in your well," Knox suggested.

A few nights later Johnson interrupted the incessant shuffling of the cards:

"How many cards do you deal each time?"

"Twenty."

"How many were you dealing when you first came here?"

"Ten."

"How many of the pebbles?"

"The same."

Knox looked inquiringly at his roommate, and Johnson opened the book and read:

"The first lesson to be learned is the art of watching."

Into Knox's eyes crept a twinkle of amusement.

"How many steps do you take when going from the house to the barn?" Johnson looked at him blankly. "How many panels in the front gate? How many spokes in the wheels of the grain drill? How many spokes in the rear wheels of the wagon?"

Then the men both laughed.

"I reckon I'll be striking water before long," Johnson said.

Knox picked up the deck of cards.

"'The first lesson to be learned is the art of watching,'" he quoted. "Now watch closely."

He shuffled the deck and then, one by one, displayed the first ten cards. Then he asked Johnson to tell the denomination and suit of each. Three of the ten he named correctly. Two more he named incorrectly. Then he became utterly confused.

"Good enough!" Knox assured him. "The cards are yours. Commence with five cards at a time. Be sure you see each card correctly; then write down those you remember and check the result. Do this five times each night until you are able to recall each group without an error. Then use six cards in a group, and try six groups each night; then seven—and so on until you master ten groups each night."

Night after night, patiently, methodically, Johnson dealt his little groups of cards, studied them, and wrote down the result.

Then came a night when he pushed back the cards triumphantly.

"Ten cards—ten groups," he exulted; "and not a mistake for four nights! I take four hundred and ten steps when going from the house to the barn," he added with a smile. "And there are twelve spokes in the wheels of the grain drill, and fourteen in the rear wheels of the wagon."

The men's eyes met and they laughed boyishly. Then Knox selected five pebbles from his little box and spread them on the table.

"Each is different from the others," he explained. "Notice these on the table: This one is a small cone. It is composed of gray sandstone, shot with tiny particles of white quartz. In bulk it is the largest of the five. Here is one cylindrical in shape. It is also gray, but is composed of granite, shot with tiny particles of black mica."

One by one he described the little stones; and Johnson, studying them with a new vision, saw a world of beauty dawn upon his dull horizon.

After this, Knox spent his evenings in bed, with pencil and paper and a watch beside him; and Johnson busied himself with the cards and pebbles. At intervals Knox jotted down certain numbers and the hour. The rest of the time he stared at the ceiling with unseeing eyes. One night he turned suddenly to Johnson.

"What is the product of 2,473,861 and 984,576?" he asked. "It took me just one minute and twenty-two seconds to find it!" he exulted without waiting for an answer. "Multiply two hundred and eight thousand by two," he commanded.

Johnson reached for his pencil.

"What was that number?" he asked.

Knox laughed.

"The second lesson to be learned is the art of listening," he said. "To-morrow I'll give you your first lesson in this art."

As they started for the field the next morning Johnson asked for his first lesson.

"Listen closely," Knox warned him, "and give me the answers this noon. I want you to multiply eighty-nine by five; add fourteen and sixty-seven; and subtract twenty-five from fifty-three."

As they led their horses into the barn at noon Knox looked at him inquiringly.

"Eighty-nine times five is four hundred and forty-five." Then Johnson smiled slowly. "I guess you'll have to tell me those other numbers again," he said.

After that Knox gave him simple problems each morning and noon, and each day his ability to remember correctly increased. He was not content simply to solve the problems given him by Knox, but soon began to invent longer and more intricate problems for himself.

Week by week the problems became longer and more difficult, until there came a day when his solutions seemed almost instantaneous and the operation of his mind was perfect in its accuracy.

He was eager to commence work along some new line; but Knox seemed indifferent.

And then, one evening at the supper table, Knox announced that his year was finished.

"I have had a trunk of clothes in storage at St. Paul," he told them. "Last month I ordered it forwarded to Chicago. Out of the cash I have received each month I have saved enough to pay my fare that far. The three hundred dollars in the bank will be all the capital I need."

He Was Eager to Commence Work Along Some New Line; But Knox Seemed Indifferent

The Marshals were genuinely sorry to have him leave; but to Johnson the event seemed a catastrophe.

"What does it all lead to?" he asked. "You have taught me to see the things I look at and to listen to the sounds I hear. You tell me there are perhaps not more than twenty men in the country who can calculate more rapidly than I can. But am I any nearer to owning my own farm than I was?"

"Have you ever decided just the kind of farm you want?" Knox asked him.

"No; I think not."

"Have you ever figured just what kind of livestock is most profitable—right here in your neighborhood, for instance? You understand, don't you?"

Knox continued earnestly: "You are still like the failures all over the world. You happen to want a farm, but you do not know what kind you want. You do not even know a profitable farm from an unprofitable one.

"If you farm you will have to handle livestock. In every locality you will find a hundred dealers who are better judges of stock than you are. Unless you master just this one phase of farming you will be subject to constant loss. Whether you buy or sell, these better judges will take the profit of every deal.

"You ask where it all leads? It rests within yourself. You haven't yet found the secret of the book.

"Now here is your work for the next few months," he said: "There are about two hundred pigs here on the place. Begin with the young ones. Take two at a time and compare them, point for point—the hams, shoulders, backs, bellies. Estimate the weight of each pig; then weigh it. Judge two each day—more if you have time. When Marshal buys his next bunch of steers work with them for a while. Then spend a few months with the horses."

Johnson wrote down the essentials of the plans Knox gave him. Then, as they were preparing to retire, he asked a final question:

"That first night you came here you said something about compounding three hundred dollars at one hundred per cent?"

"Three hundred dollars compounded at one hundred per cent for ten years makes three hundred and seven thousand two hundred dollars," Knox told him. "Call it a quarter of a million. That is what I intend to make."

"But one hundred per cent," Johnson objected—"that is not reasonable!"

"Why isn't it?" Knox demanded. "A man should make five per cent on a business transaction when he deals on his own capital. Twenty transactions—one hundred per cent. One new deal every eighteen days! That is why I am going to Chicago.

"There are over two million people there—two million opportunities every day. I am going to open an Opportunity Office and cash in on the ideas other folks haven't the power to put across."

"But you have nothing to go on," Johnson persisted. "You can't deal just in humans. Now if you had money enough to deal in land ——"

Knox picked up the purple-covered book and turned its pages slowly.

"You've missed its secret," he said. "If you believe and will to attain—one hundred per cent, three hundred, five hundred—what difference does it make?"

For a while Knox brooded over the book, his long crooked fingers fondling and caressing the soiled and broken covers. Finally he laid the volume away.

"Observation! Attention! Concentration!" he said softly. "Magnificent foundations of power!"

Johnson set himself religiously to the tasks planned for him. Following the suggestions literally, he commenced by penning up two pigs each day, comparing them point by point, estimating the weight of each, and verifying his estimates by the scales. His powers of observation, developed by months of intensive training, soon enabled him to estimate with remarkable accuracy.

When the possibilities of his employer's stock were exhausted he spent his noon hours at a neighbor's, comparing, judging, estimating. And always he verified his estimates by weighing the animals he had judged.

For nearly three years the routine of his life remained unchanged. Day by day he went about his usual tasks and night by night he pondered the lessons and precepts that promised the indefinable something he lacked. From page to page the secret of the book lured and evaded.

However, he was no longer content with vague dreams. He knew now that he wanted a cattle ranch. It must consist of six or seven hundred acres. At least half of it must be in cultivation. There must be living springs in the pasture. It must be in a country where he could grow corn for ensilage, and alfalfa.

As a boy he had commenced working for a monthly wage, and he had spent but little of what he earned. His mind moved too slowly for him to enjoy the occasional picnics and country socials. When he visited the near-by towns he felt out of place, awkward.

As he grew older he stayed closer and closer to the farm where he happened to be working. And month by month his wages accumulated.

Saving could not be called an instinct with him. It did not even rise to the dignity of an established habit. He saved merely as a result of the narrow life he lived. In the beginning he put aside fifteen, eighteen and twenty dollars each month. As his earning power increased, he saved from twenty-five to thirty dollars each month. Now, at the age of thirty-six, he had accumulated nearly four thousand dollars.

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Bread Bullets; the Army Behind the Hoe—By One of Them—A. C. Laut

I AM a farmer. I am—if you like it—a hayseed and a rube; and I am proud of it.

I make this fact clear because a great many people who don't know hayseeds from wild oats are giving me a great deal of advice this year. I like advice when I can translate it into coin; but much of the advice I am tendered this year I can't translate into common horse sense, let alone coin. I can put it in the profit-and-loss account, yes; but the trouble is, it is all on the loss side.

I am told that meat will be fifty cents a pound before the end of the year, and flour twenty dollars a barrel. Well, with meat at thirty-eight cents and flour at fifteen dollars a barrel, wholesale, it doesn't seem to me that either of those statements needs any proof. The point is, I am given this information as though it were all my fault—as though I were the only person on earth who could cut the price of meat back to twenty-two cents a pound and flour back to five dollars a barrel. I am told that half the world is going without potatoes—as though that were my fault. Well, I am out of potatoes myself this year; and if I hadn't bought my seed a year ahead I should have to pay three dollars and a half a bushel. Herbert Hoover declares the world has a food supply only till September, and David Lubin proves there is a world menace of hunger; and whether the world will starve in 1918—I am told—all depends on us—the army behind the hoe, the soldiers behind the plows.

The World Will Not Starve

"IMPRESS on farmers," urged a very great man—"impress on farmers the highest efficiency in producing and storing food." And within a three-mile radius of where I sit I can count ten farmers who have just sold off their stock at a quick auction, let their hired men go, and shut down operations for 1917. Dear advisers, don't press or impress us any more! Before you can store food, you have first to get the food; and to get food you must have land power and man power and seed. Land we have galore—of twenty-two million arable acres in New York State alone we cultivate only eight and a quarter million acres; and besides the fifty to fifty-nine million acres the whole country yearly plants to wheat there are easily one hundred million acres more that could be planted to wheat—if you had the man power and the seed; but, of three hundred and fifteen thousand farms in New York State, only half, by an actual census, have help to put the crop in for 1917.

If talk would raise crops it would be all right; but unfortunately it requires man power and seed; and if you know where either is lying round cheap and plenty, please direct me and all the rest of the army of the hoe to them. Everybody is telling everybody else what to do to fend off famine for 1918; but the only soldiers of the big food army who will deserve the Victoria Cross or the George Washington Medal this year will be the soldiers who produce ten pounds of food where only one grew before.

Kid-glove farming won't do it! Silk-stocking platform spouting won't do it! Elbow grease intelligently applied to good seed and good land is the only armor to defend the world from famine; and for people who go to their daily work at seven and eight and nine and ten in the morning to talk of "speeding up the farmer," who goes to his work at four and five and six, to save the nations of the world from hunger is—well, to the farmer it is a joke.

Let us get down to the facts of the case before we theorize as to remedies! The world will not be allowed to starve! Make your mind up to that! The farmers, who "fired the shot heard round the world," are already, in every part of the land, in embattled ranks for the last battle of the present Great War—the Battle of Hunger; but to keep passing them out the wrong kind of help is about as sensible as it was in 1914–15 to keep supplying the Allies with shrapnel instead of high-explosive shells.

In 1915, when the Allies first came to us for credits and loans, we talked of silver bullets winning the war. Granted man power equal to man power, it was evident the side with the largest purse to pay for the longest guns would win the war. But that reasoning presupposed both sides fed. Came the British Blockade to starve out Germany. Came the Submarine War to starve out Great Britain. Came a lot of other interacting influences so silently and imperceptibly that we didn't recognize what they meant till bread riots and soaring prices shocked us awake to the realization of a gaunt specter at our feast—the Menace of Hunger behind our riotous feast of plenty, behind our gorge of gold, our dizzily high wages, our inordinate high-geared prosperity.

Hunger in America? The ghost with the scythe that always mows down the very young and the very old first, and then drains the lifeblood of manhood and womanhood, drop by drop, in higher and higher prices for food, then in less and less nourishing food, then in the stoppage of certain kinds of food altogether? Can you hear the skeptics scoff? The idea was preposterous in America. Why, in America—swell out, my chest—scientific agriculture had abolished grain pests and food germs. It had shown how to inoculate bad soil into good soil—how to disinfect seeds; how to breed up high-producing corn and grains as you breed up high-producing beef Herefords, or high-yielding-milk Holsteins, or high-butter-fat Ayrshires and Guernseys. We of this generation have come to have almost as much faith in scientific agriculture to forfend hunger as our ancestors had in Providence, or the Indians had in rain gods.

The Empty Flour Barrel

BUT the trouble was that the silent interacting influences which brought the ghost of national hunger to our dreams had no more to do with scientific agriculture than with the Indians' old rain gods. We were first apprised that there was any menace of hunger by rumors of bread riots, contradicted from Berlin; by rumors of meatless and potatoless days in London; by the appointment of food dictators in London and Berlin, and a food regulator—Herbert Hoover—in our own America. A food regulator in America! What did that mean? We woke up and scratched our bumps! To be sure, East Side women had raided shops for canned goods and the police had been unable to effect arrests. East Side people were boycotting meat shops. There were riots. Yes, of course; but weren't they the result of anarchistic rough-throats?

Then presently we noticed we were paying thirty-eight cents for meat we used to get for twenty-two cents; twenty-two cents for a can of vegetables that used to come three for a quarter; three dollars and a half for potatoes that used to cost one dollar. Though we were riotously prosperous, literally engorged with gold, though the wage list had increased forty to fifty per cent, the food cost had somehow increased two hundred per cent—yes, three hundred. There was a constant dribble out of the bottom of our purses. We didn't get any more food, but we spent a great deal more money for it. Then, all at once, everybody began to buy food. Before Mr. Coffin had issued his warning for us not to become hysterical in economy, the flour mills were drained of their reserves.

The department and food stores had to issue orders to their clerks not to sell more than twenty-five pounds of flour and sugar and meals to any one customer.

Then someone with clear eyes and clean courage—I have been unable to locate who was first to speak—stood up and told the world in plain, brutal, curt words that there was a shortage of food. There was an alarming shortage of food. There was great danger of hunger. The epitome of the telling, repeated by Yoakum, the railroad expert, and David Lubin, the secretary of the International Institute of Agriculture, at

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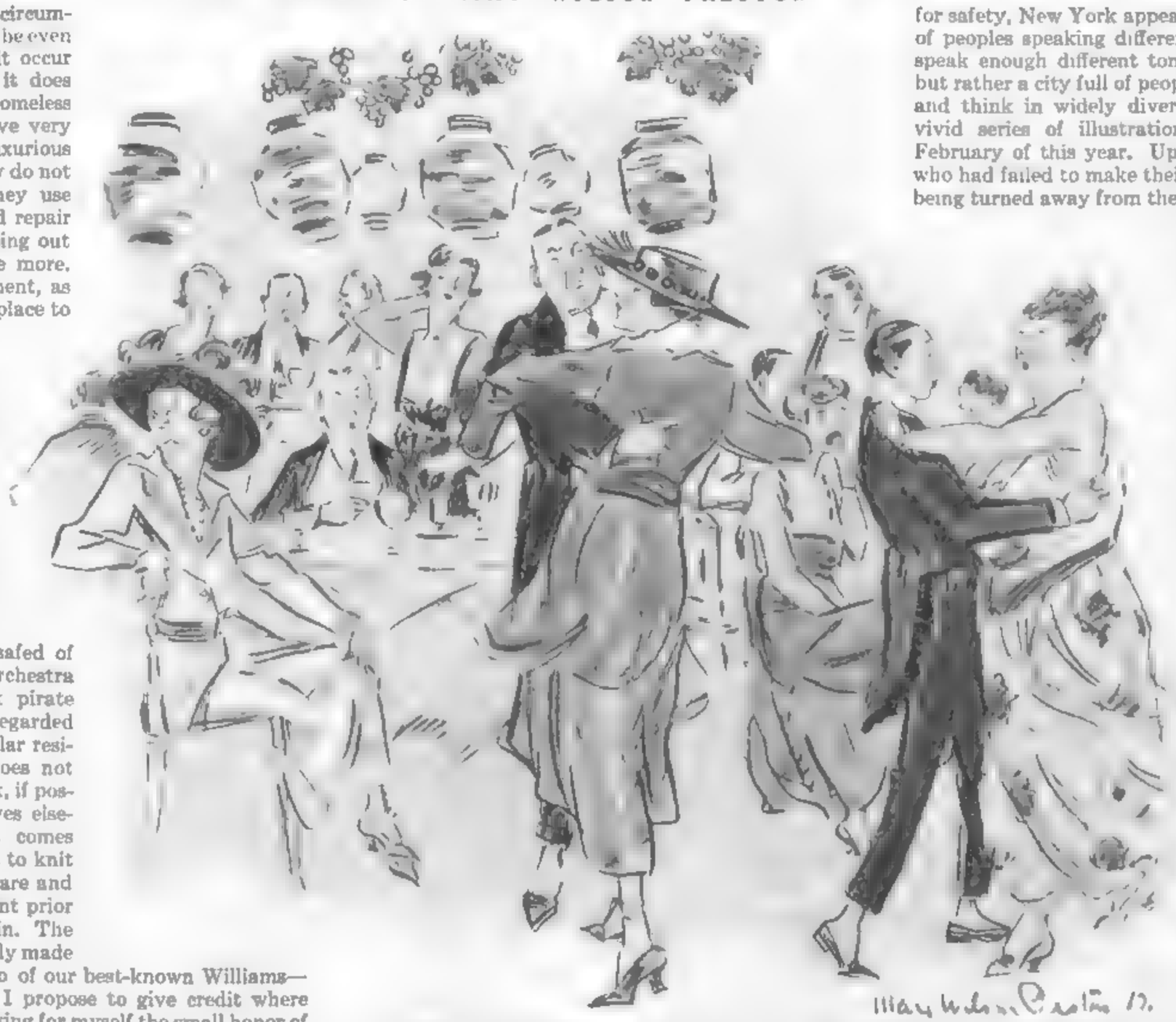
The Roundup

'Twixt the Bluff and the Sound

Homeless People of New York—By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

HERE is a curious circumstance which would be even more curious did it occur anywhere except where it does occur: A majority of the homeless people of New York have very good homes; in fact, luxurious ones, frequently. But they do not use them as homes. They use them as rest stations and repair depots, preparatory to going out and being homeless some more. The house or the apartment, as the case may be, is not a place to live in. It is a place wherein to recuperate from the wear and tear of last night's pleasures and store up enough nervous energy to carry its owner through to-night's pleasures, which will be in the nature of preliminary training for to-morrow night's pleasures. And so on and so forth. It is a place to sleep in and a place to eat in, providing no opportunity is vouchsafed of eating where there is an orchestra playing and a hat-check pirate operating, but it is not regarded as being suitable for regular residential purposes. One does not live at home in New York, if possible to avoid it. One lives elsewhere, and at intervals comes back to the starting point to knit up the raveled sleeve of care and apply a fresh layer of paint prior to hitting the trail again. The foregoing sentence is mainly made up of quotations from two of our best-known Williams—Shakspere and Sunday. I propose to give credit where credit is due, merely reserving for myself the small honor of joining them together and inserting the part about the paint, which I may add is both a literal and a figurative statement.



Another Glide Brought Us to the Cabaret, Which, as Someone Has Aptly Said, Put the Din Into Dinner and Took the Rest Out of Restaurant

I hope to be able to show as we go along that the upspringing in such number of the group that for argument's sake may be collectively denominated as the Homeless People is a manifestation, and a rather significant one, of a change which has come into New York, and more especially into the subdivision of it known as the Borough of Manhattan, within a comparatively recent period. For that matter, New York is always undergoing radical changes, physical as well as metaphysical. The changes come so fast that very possibly by the time this article sees type the condition which I purport to attempt to describe will have altered materially and I shall find myself riding in the caboose instead of on the cowcatcher. In New York you mustn't turn your head to sneeze—you are liable to miss the plot of the piece. But to one who has been on the spot it appears that the transition these last few years has been both abrupt and startling; that it has affected the town not only in its outer but in its inner aspects; and finally that, because of this change, New York itself is rapidly becoming less and less of a community for human beings to abide in after the fashion of civilized human beings—although, from necessity and other reasons sundry, millions will no doubt continue always to abide in it—and is becoming more and more a vast composite of playhouse, countinghouse and madhouse.

Asphalt That Never Gets Well

THE average visitor, I think, is apt to sense the material changes rather than the psychological ones. Coming back to New York after an absence, say, of a couple of years, he is impressed by the fact that whereas New York formerly bore some aspects, in spots at least, of being a finished city it now apparently is in process of being all done over again from the ground up. He observes that during his absence the center of the theatrical and café section has slid up Broadway a few blocks—it has been estimated, you know, that the bright-light district moves northward at the rate of an inch an hour. He notes that they are tearing down last year's theaters and half a mile away are putting up next year's theaters; that, overnight as it were, Fifth Avenue has lost its character as a street of mansions and has turned into a street of shops—sweet shops, sweat shops, all sorts of shops—with loft buildings at the lower end of it where they make the Parisian importations, and highly exclusive establishments farther up toward the park where they sell them. He sees that nearly every street is being torn up in order that new subways may be built or that old subways may be rebuilt or that the water supply may be increased or, as quite often appears to be the case when viewed by the cursory eye, that a couple of thousands of Sicilian gentlemen may pleasure themselves at their national pastime of digging. He flees to cover as the blast goes off and the honeycombed crust of Manhattan schist rocks beneath his feet to the roar of exploding dynamite, and the windows rattle and the débris patters down in a shower like shrapnel upon the trenches. The trenches are there too, believe me. He climbs across this excavation and falls into that one; he is caught in the maelstrom of traffic at the crossing and buffeted about by the living freshets which flow, sluicelike, along the sidewalks; and if he hails from the West and knows something of mining operations and boom towns, he probably wonders whether New York will really ever make a permanent camp and, even though it should, if the accomplished product will be worth all the trouble.

"And why don't you fellows leave that poor asphalt alone?" he feels like saying. "Don't you know it'll never get well if you pick it?"

But he doesn't say it; they would not understand him if he did. There is a theory in New York that a street is something which is put down at great expense in order to be taken up immediately afterward at a much greater expense.

No, he doesn't say it. An Italian gentleman waves in his face a red flag, which same would mean an impending auction sale if a Jewish gentleman waved it in his face, but which means a blast is due when an Italian gentleman officiates, and he leaps to shelter.

The stranger, if he be fairly observant possibly, likewise may arrive at the conclusion that, from where he crouches for safety, New York appears to be not so much a city full of peoples speaking different tongues—although they do speak enough different tongues, Saint Polyglot knows—but rather a city full of peoples who live in different worlds and think in widely divergent channels of thought. A vivid series of illustrations of this was presented in February of this year. Uptown, thousands of transients who had failed to make their reservations in advance were being turned away from the more expensive hotels; simultaneously, a matter of two miles downtown as one reckons land distances, but on another planet as one reckons conditions, thousands of residents who were actually on the edge of want were indulging in bread riots. Along a narrow strip in the center of the island the chefs and the stewards were contriving highly expensive dishes to tickle the palates of those wealthy persons who, because of the war, could not go to Europe to spend their money; and thereabouts the market for orchids and hothouse grapes and good seats at the theater and pedigreed puppy dogs was most agreeably bullish. Over on the East Side, distant a short taxi-trip, philanthropists were trying to teach the famished populace that corn meal and rice, both native products, were really edible and satisfying articles of diet, since potatoes and onions had soared beyond the reach of the poor man's pocketbook.

I know a man, a resident of Detroit, who arrived in New York about the middle of the month. He spent the better part of a day and a considerable number of dollars in taxicab fares, cruising from one big hotel to another trying to secure accommodations. At each he was turned away. In the shank of the evening, being still without shelter for the night, he went into a telephone booth and sat down and began calling up first-rate and second-rate hotels in their alphabetical order. By his own testimony he called sixteen numbers before he succeeded in booking a rather inferior inside room with bath for the night. The check for the moderate dinner which he ate that night amounted to over three dollars, exclusive of the tips; and for seats for himself and a friend at a popular musical comedy he paid the young person in charge of the hotel newsstand eight dollars, which was four dollars more than the tickets were supposed to bring and about seven dollars and a half more than they were worth, as he decided after attending the performance.

High Prices and Hungry Babes

NEXT morning he read in the newspapers that Jewish housewives, made desperate by the thoughts of their hungry babies at home, had been wrecking food shops and hucksters' stands in a primitive revolt against the extortionate prices asked by the dealers for the actual necessities of life, which necessities the middlemen had in abundant store, but were holding back for yet better rates. Being a Detroiter, he said the comparison between the situation in one part of the city and the situation in a neighboring part made him wonder. That was because he was a Detroiter. Had he been a seasoned New Yorker he would have accepted it as a matter of course. For the outsider, you see, is apt to have a disposition to balance one phase of life in the mad, glad, sad metropolis as against a contemporaneous contrasting phase and try to get some fashion of estimate of the whole. The insider is more likely to be concerned with the affairs of his own confined circle to the exclusion of the affairs of his fellow dwellers in areas immediately adjacent.

Similarly, my concern at the moment is with those who, for convenience, have already been grouped together as the

Homeless Ones and who, to my own humble and individual way of thinking, typify most forcibly the spirit of discontent, the mental Saint Vitus' dance, which, always more or less common hereabouts, has in recent times become a form of nervous disease afflicting thousands of victims where formerly it claimed a much lesser number for its own.

Ten years ago Manhattan was primarily a business community, with pleasure on the side. Now, as regards its midriff, it is getting to be a pleasure city, with business on the side. To attain this end it has borrowed something of the Berlin of the old ante-bellum days, something of London, a bit of Paris, touches of Ancient Rome and Ancient Babylon, and for its saucy and spicy top-dressing a considerable quantity of the concentrated extract of a larger and possibly an even more sophisticated community than any one of these: I refer to Gehenna the Unblest.

It used to be that for the generality of respectable folk the so-called night life ended at or about one o'clock in the morning at the very latest. After the theater or the opera came the supper party, and then, providing they were not going to drop in for the wind-up of a private function somewhere, most sane people went straightway to their homes and so—as Mr. Pepys was quite fond of saying in his diary—and so to bed. Last winter the hour of one A. M. found the night life just getting into full swing, and it might endure until nearly dawn, and frequently did. New York had become the City of Dreadful Before-Day.

Husky Visitors From Toledo

THE high priests and priestesses of the night-life cult, who, like whirling dervishes, prove the faith that is in them by the intensity of their gyrations, belong in a higher grade of society than those who once turned night into day, or tried to, with more or less indifferent success. They are not dwellers in the slums or the purlieus; quite the contrary. As a general thing they are well-to-do married or ex-married folk residing in expensive hotels or almost equally expensive apartments. The more expensive the apartment, though, the less time do the ostensible occupants seem to care to spend within its walls: such is a very common case. For you must understand that these be those poor lost souls who from the middle of November until well along in May count that day lost whose low-descending sun fails to find them climbing into their evening togs preparatory to going somewhere and doing something and then going somewhere else and doing something else until daylight doth appear. Long before the winter ends the flanks of their nerves are all roweled and raw, but the spur of restlessness pricks them on to keep ever in motion until exhaustion claims them for its very own and the doors of the rest-cure sanatorium hospitably yawn against their arrival.

Time was, and not so very long ago, when the country cousins having come to town, Mr. and Mrs. Resident New Yorker gave up a fortnight out of their placid, ordered scheme of existence in order suitably to entertain their guests. There was a round of sight-seeing and matinées and theaters and cafés. At the conclusion of the visit all concerned were fit to drop from exhaustion. Going away on the steam cars the Country Mouse would say, in effect, to his wife:

"Well, we certainly had a bully time, but I for one am glad it's over. Soon as we get home I'm going to bed for about one week and try to catch up with my lost sleep. How city people ever stand the strain of running round all day and then sitting up half the night beats me. A month of it would put me in the grave, and if it were only a nice quiet grave I'd welcome the change. Eh, what?"

Simultaneously the City Mouse, between yawns, would be saying to his wife: "Glory be, that's over! We've done our duty as host and hostess. Pray heaven we don't have to go through all this again for another year or so, anyhow. Those Toledo people certainly are a husky race. Going without sleep doesn't seem to have any more effect on them than it would on a hoot owl. As for me, I'm a total wreck.

"My pocketbook is as flat as a pancake, my feet hurt me something scandalous, my eyelids feel as though they were full of sand, and my disposition is ripped up the back from crupper to hame. Let's disconnect the telephone and lock the front door and turn in for about forty-eight hours solid. How about it?"

And his wife would say:

"That's the first really sensible suggestion I've heard from anybody in ten days. My head's fairly splitting. Still, my dear, in a way the trouble we've been put to was worth the expense. We did go to the art gallery and to the natural history museum and to a lot of other places that we've been wanting to go to all these years but never would see if your relatives, or mine, didn't come on to visit us once in so often."

Even so, the running about was carried on upon a more rational scale than would be deemed proper in the hectic present. It was highly possible that for one evening the men excused themselves from the ladies and went on a slumming expedition, as the term was understood. They began after the theater by having a bite at a certain all-night restaurant on Sixth Avenue where the waiters were supposed to be forever tossing exuberant undergraduates of our larger universities into the street; only they never did. This preliminary course being over, the explorers chartered a full-rigged horse-cab and fared forth to inspect the sinful and the seamy side of life as presented to the purview of the onlooker in the great city. They cruised through smelly quarters hard by the Bowery, where drab misery met pinchbeck vice on a common ground and shame flaunted itself in the guises of a make-believe merriment. They invaded Chinatown and under the guardianship of one of the professional guides of that district, and for a price entirely out of proportion considering the merits of the entertainment, they gazed with curious eyes upon a made-to-order and carefully stage-managed show of wickedness as presented by a jaded cast of Oriental male stars and their Caucasian female support. They visited an alleged haunt of gangsters, which usually turned out to be a most sad and commonplace sitting room back of a saloon. They looked in on a sailors' dance hall and a ten-cent lodging house. If especially daring, they sampled chop suey, finding it to be a rather inferior article of hash, all complicated up with bamboo sprouts and weird goos and condiments. This was known in the slummers' vernacular as seeing the East Side, whereas it had nothing in the world, except geographical proximity, to do with the real East Side, which then was and still is an exceedingly populous district mainly made up on its human side of several hundreds of thousands of hard-working, law-abiding men and women.

Remained then, for inspection purposes, only that group of dingy and unsavory resorts on the southern and southwestern fringe of the old Tenderloin. The Haymarket of frowzy memory, now happily no more, was conspicuous among these establishments as being larger and noisier and possibly just a trifle dirtier than the run of them. But even at the Haymarket the eyes of greed, looking out of painted faces, began to get mighty droopy along toward two o'clock in the morning. Before then most of the bars along Lower Sixth Avenue had put up the shutters, although the side doors might still be open to regular habitués. By three o'clock those stormy petrels of the Tenderloin, the all-night cabmen, were drowsing on their hansom tops. Farther uptown the cross streets, all wearing that cold, bleak, drear look peculiar to streets everywhere at this hour, were apt to be as deserted as New York streets ever are at any time; each a half-lighted cañon, empty except for flat-footed policemen trying doors, and early-bird milk wagons clattering by awakening the echoes, and a few pastry cooks going yawning to work, and here and there, perhaps, a survivor of the gay roisterers of midnight in the person of a member of Whose Stew in America draped about a handy lamp-post in the throes of the sleeping sickness.

In that epoch the young prince of the House of Hangover who needed but two sets of evening garb—pyjamas for the daytime and dress clothes for the nighttime—was rare enough to constitute a distinct type.

Nevertheless, all this shopworn and tawdry display of dissipation had its effects upon the mind of the casual sight-seer viewing it, possibly, for the first time. To himself he was apt to say that, when it came to being bad in a broad, wide, deep fashion, this town of New York certainly had little old Sodom and Gomorrah looking like two one-night stands on a New England Chautauqua circuit. What he did not realize was that in his own town, whatever that home town might be, he could see the same scenes accurately reproduced—on a smaller scale probably, but reproduced all the same—the difference being that at home he never fared forth to look for them, and in New York he did. And he should have looked us over last winter if he really craved to see what a combination of unrest and extravagance, of war brides, war babies, war paint and wahoo, can produce in the way of an all-night entertainment.

The Bowery of Fiction and of Fact

SINCE New York developed a real night life—or as real as a thing can be which in its essentials is as artificial as a tin minnow—the old conditions have changed and a good many of them have vanished outright. Chinatown has lost its savor and its attraction as a show place. Thanks be to the first reasonably efficient police department that New York has had in many years, the gangs have been broken up; at least the English-speaking gangs have been scattered. The old sub-lower Tenderloin has been cleaned up and cleaned out. In the course of its renovation the type of dance hall with which its name and repute were once associated has been almost entirely wiped out.

The Bowery that was famous in songs and stories—fiction stories mostly—cannot now be found. There is a street called the Bowery, but it is a thoroughfare mainly given over to legitimate business enterprises, wholesale and retail. The regular gents' furnishing goods store is commoner there than it used to be, and the gents' interior furnishings store, with a piano going in the back room and mayhap a sailorman coming out the front door on his ear, is less common. They sell more souvenir postcards and fewer knockout drops on the Bowery than ever before in its history, and the only authentic holdup man you are apt to encounter between Chatham Square and Cooper Union, at any hour of the day or the night, is the puller-in for the cheap-john clothing shop. To be sure, the party who goes down the Bowery looking for trouble is very apt to come back looking for a doctor, but there are fifty other streets not so well known whose inhabitants are equally ready to accommodate the stranger who is spoiling for a fight, and to expedite the process for him to a degree where the immediate services of an ambulance surgeon will be required to keep him from spoiling altogether.

These times the night-life belt is found a mile or so higher uptown than it was a decade agone. It has been refined and elaborated and decorated; it has been made exceedingly expensive and most gorgeously ornate, and as a consequence it attracts and it holds a clientele who know mighty little except by hearsay of the other kind of night life once prevalent in a limited area. Hence we have the Homeless Tribes, and it is of these that I fain now would sing with a hey-niddy-noddy or a fol-de-rol-day.

The Tea Covers is a Favorite Rendezvous for Undersized Latin-Looking Gentlemen

The historian of our times, tracing this transformation backward from its Revelations—and, believe me, it presents some revelations—to its Genesis, will decide, I am sure, that the dancing revival started the thing, and that through varied phases of the dancing craze the impulse which has served partly to cure so many persons of the once fashionable and popular sleep habit may be followed along by successive and well-defined steps.

This is not meant for a pun.

Perhaps you may recall when we first began to feature the interpretative dance? Indeed, I believe the invasion got its start as far back in the distant pioneering past as the World's Fair, only we did not call it an interpretative dance in those crude Chicago days. It was derived from the Mussulman, hence one of its names, but its trade or cant title was the hoochie coochie. After it became common—I do not mean commonplace, for it was never that; but common—we may be said to have had a sort of lull in terpsichorean importations, providing one excluded the pony ballet, which was English, and the Italian toe-dancing, which was plain foolish. Then, all of a sudden here a few years ago, a perfect deluge of dances descended upon us from other shores. A British lady of rank ferried across the seas and did barefoot dancing for us. It was believed at one time that barefoot dancing might become generally popular in our best society, with toe-stalls as favors for the ladies and one-night corn plasters for the gentlemen, but the movement stayed on the yon side of the footlights and failed to reach the drawing-room, possibly because of a fear that some boorish person might so far forget himself as to come with his shoes on and inflict casualties. Shortly thereafter a troupe of Russians came over, who took off everything and put on the Ballet Russe. The East Indian dance, which was so full of mysticism and everything, reached us about the same time or possibly a little later. If you went to the opera house and paid your little old eight or ten dollars for a ticket and went in, and up on the stage was a lithesome young person leaping from prop-crag to prop-crag while wearing about as many clothes as you could get for a nickel, you instantly knew, if you knew anything at all, that the lady was favoring you with a Russian dance. But if the place were at all dim and darkened, with wisps of smelly blue vapor floating hither and yon, the same as the interior of an Arkansas smoke house during the hog-curing season, and if the artiste, instead of flitting about all over the stage, sat cross-legged on a sofa pillow, and made snaky motions with her arms and her body, why, then it was a Hindu dance, and typical of the Mysterious East. An expert could tell the difference at a glance: the Russian lady wore one more bead than the Hindu lady did. She came from a colder climate.

The Daily Round of Pleasure is Apt to be Ushered In With a Mid-Afternoon Visit to a Tea Room in One of the Big Hotels

The Natural History of the Cabaret

THE smart set having given society dancing its sanction, it was but natural that the "middle classes" should promptly take it up; after that it would have required a Supreme Court injunction to prevent them from taking it up. Practically everybody from the stoutish elderly lady with the double-mezzanine figure to the wasp-waisted youth of tender years who would weigh about seventy pounds, crated, began dancing. Indeed, nearly always these two danced together, it would seem. Dances named for bunnies and turkeys and bears and foxes and other animals that had done nothing really to deserve such treatment were introduced.

The Castles, Mrs. Vernon and Vernon, became the most prominent and revered couple on the Western Hemisphere. One acquired social distinction through having known somebody who knew somebody who once knew a Castle.

From the tango-party to the *thé dansant* was but a forward glide. Yet another glide brought us to the cabaret, which, as someone has aptly said, put the din into dinner and took the rest out of restaurant.

The first of the cabarets was a modest affair, but, even as the humble acorn provides the core from which the mighty oak doth spring, it was the culture germ for New York's night life. It gave the sensation-lovers an opportunity to do something at a meal besides eat. It gave them a chance either to witness a vaudeville show noisy enough to drown the sounds made by the gentleman at the next table drinking his soup by tilting the plate and using the spoon after the fashion of a lone survivor bailing out the leaky lifeboat, or between courses to get up themselves and dance the entrée down in order to make room for the salad. With each successive season the cabaret has showed enlargement and increasing costliness and gorgeousness. It and its younger half-sister, the after-midnight roof show, have made it possible for many thousands to go from bedlam to bed, and then after a recuperative period, to go right back again from bed to bedlam. Likewise each season has shown progress in the style of entertainment vouchsafed.

For example, in 1915–1916 the vogue was rather for lady dancers, suffering from exposure and at the same time thriving on it, and for troupes of coon-shouters vocally proclaiming their intense craving to be transported without delay back to the cotton fields of dear old Tuscaloosa, when as a matter of fact they could never be prevailed upon to go there on anything short of a requisition. But it was esteemed to give the metropolis a touch of the real Dixieland to have these happy care-free darky commuters from South Norwalk, Connecticut, telling at the top of their joyous voices about being down in Alabama waiting for the Robert E. Lee to come along the Mississippi River, which was insurance of a fairly long wait, if you happen to recall anything about the geography of our country.

The cabaret season of 1916–1917, now drawing toward its close, was chiefly conspicuous for ice-skating stunts and Hawaiian sports and pastimes. No café-cabaret was regarded as being complete without the presence of a group of fur-bearing experts cutting figure eights and curlicues on a rink-space; or else, to conform to the fancy of the moment, the management needs must provide vocal interpolations by a young person with a golden-oak complexion, dressed simply in a magnetic health belt and a kirtle of dried Honolulu noodles, while a troupe of genuine Kanaka troubadours, who could pass almost anywhere else for Tuskegee graduates, sat handily near by, tickling the ukulele upon its sensitive abdomen until the poor thing wailed in its agony. Undoubtedly before next fall comes the gifted mind of genius will have thought up something even more novel for the delectation of Banquo's children, the sleep-murderers. In this connection one may be permitted to venture that the ukulele will be given a rest. The ukulele is a very well-meaning and inoffensive instrument if you let it alone. The bad side of its nature only comes out when somebody irritates it by scratching it on the stomach. A ukulele on the wall is worth two in the lap. Let us leave it there.

For the homeless lady or the homeless New York man, the daily round of pleasure, meaning by that the nightly one, is apt to be ushered in with a mid-afternoon visit to a tea room in one of the big hotels. Of late the five P. M. tea place provides a congenial retreat for the forgathering of those members of the gentler sex who have come to abhor the thought of spending any waking hours at all in the home. Anyway, afternoon tea is comparatively a recent innovation among us. We borrowed it from the English, but we've added a lot of modern improvements to it. With us it is function: with them, functional. The chief purpose of an Englishman in going to an afternoon tea is to get some tea as a sort of preparatory course to getting a lot more tea two hours later at dinner time. Life to the English stomach is absolutely nothing without its tannic acid and its lukewarm English muffins, which are so delicious when buttered and which I sometimes think might be just as delicious if they only cooked them first.

But to the American tea habitué of a rather common type, the tea itself is a secondary consideration. It is the excitement, the prospect of being crowded in with a horde of strangers, out of the sunlight and the fresh air, of hearing loud music and seeing dancing that proves the potent lure. At least I am quite sure this must be so in many instances.

It has not been such a great time since the tea room of the average big New York hostelry was done all in crimson hangings and gold leaf, like a colored man's idea of heaven, to match the rest of the ground floor. But a chastening and refining influence has stolen over the spirit of our decorative and architectural dreams as applied to hotel interiors. Now one passes through tapestry-hung corridors, running en route the gantlet of the eyes of many elderly women with prematurely young faces and many young women with prematurely elderly faces, with here and there on a sofa a lolling youth of fashion, known in the vernacular as a lounge-lizard, who, while waiting his turn to get a table, is putting a high polish on the handle of his cane in the same way that an infant puts a polish on a teething ring. Eventually one comes to a great chamber filled with a dim cathedral glow, the windows being all heavily curtained against the daylight and the lights, under colored shades, burning agreeably low. Entering in, after crossing the tea captain's palm with silver, one paws one's way through the gloom to one's appointed place at a table in the crowded and perfume-laden place, and then one orders one's cocktail or one's tea, or one's both.

They Say Good-By But Never Go

HERE, during the past few months, one was reasonably sure of finding a delegation from the Hawaiian colony, consisting of stout persons attired as shirt-waist boys, all armed with the national weapon of their race, the ukulele, and all wearing about their throats necklets of colored paper; this last I take it being a precaution designed to save them from being mistaken for Pullman porters on an outing. These persons sing. Frequently they also play; but always they sing. I have never even been to those fair islands whence they come, but I gather from my local observations of visiting natives that their land is principally populated by a race who spend their time telling you good-by and then never going. They do not practice what they preach. In mournful numbers, hour after hour, they bid you a lingering musical good-by and then turn right round and disappoint everybody by continuing to stay there. To them parting is such sweet sorrow, they refuse to part. But they are willing to sing about it, world without end.

I should admire to meet a Hawaiian minstrel sometime who told you he was going and then made good, but I'm afraid I never shall; it would be contrary to his nature and his training.

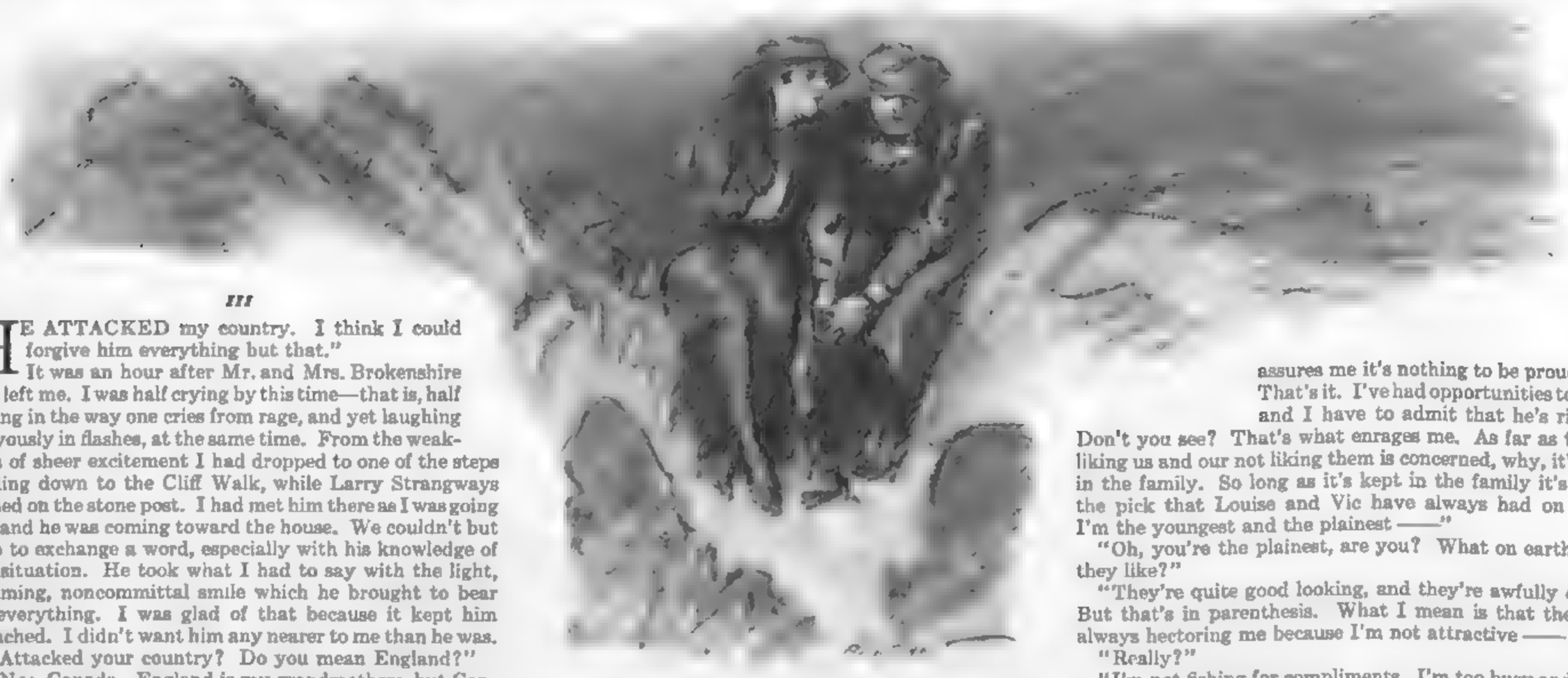
Naturally, the majority of the patrons of the tea fights are women. Occasionally one sights an upstanding male recognizable as belonging to the business or the professional class; but usually he looks uncomfortable—as no doubt he is—and disseminates an apologetic air as though he begged everybody's pardon for being there, and would like to state that he wouldn't be there under any consideration if his wife or his sweetheart or somebody hadn't made

(Continued on Page 37)

THE HIGH HEART

By BASIL KING

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH



III

HE ATTACKED my country. I think I could forgive him everything but that."

It was an hour after Mr. and Mrs. Brokenshire had left me. I was half crying by this time—that is, half crying in the way one cries from rage, and yet laughing nervously in flashes, at the same time. From the weakness of sheer excitement I had dropped to one of the steps leading down to the Cliff Walk, while Larry Strangways leaned on the stone post. I had met him there as I was going out and he was coming toward the house. We couldn't but stop to exchange a word, especially with his knowledge of the situation. He took what I had to say with the light, gleaming, noncommittal smile which he brought to bear on everything. I was glad of that because it kept him detached. I didn't want him any nearer to me than he was.

"Attacked your country? Do you mean England?"

"No; Canada. England is my grandmother; but Canada's my mother. He said you all despised her."

"Oh, no, we don't. He was trying to put something over on you."

"Your 'No, we don't' lacks conviction; but I don't mind you. I shouldn't mind him, if I hadn't seen so much of it."

"So much of what?"

"Being looked down upon geographically. Of all the ways of being proud," I declared indignantly, "that which depends on your merely accidental position with regard to land and water strikes me as the most poor-spirited. I can't imagine anyone dragging himself down to it who had another rag of a reason for self-respect. As a matter of fact, I don't believe anyone ever does. The people I've heard express themselves on the subject—well, I'll give you an illustration: There was a woman at Gibraltar—a major's wife, a big, red-faced woman. Her name was Arbuthnot—her father was a dean or something—a big, red-faced woman, with one of those screechy, twangy English voices that cut you like a saw—you know there are some—a good many—and they don't know it. Well, she was saying something sneering about Canadians. I was sitting opposite—it was at a dinner party—and so I leaned across the table and asked her why she didn't like them. She said colonials were such dreadful form. I held her with my eye"—I showed him how—"and made myself small and demure as I said 'But, dear lady, how clever of you! Who would ever have supposed that you'd know that?' My sister Vic pitched into me about it after we got home. She said the Arbuthnot person didn't understand what I meant—nor anyone else at the table, they're so awfully thick-skinned—and that it's better to let them alone. But that's the kind of person who ——"

He tried to comfort me.

"They'll come round in time. One of these days England will see what she owes to her colonists and do them justice."

"Never!" I declared vehemently. "It will be always the same—till we knock the Empire to pieces. Then they'll respect us. Look at the Boer war. Didn't our men sacrifice everything to go out that long distance—and win battles—and lay down their lives—only to have the English say afterward—especially the army people—that they were more trouble than they were worth? It will be always the same. When we've given our last penny and shed our last drop of blood they'll still tell us we've been nothing but a nuisance. You may live to see it and remember that I said so. If when Shakspere wrote that it's sharper than a serpent's tooth to have a thankless child he'd gone on to add that it's the very dickens to have a picturesque, self-satisfied old grandmother who thinks her children's children should give her everything and take kicks instead of ha'pence for their pay, he'd have been up to date. Mind you, we don't object to giving our last penny and shedding our last drop of blood; we only hate being abused and sneered at for doing it."

I warmed to my subject as I dabbed fiercely at my eyes:

"I'll tell you what the typical John Bull is like. He's like those men—big, flabby men they generally are—who'll be brutes to you so long as you're civil to them, but will climb down the minute you begin to hit back. Look at the way they treat you Americans! They can't do enough for you—because you snap your fingers in their faces and show them you don't care a hang about them. They come over here, and give you lectures, and marry your girls, and pocket your money, and adopt your bad form as delightful originality—and respect you. Now that earls' daughters are beginning to cast an eye on your millionaires—Mrs. Rossiter told me that—they won't leave you a rag to your back. But with us who've been faithful and loyal they're all the other way. I can hardly tell you the small pin-pricking indignities to which my sisters and I have been subjected for being Canadians. And they'll never change. It will never be otherwise, no matter what we do, no matter what we become, no matter if we give our bodies to be burned, as the Bible says. It will never be otherwise—not till we imitate you and strike them in the face. *Then* you'll see how they'll come round." *

He still smiled, with an aloofness in which there was a beam of sweetness.

"I had no idea that you were such a little rebel."

"I'm not a rebel. I'm loyal to the King. That is, I'm loyal to the great Anglo-Saxon ideal of which the King is the symbol—and I suppose he's as good a symbol as any other, especially as he's already there. The English are only partly Anglo-Saxon. 'Saxon and Norman and Dane are they'—didn't Tennyson say that? Well, there's a lot that's Norman, and a lot that's Dane, and a lot that's Scotch and Irish and rag-tag in them. But they're saved by the pure Anglo-Saxon ideal, in so far as they hold to it—just as you'll be, with all your mixed bloods—and just as we shall be ourselves. It's like salt in the meat, it's like grace in the Christian religion—it's the thing that saves, and I'm loyal to that. My father used to say that it's the fact that English and Canadians and Australians are all devoted to the same principle that holds us together as an Empire, and not the subservience of distant lands to a parliament sitting at Westminster. And so it is. We don't always like each other; but that doesn't matter. What does matter is that we should betray the fact that we don't like each other to outsiders—and so give them a handle against us."

"You mean that J. Howard should be in a position to side with the English in looking down on you as a Canadian?"

"Yes, and that the English should give him that position. He's an American and an enemy—every American is an enemy to England *au fond*. Oh, yes, he is! You needn't deny it! It's something fundamental, deeper down than anything you understand; even those of you who like England are hostile to her at heart and would be glad to see her in trouble. So, I say, he's an American and an enemy, and yet they hand me, their child and their friend, over to him to be trampled on. He's had opportunities of judging how Canadians are regarded in England, he says—and he assures me it's nothing to be proud of. That's it. I've had opportunities too—and I have to admit that he's right. Don't you see? That's what enrages me. As far as their liking us and our not liking them is concerned, why, it's all in the family. So long as it's kept in the family it's like the pick that Louise and Vic have always had on me. I'm the youngest and the plainest ——"

"Oh, you're the plainest, are you? What on earth are they like?"

"They're quite good looking, and they're awfully chic. But that's in parenthesis. What I mean is that they're always hectoring me because I'm not attractive ——"

"Really?"

"I'm not fishing for compliments. I'm too busy and too angry for that. I want to go on talking about what we're talking about."

"But I want to know why they said you were unattractive."

"Well, perhaps they didn't say it. What they have said is this, and it's what Mrs. Rossiter says—she said it to-day—that I'm only attractive to one man in five hundred ——"

"But very attractive to him?"

"No; she didn't say that. She merely admitted that her brother Hugh was that man ——"

He interrupted with something I wished at the time he hadn't said, and which I tried to ignore:

"He's the man in that five hundred—and I know another in another five hundred, which makes two in a thousand. You'd soon get up to a high percentage, when you think of all the men there are in the world."

As he had never hinted at anything of the kind before, it gave me—how shall I put it?—I can only think of the word fright—it gave me a little fright. It made me uneasy. It was nothing, really; it was spoken with that gleaming smile of his which seemed to put distance between him and me—between him and everything else that was serious—and yet subconsciously I felt as one feels on hearing the first few notes, in an opera or a symphony, of that arresting phrase which is to work up into a great motive. I tried to get back to my original theme, rising to move on as I did so.

"Good gracious!" I cried. "Isn't the world big enough for us all? Why should we go about saying unkind and untrue things of each other, when each of us is an essential part of a composite whole? Isn't it the foot saying to the hand I have no need of thee, and the eye saying the same thing to the nose? We've got something you haven't got, and you've got something we haven't got. Why shouldn't we be appreciative toward each other, and make our exchange with mutual respect as we do with trade commodities?"

It was probably to urge me on to talk that he said, with a challenging smile:

"What have you Canadians got that we haven't? Why, we could buy and sell you."

"Oh, no, you couldn't; because our special contribution toward the civilization of the American continent isn't a thing for sale. It can be given; it can be inherited; it can be caught; but it can't be purchased."

"Indeed? What is this elusive endowment?"

I answered frankly enough:

"I don't know. It's there—and I can't tell you what it is. Ever since I've been living among you I've felt how much we resemble each other—with a difference. I think—mind you, I only think—that what it consists in is a sense of the *comme il faut*. We're simpler than you; and less intellectual; and poorer, of course; and less, much less, self-analytical; and yet we've got a knowledge of what's what that you couldn't command with money. None of the Brokenshires have it at all, and, as far as I can see, none of their friends. They command it with money, and the difference is like having a copy of a work of art instead of the original. It gives them the air of being—I'm using

* Note—This was said before the Great War. It is now supposed that when peace is made there will be a change in English opinion. With my knowledge of my country—the British Empire—I permit myself to doubt it. There is a proverb which begins 'When the devil was sick'—I shall, however, be glad if I am proved wrong.—Alexandra Adare

Mrs. Rossiter's word—of being produced. Now we Canadians are not produced. We just come—but we come the right way—without any hooting or tooting or beating of tin pans or self-advertisement. We just are—and we say nothing about it. Let me make an example of what Mrs. Rossiter was discussing this morning. There are lots of pretty girls in my country—as many to the hundred as you have here—but we don't make a fuss about them or talk as if we'd ordered a special brand from the Creator. We grow them as you grow flowers in a garden, at the mercy of the air and sunshine. You grow yours like plants in a hothouse, to be exhibited in horticultural shows. Please don't think I'm bragging ——"

He laughed aloud.

"Oh, no!"

"Well, I'm not," I insisted. "You asked me a question and I'm trying to answer it—and incidentally to justify my own existence, which J. Howard has called into question. You've got lots to offer us, and many of us come and take it thankfully. What we can offer to you is a simpler and healthier and less self-conscious standard of life, with a great deal less talk about it—with no talk about it at all, if you could get yourselves down to that—and a willingness to be instead of an everlasting striving to become. You won't recognize it or take it, of course. No one ever does. Nations seem to me insane, and ruled by insane governments. Don't the English need the Germans, and the Germans the French, and the French the Austrians, and the Austrians the Russians, and so on? Why on earth should the foot be jealous of the nose? But there! You're simply making me say things—and laughing at me all the while—so I'm off to take my walk. We'll get even with J. Howard and all the first-class powers some day, and till then—*au revoir*."

I had waved my hand to him and gone some paces into the fog that had begun to blow in when he called to me.

"Wait a minute. I've something to tell you."

I turned, without going back.

"I'm—I'm leaving."

I was so amazed that I retraced a step or two toward him.

"What?"

His smile underwent a change. It grew frozen and steely instead of being bright with a continuous play suggesting summer lightning, which had been its usual quality.

"My time is up at the end of the month—and I've asked Mr. Rossiter not to expect me to go on."

I was looking for something of the sort sooner or later, but now that it had come I saw how lonely I should be.

"Oh! Where are you going? Have you got anything—in particular?"

"I'm going as secretary to Stacy Grainger."

"I've some connection with that name," I said absently, "though I can't remember what it is."

"You've probably heard of him. He's a good deal in the public eye."

"Have you known him long?" I asked for the sake of speaking, though I was only thinking of myself.

"Never knew him at all." He came nearer to me. "I've a confession to make, though it won't be of interest to you. All the while I've been here, playing with little Broke Rossiter, I've been—don't laugh—I've been contributing to the press—*moi qui vous parle!*"

"What about?"

"Oh, politics and finance and foreign policy and public things in general. Always had a taste that way. Now it seems that something I wrote for the Providence Express people read it a good deal—has attracted the attention of the great Stacy. Yes, he's great, too—J. Howard's big rival for ——"

I began to recall something I had heard.

"Wasn't there a story about him and Mr. Brokenshire and Mrs. Brokenshire?"

"That's the man. Well, he's noticed my stuff, and written to the editor—and to me, and I'm to go to him."

I was still thinking of myself and the loss of his camaraderie.

"I hope he's going to pay you well."

"Oh, for me it will be wealth."

"It will probably be more than that. It will be the first long step up."

He nodded confidently.

"I hope so."

I had again begun to move away when he stopped me the second time.

"Miss Adare, what's your first name? Mine's Lawrence, as you know."

If I laughed a little it was to conceal my discomfort at this abrupt approach to the intimate.

"I'm rather sorry for my name," I said apologetically. "You see my father was one of those poetically loyal Canadians who rather overdo the thing. My eldest sister should have been Victoria, because Victoria was the queen. But the Duchess of Argyll was in Canada at that time—and very nice to father and mother—and so the first of us had to be Louise. He couldn't begin on the queens till there was a second one. That's poor Vic; while I'm—I know you'll shout—I'm Alexandra. If there'd been a fourth she'd have been a Mary; but poor mother died and the series stopped."

He shook hands rather gravely.

"Then I shall think of you as Alexandra."

"If you are going to think of me at all," I managed to say with a little *moue*, "put me down as Alix. That's what I've always been called."

IV

I WAS glad of the fog. It was cool and refreshing; it was also concealing. I could tramp along under its protection with little or no fear of being seen. Wearing tweeds, thick boots and a felt hat, I was prepared for wet, and as a Canadian girl I was used to the open air in all weathers. The few stragglers generally to be seen on the Cliff Walk having rushed to their houses for shelter, I had the rocks and the breakers, the honeysuckle and the patches of dog roses, to myself. In the back of my mind I was fortified, too, by the knowledge that dampness curls my hair into pretty little tendrils, so that if I did meet anyone I should be looking at my best.

The path is like no other in the world. I have often wondered why the American writer-up of picturesque bits didn't make more of it. Trouville has its *Plage*, and Brighton its King's Road, and Nice its Promenade des Anglais; but in no other kingdom of leisure that I know anything about will you find the combination of qualities, wild and subdued, that mark this ocean front of the island of Aquidneck. Neither will you easily come elsewhere so near to a sense of the primitive human struggle, of the crude social clash, of the war of the rights of man—Fisherman's Rights, as this coast historically knows them—against encroachment, privilege and seclusion. As you crunch the gravel, and press the well-rolled turf, and sniff the scent of the white and red clover and Queen Anne's lace that fringe the precipice leaning over the sea, you feel in the air those elements of conflict that make drama.

In clinging to the edge of the cliff, in twisting round every curve of the shore line, in running up hill and down dale, under crags and over them, the path is, of course, not the only one of its kind. You will find the same thing

"Has It Occurred to You, Hugh, That I Pay You an Allowance of Six Thousand Dollars a Year?"

anywhere on the south coast of England or the north coast of France. But in the sum of human interest it sucks into the three miles of its course I can think of nothing else that resembles it. As guaranteeing the rights of the fisherman it is, so I believe, inalienable public property. The fisherman can walk on it, sit on it, fish from it, right into eternity. So much he has secured from the past history of colony and state; but he has done it at the cost of making himself offensive to the gentlemen whose lawns he hems as a seamstress hems a skirt.

It is a hem like a serpent, with a serpent's sinuosity and grace, but also with a serpent's hatefulness to those who can do nothing but accept it as a fact. Since, as a fact, it cannot be abolished it has to be put up with; and since it has to be put up with the means must needs be found to deal with it effectively. Effectively it has been dealt with. Money, skill and imagination have been spent on it, to adorn it, or disguise it, or sink it out of sight. The architect, the landscape gardener and the engineer have all been called into counsel. On Fisherman's Rights the smile and the frown are exercised by turns, each with its phase of ingenuity. Along one stretch of a hundred yards bland recognition borders the way with roses or spans the miniature chasms with decorative bridges; along the next shuddering refinement grows a hedge or digs a trench behind which the obtrusive wayfarer may pass unseen. But shuddering refinement and bland recognition alike withdraw into themselves as far as broad lawns and lofty terraces permit them to retire, leaving to the owner of Fisherman's Rights the enjoyment of ochre and umber rocks and sea and sky and grain fields yellowing on far headlands.

It gave me the nearest thing to glee I ever felt in Newport. It was bracing and open and free. It suggested comparisons with scrambles along Nova Scotian shores or tramps on the moors in Scotland. I often hated the fine weather; it was oppressive; it was strangling. But a day like this, with its whiffs of wild wind and its handfuls of salt slashing against eyes and mouth and nostrils, was not only exhilarating, it was glorious. I was glad, too, that the prim villas and pretentious châteaux, most of them out of proportion to any scale of housekeeping of which America is capable, could only be descried like castles in a dream through the swirling, diaphanous drift. I could be alone to rage and fume—or fly onward with a speed that was in itself a relief.

I could be alone till, on climbing the slope of a shorn and wind-swept bluff, I saw a square-shouldered figure looming on the crest. It was no more than a deepening of the texture of the fog, but I knew its lines. Skimming up the ascent with a little cry I was in Hugh's arms, my head on his burly breast.

I think it was his burliness that made the most definite appeal to me. He was so sturdy and strong, and I was so small and desolate. From the beginning, when he first used to come near to me, I felt his presence, as the Bible says, like the shadow of a rock in a thirsty land. That was in my early homesick time, before I had seized the new way of living and the new national point of view. The fact, too, that, as I expressed it to myself, I was in the second cabin when I had always been accustomed to the first, inspired a discomfort for which unwittingly I sought consolation. Nobody thought of me as other than Mrs. Rossiter's retainer but this one kindly man.

I noticed his kindliness almost before I noticed him, just as, I think, he noticed my loneliness almost before he noticed me. He opened doors for me when I went in or out; he served me with things if he happened to be there at tea; he dropped into a chair beside me when I was the only member of a group whom no one spoke to. If Gladys was of the company I was of it too, with a nominal footing but a virtual exclusion. The men in the Rossiter circle were of the four hundred and ninety-nine to whom I wasn't attractive; the women were all civil—from a distance. Occasionally some nice old lady would ask me where I came from and if I liked my work, or talk to me of new educational methods in a way which, with my bringing up, was to me as so much Greek; but I never got any other sign of friendliness. Only this short, stockily built young fellow, with the small blue eyes, ever recognized me as a human being with the average yearning for human intercourse.

During the winter in New York he never went further than that. I remembered Mrs. Rossiter's recommendation and "let him alone." I knew how to do it. He was not the first man I had ever had to deal with, even if no one had asked me to marry him. I accepted his small kindly acts with that shade of discretion which defined the distance between us. As far as I could observe he himself had no disposition to cross the lines I set—not till we moved to Newport.

There was a fortnight between our going there and his—a fortnight which seemed to work a change in him. The Hugh Brokenshire I met on one of my first rambles along the cliffs was not the Hugh Brokenshire I had last seen in Fifth Avenue. Perhaps I was not the same myself. In the new surroundings I had missed him—a little. I will not say that his absence had meant an aching void to me; but where I had had a friend, now I had none—since I was unable to count Larry Strangways. Had it not been for this solitude I should have been less receptive to his comings when he suddenly began to pursue me.

Pursuit is the only word I can use. I found him everywhere, quiet, deliberate, persistent. If he had been ten or even five years older I could have taken his advances without uneasiness. But he was only twenty-six and a dependent. He had no work; apart from his allowance from his father he had no means. And yet when, on the day before my chronicle begins, he stole upon me as I sat in a sheltered nook below the cliffs to which I was fond of retreating when I had the time—when he stole upon me there, and kissed me and kissed me and kissed me, I couldn't help confessing that I loved him.

I must leave to some woman who has had to fend for herself the task of telling what it means when a man comes to offer her his heart and his protection. It goes without saying that it means more to her than to the sheltered woman, for it means things different and more wonderful. It is the expected unexpected come to pass; it is the impossible achieved. It is not only success; it is success with an aureole of glory.

I suppose I must be parasitical by nature, for I never have conceived of life as other than dependent on some man who would love me and take care of me. Even when no such man appeared and I was forced out to earn my bread, I looked upon the need as temporary only. In the loneliest of times at Mrs. Rossiter's, at periods when I didn't see a man for weeks, the hero never seemed farther away than just behind the scenes. I confess to minutes when I thought he tarried unnecessarily long; I confess to terrified questionings as to what would happen were he never to come at all; I confess to solitary watches of the night in company with fears and tears; but I cannot confess to anything more than a low burning of that lamp of hope which never went out entirely.

When, therefore, Hugh Brokenshire offered me what he had to offer me I felt for a few minutes—ten, fifteen, twenty perhaps—that sense of the fruition of the being which I am sure comes to us but rarely in this life, and perhaps is a foretaste of eternity. I was like a creature that has long been struggling up to some higher state—and has reached it.

I am ashamed to say, too, that my first consciousness came in pictures to which the dear young man himself was only incidental. Two scenes in particular that for ten years past had been only a little below the threshold of my consciousness came out boldly, like developed photographs. I was the center of both. In one I saw a dainty little dining room, where the table was laid. The damask was beautiful; the silver rich; the glasses crystalline. Wearing an inexpensive but extremely chic little gown I was seating the guests. The other picture was more dim, but only in the sense that the room was deliciously darkened. It had white furnishings, a little white cot and toys. In its very center was a bassinette, and I was leaning over it, wearing a delicate lace peignoir.

Ought I to blush to say that while Hugh stammered out his impassioned declarations I was seeing these two tableaux emerging from the state of only half acknowledged dreams into real possibility? I dare say. I merely affirm that it was so. Since the dominant craving of my nature was to have a home and a baby, I saw the baby and the home before I could realize a husband or a father, or bring my mind to the definite proposals faltered by poor Hugh.

But I did bring my mind to them, with the result of which I have already given a sufficient indication. Even in admitting that I loved him I thrust and parried and postponed. The whole idea was too big for me to grapple with on the spur of a sudden moment. I suggested his talking the matter over with his father chiefly to gain time.

But to rest in his arms had only a subordinate connection with the great issue I had to face. It was a joy in itself. It was a pledge of the future, even if I were never to take anything but the pledge. After my shifts and struggles and anxieties I could feel the satisfaction of knowing it was in my power to let them all roll off. If I were never to do it, if I were to go back to my uncertainties, this minute would mitigate the trial in advance.

(Continued on Page 84)

Climbing the Slope of a Wind-Swept Bluff I Saw a Square-Shouldered Figure Looming on the Crest

TUBAL CAIN

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

XI

IN OCTOBER Alexander Hulings took Gisela Wooddrop to the home that had been so largely planned for her enjoyment. They had been married in a private parlor of the United States Hotel, in Philadelphia; and after a small supper had gone to the Opera House to see Love in a Village, followed by a musical *pasticcio*. Gisela's mother had died the winter before, and she was attended by an elderly distant cousin; no one else was present at the wedding ceremony except a friend of Gisela's—a girl who wept copiously—and Doctor Veneada. The latter's skin hung in loose folds, like a sack partially emptied of its contents; his customary spirit had evaporated too; and he sat through the wedding supper neither eating nor speaking, save for the forced proposal of the bride's health.

Gisela Wooddrop and Alexander Hulings, meeting on a number of carefully planned, apparently accidental occasions, had decided to be married while John Wooddrop was confined to his room by severe gout. In this manner they avoided the unpleasant certainty of his refusal to attend his daughter's, and only child's, wedding. Gisela had not told Alexander Hulings what the aging Ironmaster had said when she had necessarily informed him of her purpose. No message had come to Alexander from John Wooddrop; since the ceremony the Hulings had had no sign of the other's existence.

"Sapphires!" He Cried Shrilly. "Why, Next Week We'll Be Lucky If We Can Buy Bread!"

Alexander surveyed his wife with huge satisfaction as they sat for the first time at supper in their house. She wore white, with the diamonds he had given her about her firm young throat, black-enamel bracelets on her wrists, and her hair in a gilt net. She sighed with deep pleasure.

"It's wonderful!" she proclaimed, and then corroborated all he had surmised about the growth of her interest in him; it had reached forward and back from the killing of Partridge Sinnox. "That was the first time," she told him, "that I realized you were so—so big. You looked so miserable on the canal boat, coming out here those years ago, that it hardly seemed possible for you to merely live; and when you started the hearths at Tubal Cain everyone who knew anything about iron just laughed at you—we used to go down sometimes and look at those killing workmen you had, and that single mule and old horse.

"I wasn't interested then, and I don't know when it happened; but now I can see that a time soon came when men stopped laughing at you. I can just remember when father first became seriously annoyed; when he declared that he was going to force you out of the valleys at once. But it seemed you didn't go. And then in a few months he came home in a dreadful temper, when he found out that you controlled all the timber on the mountains. He said of course you would break before he was really short of charcoal. But it seems you haven't broken. And now I'm married to you; I'm Gisela Hulings!"

"This is hardly more than the beginning," he added; "the foundation—just as iron is the base for so much. I—we—are going on," he corrected the period lamely, but was rewarded by a charming smile. "Power!" he said, shutting up one hand, his straight, fine features as hard as the cameo in his neckcloth.

She instantly fired at his tensity of will.

"How splendid you are, Alexander!" she cried. "How tremendously satisfactory for a woman to share! You can have no idea what it means to be with a man like a stone wall!

"I wish," she said, "that you would always tell me about your work. I'd like more than anything else to see you going on, step by step, up. I suppose it is extraordinary in a woman. I felt that way about father's iron, and he only laughed at me; and yet once I kept a forge daybook almost a week, when a clerk was ill. I think I could be of real assistance to you, Alexander."

He regarded with the profoundest distaste any mingling of his, Alexander Hulings', wife and a commercial industry. He had married in order to give his life a final touch of elegance and proper symmetry. No, no; he wanted Gisela to receive him at the door of his mansion, in fleckless white, as she was now, and jewels, at the end of his day in the clamor and soot of business and put it temporarily from his thoughts.

He was distinctly annoyed that her father had permitted her to post the forge book; it was an exceedingly unladylike proceeding. He told her something of this in carefully chosen, deliberate words; and she listened quietly, but with a faint air of disappointment.

"I want you to buy yourself whatever you fancy," he continued; "nothing is too good for you—for my wife. I am very proud of you and insist on your making the best appearance, wherever we are. Next year, if the political weather clears at all, we'll go to Paris, and you can explore the mantuamakers there. You got the shawls in your dressing room?"

She hesitated, cutting uncertainly with a heavy silver knife at a crystallized citron.

Then, with an expression of determination, she addressed him again:

"But don't you see that it is your power, your success over men, that fascinates me; that first made me think of you? In a way this is not—not an ordinary affair of ours; I had other chances more commonplace, which my father encouraged; but they seemed so stupid that I couldn't entertain them. I love pretty clothes, Alexander; I adore the things you've given me; but will you mind my saying that isn't what I married you for? I am sure you don't care for such details, for money itself, in the least. You are too strong. And that is why I married you, why I love to think about you, and what I want to follow, to admire and understand."

He was conscious of only a slight irritation at this masculine-sounding speech; he must have no hesitation in uprooting such ideas from his wife's thoughts; they detracted from her feminine charm, struck at the bottom of her duties, her privileges and place.

"At the next furnace in blast," he told her with admirable control, "the workmen will insist on your throwing in, as my bride, a slipper; and in that way you can help the charge."

Then, by planning an immediate trip with her to West Virginia, he abruptly brought the discussion to a close.

Alexander was pleased, during the weeks which followed, at the fact that she made no further reference to iron. She went about the house, gravely busy with its maintenance, as direct and efficient as he was in the larger realm. Almost her first act was to discharge the housekeeper. The woman came to Alexander, her fat face smeared with crying, and protested bitterly against the loss of a place she had filled since the house was roofed.

He was, of course, curt with her, and ratified Gisela's decision; but privately he was annoyed. He had not even intended his wife to discharge the practical duties of living—thinking of her as a suave figure languidly moving from parlor to dining room or boudoir; however, meeting her in a hall, energetically directing the dusting of a cornice, in a rare flash of perception he said nothing.

XII

THOUGH he would not admit, even to himself, that his material affairs were less satisfactory than they had been the year before, such he vaguely felt was a fact. Speculation in Western government lands, large investments in transportation systems for the present fallow, had brought about a general condition of commercial unrest. Alexander Hulings felt this, not only by the delayed payment for shipments of metal but in the allied interests he had accumulated. Shipments of merchandise were often preceded by demands for payment; the business of a nail manufactory he owned in Wheeling had been cut in half.

He could detect concern in the shrewd countenance and tones of Samuel Cryble, a hard-headed Yankee from a Scotch Protestant valley in New Hampshire, who had risen to the position of his chief assistant and, in a small way, copartner. They sat together in the dingy office on the public road and silently, grimly, went over invoices and payments, debts and debtors. It was on such an occasion that Alexander had word of the death of Doctor Veneada.

Hulings' involuntary concern, the stirred memories of the dead man's liberal spirit and mind—he had been the only person Alexander Hulings could call friend—speedily gave place to a growing concern as to how Veneada might have left his affairs. He had been largely a careless man in practical matters.

Alexander had never satisfied the mortgage he had granted Veneada on the timber properties purchased with the other man's money. He had tried to settle the indebtedness when it had first fallen due; but the doctor had begged him to let the money remain as it was.

"I'll only throw it away on some confounded soft-witted scheme, Alex," he had insisted. "With you, I know where it is; it's a good investment."

Now Hulings recalled that the second extension had expired only a few weeks before Veneada's death, incurring an obligation the settlement of which he had been impatiently deferring until he saw the other.

He had had a feeling that Veneada, with no near or highly regarded relatives, would will him the timber about the valleys; yet he was anxious to have the thing settled.

The Alexander Hulings Company was short of available funds. He returned to Eastlake for Veneada's funeral; and there, for the first time, he saw the cousins to whom the doctor had occasionally and lightly alluded. They were, he decided, a lean and rapacious crew.

He remained in Eastlake for another twenty-four hours, but was forced to leave with nothing discovered; and it was not until a week later that, again in his office, he learned that Veneada had made no will. This, it seemed, had been shown beyond any doubt. He rose, walked to a dusty window, and gazed out unseeingly at an eddy of dead leaves and dry metallic snow in a bleak November wind.

After a vague, disconcerted moment he shrewdly divined exactly what would occur. He said nothing to Cryble, seated with his back toward him; and even Gisela looked with silent inquiry at his absorption throughout supper. She never questioned him now about any abstraction that might be concerned with affairs outside their pleasant life together.

The inevitable letter at last arrived, announcing the fact that, in a partition settlement of Veneada's estate by his heirs, it was necessary to settle the expired mortgage. It could not have come, he realized, at a more inconvenient time.

He was forced to discuss the position with Cryble; and the latter heard him to the end with a narrowed, searching vision.

"That money out of the business now might leave us on the bank," he asserted. "As I see it, there's but one thing to do—go over all the timber, judge what we actually will need for coaling, buy that—or, if we must, put another mortgage on it—and let the rest, a good two-thirds, go."

This, Alexander acknowledged to himself, was the logical if not the only course. And then John Wooddrop would purchase the remainder; he would have enough charcoal to keep up his local industries beyond his own life and another. All his—Alexander's—planning, aspirations, sacrifice, would have been for nothing. He would never, like John Wooddrop, be a great industrial despot, or command, as he had so often pictured, the iron situation of the state. To do that, he would have to control all the iron the fumes of whose manufacture stained the sky for miles about Harmony. If Wooddrop recovered an adequate fuel supply Alexander Hulings would never occupy more than a position of secondary importance.

There was a bare possibility of his retaining all the tracts again by a second mortgage; but as he examined that, it sank from a potentiality to a thing without substance. It would invite an investigation, a public gleaning of facts, that he must now avoid. His pride could not contemplate the publication of the undeniable truth—that what he had so laboriously built up about his name stood on an insecure foundation.

"It is necessary," he said stiffly, "in order to realize on my calculations, that I continue to hold all the timber at present in my name."

"And that's where you make a misjudgment," Cryble declared, equally blunt. "I can see clear enough that you are letting your personal feeling affect your business sense. There is room enough in Pennsylvania for both you and old Wooddrop. Anyhow, there's got to be somebody second in the parade, and that is a whole lot better than tail end."

Alexander Hulings nodded absently; Cryble's philosophy was correct for a clerk, an assistant, but Alexander Hulings felt the tyranny of a wider necessity. He wondered where he could get the money to satisfy the claim of the doctor's heirs. His manufacturing interests in West Virginia, depreciated as they were at present, would about cover the debt. Ordinarily they would be worth a third more; and in ten years they would double in value. He relentlessly crushed all regret at parting with what was now his best property and promptly made arrangements to secure permanently the timberland.

Soon, he felt, John Wooddrop must feel the pinch of fuel shortage; and Alexander awaited such development with keen attention. As he had anticipated, when driving from the canal, he saw that the Blue Lump Furnace had gone out of blast, its workmen dispersed. Gisela, the day before, had been to see her father; and he was curious to hear what she might report. A feeling of coming triumph, of inevitable, worldly expansion, settled comfortably over him; and he regarded his wife pleasantly through a curtain of cigar smoke.

They were seated in a parlor, already shadowy in an early February dusk; coals were burning brightly in a polished open stove, by which Gisela was embroidering in brightly colored chenille on a frame. She had the intent, placid expression of a woman absorbed in a small, familiar duty. As he watched her Alexander Hulings' satisfaction deepened—young and fine and vigorous, she was preeminently a wife for his importance and position.

"I Was Too Late!" She Said in a Dull Voice

She gazed at him vacantly, her eyes crinkled at the corners, her lips soundlessly counting stitches, and a faint smile rose to his lips.

He was anxious to hear what she might say about John Wooddrop, and yet a feeling of propriety restrained him from a direct question. He had not had a line, a word or message, from Wooddrop since he had married the other's daughter. The aging man, he knew, idolized Gisela; and her desertion—for so John Wooddrop would hold it—must have torn the Ironmaster. She had, however, been justified in her choice, he contentedly continued his train of thought. Gisela had everything a woman could wish for. He had been a thoughtful husband. Her clothes, of the most beautiful texture and design, were pinned with jewels; her deftly moving fingers flashed with rings; the symbol of his success, his ——

"My father looks badly, Alexander," she said suddenly. "I wish you would see him, and that he would talk to you. But you won't and he won't. He is very nearly as stubborn as yourself. I wish you could make a move; after all, you are younger. . . . But then, you would make each other furious in a second." She sighed deeply.

"Has he shown any desire to see me?"

"No," she admitted. "You must know he thinks you married me only to get his furnaces; he is ridiculous about it—just as if you needed any more! He has been fuming and planning a hundred things since his charcoal has been getting low."

She stopped and scrutinized her embroidery, a naïve pattern of rose and urn and motto. He drew a long breath; that was the first tangible indication he had had of the working out of his planning, the justification of his sacrifice.

"I admire father," she went on once more, conversationally; "my love for you hasn't blinded me to his qualities. He has a surprising courage and vigor for an Why, he must be nearly seventy! And now he has the most extraordinary plan for what he calls 'getting the better of you.' He was as nice with me as possible; but I could see that he thinks you're lost this time. . . . No; the darker green. Alexander, don't you think the words would be sweet in magenta?"

"Well," he demanded harshly, leaning forward, "what is this plan?"

She looked up, surprised at his hard impatience.

"How queer you are! And that's your iron ex[illegible] you know it's expressly forbidden in the hous[illegible]. His plan? I'm certain there's no disloyalty in telling you. Isn't it mad, at his age? And it will cost him an outrageous amount of money. He is going to change the entire system of all his forges and furnaces. It seems stone coal has been found on his slopes; and he is going to blow in with that, and use a hot blast in his smelting."

Alexander Hulings sat rigid, motionless; the cigar in his hand cast up an unbroken blue ribbon of smoke. Twice he started to speak, to exclaim incredulously; but he uttered no sound. It seemed that all his planning had been utterly overthrown, ruined; in a manner which he—anyone—could not have foreseen. The blowing in of furnaces with hard coal had developed since his entrance into the iron field. It had not been generally declared successful; the pig produced had been so impure that, before working in an ordinary or even puddling forge, it had often to be subjected to a third, finery fire. But he had been conscious of a slow improvement in the newer working; he had vaguely acknowledged that sometime anthracite would displace charcoal for manufacturing purposes; in future years he might adopt it himself.

But John Wooddrop had done it before him; all the square miles of timber that he had acquired with such difficulty, that he had retained at the sacrifice of his best property, would be worthless. The greater part of it could not be teamed across Wooddrop's private roads or hauled advantageously over a hundred intervening streams and miles. It was all wasted, lapsed—his money, dreams!

"It will take over a year," she went on. "I don't understand it at all; but it seems that sending a hot blast into a furnace, instead of the cold, keeps the metal at a more even temperature. Father's so interested you'd think he was just starting out in life—though, really, he is an old man." She laughed. "Competition has been good for him."

All thrown away; in vain! Alexander Hulings wondered what acidulous comment Cryble would make. There were no coal deposits on his land, its nature forbade that; besides, he had no money to change the principle of his drafts. He gazed about at the luxury that surrounded Gisela and himself; there was no lien on the house, but there still remained some thousands of dollars to pay on the carpets and fixtures. His credit, at least, was unimpeachable; decorators, tradespeople of all sorts, had been glad to have him in their debt. But if any whisper of financial stringency escaped, a horde would be howling about his gate, demanding the settlement of their picayune accounts.

The twilight had deepened; the fire made a ruddy area in the gloom, into the heart of which he flung his cigar. His wife embroidered serenely. As he watched her, noting her firm, well-modeled features, realizing her utter unconsciousness of all that he essentially at that moment was, he felt a strange sensation of loneliness, of isolation.

Alexander Hulings had a sudden impulse to take her into his confidence; to explain everything to her—the disaster that had overtaken his project of ultimate power, the loss of the West Virginia interests, the tightness of money. He had a feeling that she would not be a negligible adviser—he had been a witness of her efficient management of his house—and he felt a craving for the sympathy she would instantly extend.

Alexander parted his lips to inform her of all that had occurred; but the habit of years, the innate fiber of his

being, prevented. A wife, he reminded himself, a woman, had no part in the bitter struggle for existence; it was not becoming for her to mingle with the affairs of men. She should be purely a creature of elegance, of solace, and, dressed in India muslin or vaporous silk, ornament a divan, sing French or Italian songs at a piano. The other was manifestly improper.

This illogically made him irritable with Gisela; she appeared, contentedly sewing, a peculiarly useless appendage in his present stress of mind. He was glum again at supper, and afterward retired into an office he had had arranged on the ground floor of the mansion. There he got out a number of papers, accounts and pass books; but he spent little actual time on them. He sat back in his chair, with his head sunk low, and mind thronged with memories of the past, of his long, uphill struggle against oblivion and ill health.

Veneada was gone; yes, and Conrad Wishon too—the supporters and confidants of his beginning. He himself was fifty years old. At that age a man should be firmly established, successful and not deviled by a thousand unexpected mishaps. By fifty a man's mind should be reasonably at rest, his accomplishment and future secure; while there was nothing of security, but only combat, before him.

Wooddrop had been a rich man from the start, when he, Alexander Hulings, at the humiliating failure of the law, had had to face life with a few paltry hundreds. No wonder he had been obliged to contract debts, to enter into impossibly onerous agreements! Nothing but struggle ahead, a relentless continuation of the past years; and he had reached, passed, his prime!

There, for a day, he had thought himself safe, moving smoothly toward the highest pinnacles; when, without warning, at a few words casually pronounced over an embroidery frame, the entire fabric of his existence had been rent! It was not alone the fact of John Wooddrop's progressive spirit that he faced, but now a rapidly accumulating mass of difficulties. He was dully amazed at the treacherous shifting of life, at the unheralded change of apparently solid ground for quicksand.

XIII

THOUGH the industries centered about Tubal Cain were operated and apparently owned by the Alexander Hulings Iron Company, and Hulings was publicly regarded as their proprietor, in reality his hold on them was hardly more than nominal. At the erection of the furnaces and supplementary forges he had been obliged to grant such rebates to the Columbus Transportation interests in return for capital, he had contracted to supply them at a minimum price such a large proportion of his possible output, that, with continuous shifts, he was barely able to dispose advantageously of a sixth of the year's manufacture.

"Hulings! Hulings!" He Articulated, Sinking Weakly on a Chair, "We Must Face Her"

He had made such agreement confident that he would ultimately control the Wooddrop furnaces; which, doubling his resources, he would soon free himself from conditions imposed on him by an early lack of funds. Now it was at least problematic whether he would ever extend his power to include the older man's domain. His marriage with Gisela had only further separated them, hardening John Wooddrop's resolve that Hulings should never fire a hearth of his, a determination strengthened by the rebuilding of Wooddrop's furnaces for a stone-coal heat.

The widespread land speculation, together with the variability of currency, now began seriously to depress the country, and, more especially, Alexander Hulings. He went to Philadelphia, to Washington, for conferences; but returned to his mansion, to Gisela, in an increasing somberness of mood. All the expedients suggested, the legalizing of foreign gold and silver, the gradual elimination of the smaller state-bank notes, an extra coinage, one after another failed in their purpose of stabilization; and acute panic threatened.

Alexander was almost as spare of political comments to his wife as he was of business discussion. That, too, he thought, did not become the female poise. At times, bitter and brief, he condemned the Administration; during dinner he all but startled a servant into dropping a platter by the unexpected violence of a period hurled at the successful attempts to destroy the national bank. And when, as—he declared—a result of that, the state institutions refused specie payment, and a flood of rapidly depreciating paper struck at the base of commerce, Alexander gloomily informed Gisela that the country was being sold for a barrel of hard cider.

He had, with difficulty, a while before secured what had appeared to be an advantageous order from Virginia; and, after extraordinary effort, he had delivered the iron. But during the lapsing weeks, when the state banks refused to circulate gold, the rate of exchange for paper money fell so far that he lost all his calculated profit, and a quarter of the labor as well. The money of other states depreciated in Pennsylvania a third. In addition to these things Alexander commenced to have trouble with his workmen—wages, too, had diminished, but their hours increased. Hulings, like other commercial operators, issued printed money of his own, good at the company store, useful in the immediate vicinity of Tubal Cain, but valueless at any distance. . . . Alexander Hulings' difficulties increased.

Cryble, as he had anticipated, recounted the triumph of John Wooddrop.

"The old man can't be beat!" he asserted. "We've got a nice little business here. Tailed on to Wooddrop's, we should do good; but you are running it into an iron wall. You ain't content with enough."

"Mr. Hulings, Sir, Wishon Has Been Shot"

Cryble was apparently unconscious of the dangerous glitter that had come into Hulings' gaze. Alexander listened quietly until the other had finished, and then curtly released him from all connection or obligation with himself. James Cryble was undisturbed.

"I was thinking myself about a move," he declared. "This concern is pointed bull-headed onto destruction! You're a sort of peacock," he further told Hulings; "you can't do much besides spread and admire your own feathers. But you'll get learned."

Alexander made no reply, and the other shortly after disappeared from his horizon. Cryble, he thought contemptuously, a man of routine, had no more salience than one of the thousands of identical iron pigs run from Glory Furnace. There commenced now a period of toil more bitter, more relentless than his first experience in the valleys; by constant effort he was able to keep just ahead of the unprofitable labor for the Columbus Railroad. The number of workmen grew constantly smaller, vaguely contaminated by the unsettled period, while his necessity increased. Again and again he longed to strip off his coat and superfluous linen and join the men working the metal in the hearths: he would have felt better if he could have had actual part in rolling and stamping the pig beds, or even in dumping materials into the furnace stack.

As it was, consumed by a fever of impatience and concern, the manufacture of his iron seemed to require months between the crude ore and the finished bars and blooms. He detected a growing impotence among workmen, and told them of it with an unsparing, lashing tongue. A general hatred of him again flashed into being; but it was still accompanied by a respect amounting to fear.

He was approached, at a climax of misfortune, by representatives of the railroad. They sat, their solid faces rimmed in whiskers, and smooth fingers playing with portentous seals, in his office, while one of their number expounded their presence.

"It's only reasonable, Hulings," he stated suavely, "that one man can't stand up against present conditions. Big concerns all along the Coast have gone to wreck. You are an exceptional man, one we would be glad to have in our company; and that, briefly, is what we have come to persuade you to do—to merge your activities here into the railroad; to get on the locomotive with us.

"Long ago you were shrewd enough to see that steam transportation was the coming power; and now—though for the moment we seem overextended—your judgment has been approved. It only remains for you to ratify your perspicacity and definitely join us. We can, I think, offer you something in full keeping with your ability—a vice presidency of the reorganized company and a substantial personal interest."

Alexander attended the speaker half absently, though he realized that probably he had arrived at the crisis of his life, his career; his attention was rapt away by dreams, memories. He saw himself again, saturated with sweat and grime, sitting with Conrad Wishon against the little house where they slept, and planning his empire of iron; he thought again, even farther back, of the slough of anguish from which he had won free; and persistently, woven through the entire texture, was his vision of iron and of pride. He had sworn to himself that he would build success from the metal for which he had such a personal affinity; that he would be known as the great Ironmaster of Pennsylvania; and that unsubstantial ideal, tottering

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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 2, 1917

A Census of Our Man Power

IT IS of the first importance that the people of this country understand clearly the purpose and scope of the registration of male citizens which is being undertaken by Federal authority through state, county and town officials.

In intent and in effect, that registration is to be a census of the man power of the United States. Those men of specified ages who fill in the registration blanks are, therefore, not conscripted by the Government. They are not selected necessarily for fighting the enemy in the field. On the other hand, opportunity for such citizens to escape service in helping the Government to make war no longer exists; that opportunity ceased to exist with the passage of the military-service act itself. In some capacity every man will be required to do his part.

Registration is simply the method adopted by the Government for most speedily and completely informing itself of the number of men it may call upon, and, in particular, of their physical characteristics and individual capacities for participation in the vast, intricate and expert work of war making, as developed by what has been going on in Europe during the past two years.

The allotment by the Government of specific tasks to individuals will be carried out upon the basis of what this roster of men shall disclose; and that allotment will begin the organization of the entire nation into one great army, in which the man who is told off for duty on the farm, in the factory or on the railroad will play a part quite as important and honorable as the part played by those assigned to the infantry or artillery.

The Government plans for national teamwork in this war; and the first step in the organization of teamwork is necessarily a knowledge of those facts which make it possible to place each man at the post—not that which it would please him to pick for himself, but that which he can most effectively fill when working in conjunction with other men.

All male citizens of designated ages are, therefore, called upon by presidential proclamation to present themselves between seven o'clock in the morning and nine o'clock in the evening, on the specified day, at the places in their election districts at which they regularly vote, there to fill in blanks supplied by the Government, giving their name; age; home address; date of birth; citizenship, as acquired by birth or naturalization; place of birth; nationality, if not a citizen; trade, occupation or office; name of employer and place of employment; family and dependents, if any; military service, if any; reasons for exemption from service, if such exist; and such other facts as will enable the Government to act promptly and intelligently in shaping the man power of the country so that the production of food, supplies, munitions and arms, the transport of these, and the communication of orders, may be developed as required, and the machinery needed to support those who fight in the field may work smoothly and effectively.

In this great undertaking ready and full coöperation by citizens will be of immense assistance to themselves individually as well as to the nation; for only by united and energetic effort on the part of everyone from the start can we hope to shorten the duration of the war and so hold down our inevitable liabilities in the loss of life, property and fortunes.

On the other hand, attempted evasion of registration by any man who is liable, though it may momentarily delay and embarrass the work of the Government, will not secure exemption. Such evasions, it is understood, are to be met with immediate arrest and prosecution.

War-Loan Subscriptions

THE real value to the nation of this war loan depends upon the volume of small subscriptions. Everybody with a hundred dollars of dispensable money ought to subscribe—thereby rendering a very real service to the country.

Banks could lend the whole amount outright. That would involve inflation of credit, higher prices, a handicap to industry in the form of higher interest rates, and at least temporary scarcity of fluid capital. Individual subscriptions that are paid for by borrowing at banks have substantially the same effect as though the banks loaned direct to the Government. Selling other securities in order to subscribe may meet the military need; but it does not meet the economic need, for somebody else must put money into the securities the subscriber sold.

A dollar that comes out of a stocking or a safe-deposit vault has three times the social value of a dollar represented by a bank loan. A dollar that an individual subscriber makes available to the Government by rational economy in his individual expenditures is worth two dollars simply borrowed at a bank.

Every war loan finally represents a great economic waste. Hoarded money now thrown into use, money gained by additional effort in any useful line of production and money saved by genuine thrift cancel the waste. Money merely borrowed at a bank, though meeting the military need, has no economic value. And this is a war of economics as much as of guns. Small subscribers, on the whole, are more likely to produce economically valuable money than big subscribers are. The real value of the loan depends largely upon the volume of small subscriptions. Let no one overlook the opportunity.

The easy conditions of subscription and payment make this a unique chance to get into the investing way. Do not bother about the interest return now.

Put in a subscription.

Aircraft

LESS than a month after war was declared the Government was well on the way to building a fleet of wooden merchant ships, which, without hindering the output of steel vessels, would presently bridge the shipping emergency created by German submarines. Plans for standardized construction had been worked out; the country's resources in timber, shipyards and labor had been surveyed; facilities for building the engines had been found; new shipyard sites had been secured.

The Government was able to move so promptly because, some months before, it had created a Shipping Board, composed of men familiar with shipping and charged with a centralized responsibility for national shipping interests.

If, at the same time, it had created a board, bureau or department of aëronautics, vested with centralized responsibility and authority for the development of an air fleet, we should undoubtedly have been farther ahead than we are to-day in that tremendously important field.

Bills before Congress propose now to create a bureau or department to take charge of the whole subject of aircraft. Without such centralized authority progress is sure to be slower than it ought to be; and for immediate military purposes only are ships more important than aircraft. We should have them in great number for our own protection and to help the allied armies in France. For satisfactory progress some one body must have charge of the matter.

A World in Flux

WHEN the United States severed diplomatic relations with Germany it looked as though our participation in the war must be decisive. Already Germany had lost the military initiative. The scale tipped somewhat against her. It seemed that if our weight were thrown on the other side the result could be predicted with mathematical certainty.

At this writing a candid student of the situation is bound to say that never, since German troops crossed the Belgian frontier, has there been less solid ground upon which to base a cool judgment of the outcome. Russia is in turmoil, with anything possible. France is gaining territory at a cost that brings the end of her resources in men within sight. The submarine is eating unchecked at the foundation of allied power. Ominous rumors about Italy circulate. Meantime, as to the situation of Germany and Austria there is nothing but a question mark.

It is a world in flux; a flood under a cloud. Revolution is loose. The old régime in Russia has visibly gone to smash. How deep the stir in Austria, Germany and Italy is, and what directions it may take, nobody can guess. In the European countries that look most stable—England and France—political changes that would be named revolution in any other circumstances have taken place. Only on paper is the Government of to-day, with its centralized control and direction of nearly all individual activities, the same as it was three years ago.

Three years ago this summer the world was led by Germany to an essentially insane slaughter. Realization of it is doubtless penetrating more deeply. What the reactions from that realization will be nobody can pretend to tell.

As to the military situation, anything is possible. Preparation must keep that in view.

The Soldier

SEVERAL million young men are waiting the turn of the wheel to see whether it shall fall to them to serve their country in the field.

There is little likelihood that we shall use all our available human material, as France and England have done. For every one who is taken there will probably be another, or two others, in nearly the same situation, to remain at home.

Merely defeating Germany means little enough. Unless our soldiers go to defeat militarism, and to put down once for all that arrogant and lawless attitude which bred this war—and which will breed other wars so long as it prevails—the country will have taken their lives in vain. Every American life lost in this war pledges the country to insist, with all its might, that nations shall submit to law, and that a quarrel over rival claims to domination in the Balkans, or elsewhere, shall not again drag all Christendom into mutual destruction.

They must go to fight for an international system that shall make war the last recourse instead of the first. The country's message and pledge to them is: "It shall not happen again."

Natural Resources

FROM 1890 to 1900 the consumption of lumber in the United States—or the annual cut as reported by the Department of Agriculture—increased forty-eight per cent. At that rate of increase the cut in 1910 would have exceeded fifty billion feet; in 1920 it would be over seventy-five billion feet; and by the end of the century we should be at the end of our resources in timber. That melancholy prospect was extensively advertised.

The cut actually reported to the Department in 1916 was a little less than in 1900. The total estimated cut was forty billion feet, or about ten per cent smaller than a dozen years before, and less than two-thirds what it would have been if the rate of increase from 1890 to 1900 had continued. But, instead of increasing, the cut has decreased for more than a dozen years.

High prices have brought various substitutes for lumber into use. Trade conditions of late years have been somewhat unsatisfactory.

The tree never does grow to the sky. The calamities we worry about never overtake us. The country is in an exceedingly sober mood just now. Bad news comes from many quarters. But good news always has come—and it will again.

Our Own Bureaucracy

QUITE rapidly, and with little extensive debate except on the one point of press censorship, Congress has ordered a vast centralization of discretionary power, which may touch the daily life of every man, woman and child in the country.

Such intimate things as whether a given man shall leave his home and occupation to serve in the army; the price of the food he eats, and even the quantity of food; the management of various lines of business; his communications, if they take the form of cablegrams; how he conducts himself in the vicinity of certain strategic points, and so on, now depend, or may depend, upon the discretion of a Federal functionary. Under acts that have already been passed, and others that doubtless will be passed, a very great part of the country's ordinary daily activities come under the hand of the Government.

This is very proper in war. The first need in war of a loose-knit democracy is to set up a comprehensive centralized organization, which, if it is efficient, must be vested with great discretionary powers.

But it places a great responsibility upon the Government, and every one of its officers, agents and functionaries—a responsibility to use the powers carefully, justly, courteously. The personnel of the Federal force, from the Cabinet down to the village postmaster, and the precinct clerk of election who is drawn into Federal service for conscription, takes on new importance. Efficiency, impartiality, consideration and courtesy are not merely desirable but necessary. The agent, however humble, who fails in them must be promptly brought to time or removed.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Luther Burbank

THE gentleman on wheels shown in the lower left-hand picture, who is a member of the National Emergency Food Garden Commission which has undertaken to inspire the planting in this country of one million food gardens, is America's foremost plant breeder and creative gardener. If there is anyone who ought to be able to tell America's new Army of the Green Cross how to make two potatoes grow where only one grew before, it is Luther Burbank.

Eliot Wadsworth

MR. WADSWORTH to the right—last August was elected Acting Chairman of the Red Cross, and he has been performing ever since. When a young man gives up an unusually promising business career to devote his whole time, without remuneration, to the upbuilding of an organization such as the Red Cross, there can be small doubt of his interest and sincerity. And when, in addition, he brings to his work experience in relief and in war problems that was gathered during an extensive trip through all the belligerent countries, there can be equally small doubt that he will be a big factor in enabling the Red Cross to meet the demands that will be put upon it by the war.

Ruth Law—Herself

By Herself

I HAVE always loved the great outdoors, and have lived mostly in the open air all my life. I learned to fly because an aviator has the freedom of the birds. There are no roads or traffic police in the air—yet.

Although I come from a sedate New England family, I have never been content to stay at home as most girls do. I had to have a profession, and aviation seemed to be the one thing that I could do, and still be free to enjoy the open air as I always had. There was never a doubt in my mind that I would be able to fly. I think that flying came naturally to me, and I have never been afraid of the air, though I have had some very narrow escapes from injury. I have been flying since July, 1912 nearly five years—and have appeared in nearly every

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Sinclair Lewis—Himself

By Himself

I AM a serious realistic novelist, and I come from Minnesota, and smoke too many cigarettes, and am of a tall, thin, stooping, wonderingly youthful aspect, with hair of a rather tasteless shade of faded red. I went to Yale, where I wore intense spectacles; then went to New York, where I was a member of most of the groups of earnest thinkers, with a special leaning toward conversation. I used to talk right out about

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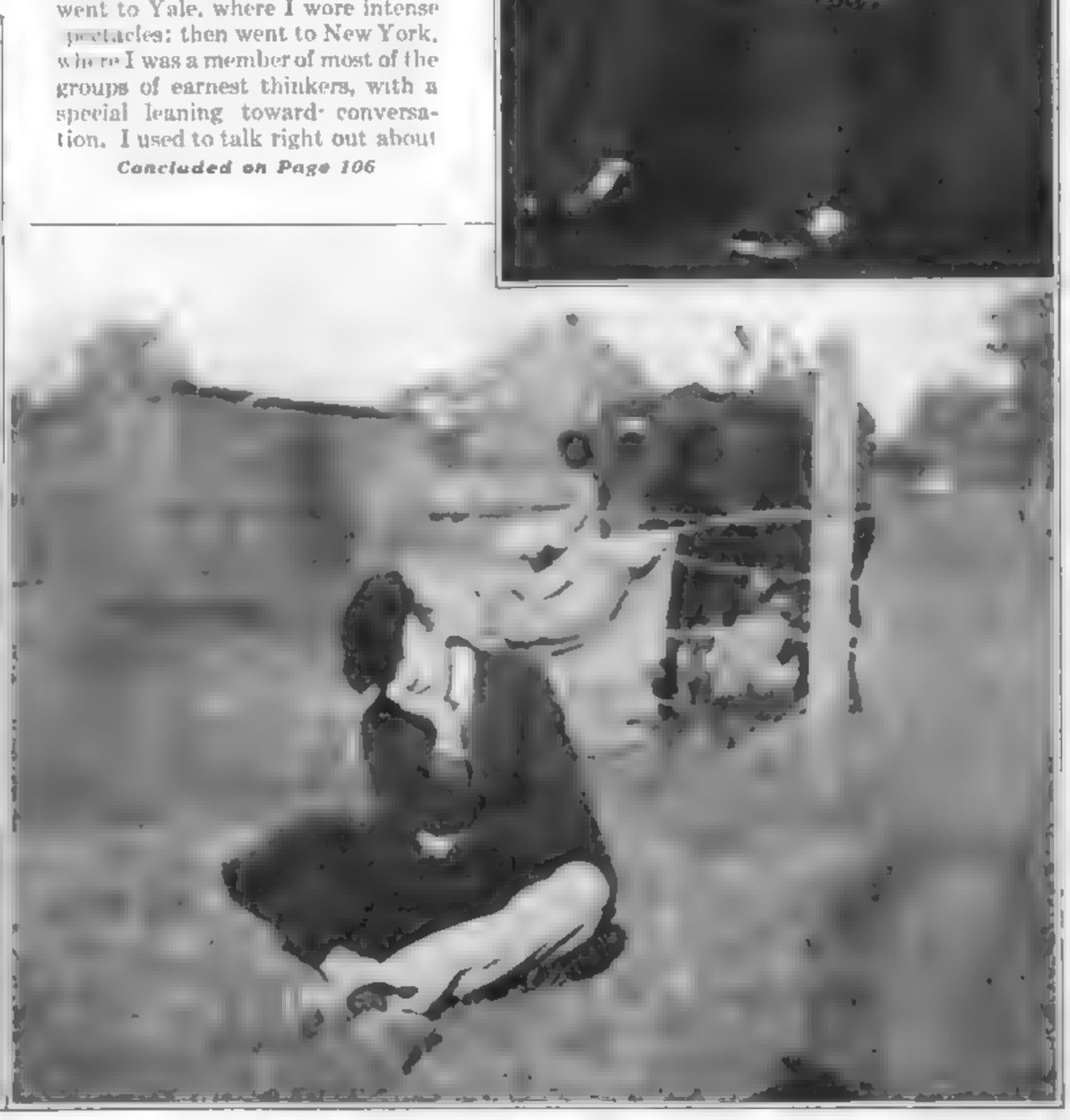

YOU CHEER FIRST

By George Pattullo

THERE was a Chinaman of Parral who had weathered several revolutions and any number of Sundays at faro. He first began to acquire experience of the vicissitudes of Mexican upheavals when Col. Francisco Villa took the town. One morning Pancho sent a bunch of *pelones* up the mountainside to gather fire wood for the locomotives he had recently captured.

When they went out the password was "*Viva Madero!*" to be rendered with loyal fervor. The natives fooled round all day on the job and on returning that night were stopped by a sentry in the outskirts.

"*Quién vive?*" he challenged—"Who goes there?"

With one voice they sent up a glad shout of "*Viva Madero!*" And the sentry promptly marched the whole gang into the presence of Salazar, who ordered that they be shot. He had seized the town during the day, and "*Viva Orozco!*" was now the slogan.

Observing which things the Celestial pondered deeply. Time passed and one faction succeeded another. Came a crowd of soldiers along the street one evening, singing and carousing. They were strangers to him.

"Hi, Chino!" they yelled. "Let's hear you cheer!"

The Chinaman rubbed the fingers of one hand softly over the back of the other.

"You cheer first," he suggested.

That is the predicament in which most Mexicans find themselves to-day. They don't know how to cheer; and their dilemma is a painful one.

In this country a man may pick the wrong candidate and lose no more than his voice and vote and an election bet. It is different in Mexico. To follow the wrong man there is disastrous. Recently a jefe hanged two hundred and fifty-six of his fellow countrymen in one grove for making this mistake.

Where Bad Guessing is Fatal

IN A LAND where they string up or shoot a man for being enrolled on the losing side or for having a gun in his possession—in a land where human life is so cheap that an execution of a batch of prisoners causes scarcely a ripple in the streets through which they are marched—an error of political judgment is fatal. And yet the ups and downs of factions are so bewildering that it is impossible to forecast with any certainty what the upshot will be from week to week.

Therefore, pity the unhappy Mexican. Nobody wants more ardently than he to be on the winning side; that instinct is developed in him to the nth degree. Yet hardly any race in this vale of tears shows a finer aptitude for backing the wrong horse; which may account for their warmth toward Germany. The position of the politically ambitious among them is especially ticklish just now. The pro-German attitude of the Carranza régime has created splits among the Constitutionalists. Shall they stick to Don Venustiano, or go over to one of the various coalitions making headway against him? Will the president be able to prevail over the strong hostile movements being organized among his own followers? Or should they definitelyabandon him now to line up with the likely winners? And which of the various factions will probably win? It's a hair-raising choice they are confronted with, for on their guess depends the integrity of their skins.

The situation happened to be peculiarly acute in the merry month of May because of the fact that the new constitution went into effect on the first, and predictions have been freely made, ever since it was drawn up, that Carranza could not possibly survive if he attempted enforcement of it. Late in the afternoon of that day he drove with General Obregon through troop-lined streets from the National Palace to the Chamber of Deputies and took the oath of office as president. This oath binds him to uphold the constitution.

General Felipe Angeles, One of the Ablest Military Leaders the Revolutions Have Produced

The constitution was evidently designed to make Mexico air-tight for Mexicans. It absolutely shuts out foreigners. Acquisition and ownership of lands and mines and industries are rendered impossible for Americans or citizens of any other country.

It even bars out our missionaries.

In fact, its provisions are so drastic that if Carranza elects to stand or fall by it he is due for a terrible bump. But he has precisely the brand of mulishness that might impel him to try.

It is hardly possible that he should enforce it. Were his government to carry out its provisions to the letter there would be practically confiscation of foreign properties by the wholesale and conditions imposed upon operating industries in Mexico that would prevent their continuance.

For these reasons the larger American corporations with interests there are going on the comfortable assumption that the constitution will not be applied so far as they are concerned. They may have received assurances to this effect; but nothing can be guaranteed in Mexico to-day. And the constitution is there and can be invoked any time.

It is true that the document also contains some enlightened ideas on the betterment of the laborer's condition and the improvement of the status of women; so that a casual perusal might stimulate a total stranger to Mexico to tears of joy and thankfulness. A couple of New York reviews regarded it in this light and devoted some burning pages to the uplift features.

Will the Constitution Work?

BUT unfortunately the constitution shows up better as reading matter than as achievement. It is only a document, after all—like the menus they used to leave on a lunch counter at a railroad station in the Panhandle. Everything an epicure could wish was included in that bill of fare. It used to knock Eastern travelers endways and fill them with the liveliest anticipation.

But when an unbearded youth ordered a canvasback duck, old Pat Talmage, the proprietor, leaned across the counter and said in measured, grating tones: "You'll take steak or aiggs, son. Git me?" And "aiggs" was what he took, sunny side up.

Here are some portions of Article Twenty-Seven of the new constitution:

"In the nation is vested direct ownership of all minerals or substances which in veins, masses or beds constitute deposits whose nature is different from the components of the land, such as minerals from which metals and metalloids used for industrial purposes are extracted; beds of precious stones, rock salt, and salt lakes formed directly by marine waters; products derived from the decomposition of rocks, when their exploitation requires underground work; phosphates which may be used for fertilizers; solid mineral fuels; petroleum and all hydrocarbons—solid, liquid or gaseous . . . waters extracted from mines." And so on.

Farther along it says:

"Legal capacity to acquire ownership of lands and waters of the nation shall be governed by the following provisions: Only Mexicans by birth and naturalization, and Mexican companies, have the right to acquire ownership in lands, waters and their appurtenances, or to obtain concessions to develop mines, waters or mineral fuels in the Republic of Mexico. The nation may grant the same right to foreigners, provided they agree before the Department of Foreign Affairs to be considered Mexicans in respect to such property, and accordingly not to invoke the protection of their governments in respect to the same, under penalty, in case of breach, of forfeiture to the nation of property so acquired.

"*Within a zone of one hundred kilometers*"—*about sixty-two miles*—"*from the frontiers, and of*

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General Francisco Murguia, a Leading Carrancista Commander

"I've weighed the whole question of health and digestion
And all my experiments show
This super-nutrition gives strength and ambition:
And fills you with vigor and go!"

A well-balanced food

It helps to solve one of your hardest problems.

Every day the practical housewife comes squarely up against the difficult question of providing a properly-varied menu for the home table.

Many people who eat plenty of good food are not completely nourished because their diet is not *rightly proportioned*. The human body requires many different kinds of material to keep it in good condition. And these various elements should be scientifically blended and combined.

It is this skilful well-balanced combination of wholesome ingredients which gives such exceptional nutritive value to

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

It is an ideal food. It combines the invigorating nourishment of good meat-juices and nutritious bone-marrow with the staying properties of choice vegetables and hardy cereals.

To make a strengthening stock we use Government-inspected beef. With this we blend "diced" Chantenay carrots, yellow rutabagas, the best Maine-grown white potatoes and Jersey sweet potatoes.

We include "baby" lima beans, small peas, "Country Gentleman" corn, Dutch cabbage, tomatoes, okra, celery, delicate leek, sweet red peppers and plenty of barley, rice and macaroni "alphabets."

Here you have a food that is not only substantial and satisfying but of a delightfully appetizing flavor; a food to build up the little ones and the weaklings; while it sustains the strong and hearty in full vigor and endurance.

To insure a properly-regulated and healthful diet there is no food more indispensable than good soup eaten every day.

Order these tempting *Campbell's Soups* by the dozen or the case. They are all ready to serve in three minutes at any time, without labor or fuss.

Asparagus	Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Mock Turtle	Pepper Pot
Beef	Clam Bouillon	Mulligatawny	Printanier
Bouillon	Clam Chowder	Mutton	Tomato
Celery	Consommé	Ox Tail	Tomato-Okra
Chicken	Julienne	Pea	Vegetable
			Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 26)

fifty kilometers"—thirty-one miles—"from the seacoast, no foreigner shall, under any conditions, acquire direct ownership of lands and waters."

As I mentioned above, the constitution possesses numerous up-to-date attractions. It provides that "the law will severely punish and the authorities diligently prosecute any accumulating or cornering by one or more persons of necessities, for the purpose of bringing about a rise in price." Evidently the framers of that clause had not been asleep to what was going on in the United States.

Article Twenty-Eight also provides punishment for "any act or measure which shall stifle or endeavor to stifle free competition in any production, industry, trade or public service." But associations of labor are exempted, and also coöperative associations or unions of producers when, "in defense of their own interests or of the general public, they sell directly in foreign markets national or industrial products which are the principal source of wealth of the region in which they are produced, provided they are not necessities." This last exemption was made in the interests of the sisal growers.

Again: "Eight hours shall be the maximum limit of a day's work.

"The maximum limit of night work shall be seven hours. Unhealthy and dangerous occupations are forbidden to all women and to children under sixteen years of age. Night work in factories is likewise forbidden to women and to children under sixteen years of age; nor shall they be employed in commercial establishments after ten o'clock at night.

"Women shall not perform any physical work requiring considerable physical effort during the three months immediately preceding parturition; during the month following parturition they shall necessarily enjoy a period of rest, and shall receive their salaries or wages in full, and retain their employment and the rights they may have acquired under their contracts. During the period of lactation they shall enjoy two extraordinary daily periods of rest of one-half hour each in order to nurse their children."

The Mexican Millennium

That sounds advanced. To read it one would think the millennium had arrived for womankind in Mexico. Our most ardent suffragettes have not gone so far. But the Mexican constitution will not advance the status of women there to any considerable extent. It will require education to do that. The female of the species occupies about the same plane in Mexico to-day as she did among the Indians.

Overtime is to be paid one hundred per cent more than for work in regular hours. In no case shall overtime exceed three hours or continue more than three consecutive days; and women of any age, and boys under sixteen, are debarred from it.

"The minimum wage to be received by a workman shall be that considered sufficient, according to the conditions prevailing in the respective region of the country, to satisfy the normal needs of the life of the workman, his education and his lawful pleasures, considering him as the head of a family. In all agricultural, commercial, manufacturing or mining enterprises the workmen shall have the right to participate in the profits." The determination of the minimum wage and rate of profit-sharing is vested in special commissions to be appointed in each municipality.

And any employer who discharges a workman without proper cause, or for having joined a union or a strike, must either perform the contract entered into between them or indemnify the workman by payment of three months' wages. Furthermore, all debts contracted by workingmen on account of work up to the date of the constitution, with masters, their subordinates and agents, are declared wholly extinguished. Taken by and large, Carranza evidently set out to make things pleasant for the workingman. But he and his followers are surely sour on religion. They go out of their way to jab it.

No periodical or newspaper of a religious character may comment upon political affairs; and they deny to "religious associations known as churches," irrespective of creed, the right to hold or administer property. "All such real property as may be at present held by the said religious associations, either on their own behalf or through third parties, shall vest in the nation; and anyone shall have the right to denounce property so held."

That, of course, instantly transferred ownership of all rectories, seminaries, episcopal residences, orphan asylums and collegiate establishments of religious associations to the nation on May first. What will the Roman Catholic Church do about it? And "all places of public worship which shall later be erected shall be the property of the nation."

Also, what will our missionary societies do in the face of this?—"Only a Mexican by birth may be a minister of any religious creed in Mexico."

Military service is made obligatory; but "no person shall be deprived of life, liberty, property, possessions or rights without due process of law instituted before a duly created court."

Punishments by mutilation, or branding, or flogging, or torture of any kind, are prohibited; so, too, are excessive fines or confiscation of property. Capital punishment for political offenses is likewise forbidden; but it is retained for highway robbery, arson and grave military offenses.

All communal lands are restored to their coöwners; Diaz despoiled hundreds of such community settlements by various "legal" processes in order to make grants of the land to his henchmen. Therefore, all contracts and concessions made by former governments, from the year 1876, which shall have resulted in the monopoly of lands, waters and natural resources of the nation by a single individual or corporation, are declared subject to revision; and the executive is authorized to declare those void which seriously prejudice the public interest. These provisions not only cut into the holdings of large landowners, like Don Luis Terrazas, but hit some American corporations hard. It remains to be seen whether Carranza can make them stick.

To the executive is reserved the exclusive right to expel from the republic, without judicial process, any foreigner whose presence he may deem inexpedient.

The president shall not have taken part, directly or indirectly, in any uprising, riot or military *coup*—which automatically shuts out certain hopeful hombres now infesting those parts.

Article One Hundred and Thirty-Six says that the constitution shall not lose its force and vigor even though its observance be interrupted by rebellion—thus leaving themselves a fine big loophole. And, in case any disturbance places in power a government contrary to its principles, its force shall be restored so soon as the people shall regain their liberty. This last, of course, is nonsense.

There is much good in the constitution, but a deal of hostility to aliens, and claptrap and trickery. The sad feature of it is that the good will be a dead letter, but all the mischief in it will be worked overtime.

Space forbids comment on the havoc that the application of some of its provisions would work in the copper and silver mining industries owned by Americans, in the cattle business, in oil, in all manner of industries that have attracted capital.

We shall, therefore, confine ourselves to the most important of all—the richest prize Mexico possesses—the Tampico oil fields. The application of the constitution, especially the provision for a barred zone of thirty-one miles from the coast, would be disastrous to their development; and Great Britain and the United States have so much at stake there that any crippling of their interests would hardly be tolerated in times like these. Undisturbed working of the Tampico fields and regular shipment of its yield are a matter of life and death to Britain in its fight. Yet certain clauses of the constitution were undoubtedly framed with intent to hamper British and American interests. Probably German influence was at work behind the scenes.

Much has been said of Tampico since the Mexican situation loomed as a factor in the European struggle; yet few people understand the reasons for its importance, or why shutting off the oil output there would be a blow to the Allies.

Tampico is the international danger point for us on this continent. If anything should go wrong to an extent that threatened its petroleum supply the United States would be forced at once to intervene and restore it.

Humboldt said something when he declared that Mexico was the treasure house of the world. And the Tampico oil fields constitute its most valuable asset. Their capacity equals the present output of all others on the globe combined.

And they have barely made a start in developing the region. Experts assert that as good oil properties remain untouched all down the coast, clear to the Guatemalan border, and that the fields can be extended much farther inland than has yet been done.

The entire yield of oil in the United States totaled round three hundred and seven million barrels last year. Fifteen Tampico wells have a capacity of two hundred and fifty million barrels a year.

Mexico can boast several wells of astounding performance. A gusher struck at Potrero del Llano flowed a hundred thousand barrels a day.

Usually the life of a heavy gusher is short; but they have an Old Faithful in the Tampico district that has been steadily on the job since September 10, 1910, with an average daily flow of twenty-four thousand barrels, going at less than half capacity. It could fill a small ocean tanker every night, or provide the largest type of oil vessel in use with two sailings a week. Records like that make our American gushers look like mere trickles.

What are known as the Tampico Fields run for a distance of three hundred miles along the Gulf Coast and extend inland about sixty miles. They start round the Soto la Marina, in the state of Tamaulipas, and go down considerably south of Tuxpan, not far from the city of Vera Cruz. One company is now engaged in developing fields farther inland and has obtained, beyond the sixty-mile strip, a higher-grade oil, more nearly like the best American oil, than any other yet found.

The Big Oil Interests

There are three hundred wells in the district, belonging to four big companies and about two hundred and seventy-five small operators. The big fellows are:

The Huasteca Petroleum Company, commonly known as the Mexican Petroleum, representing California capital, and controlling seven hundred thousand acres lying in a stretch between the Pánuco and Tuxpan rivers, and another stretch north of the Pánuco, about sixty miles inland from Tampico.

The Aguila, which is owned by British interests, headed by Lord Cowdray, holding seven hundred thousand acres on both sides of the Tuxpan River, close to the coast.

The Royal Dutch Shell Trading & Transport Company, in which Queen Wilhelmina, the royal family of Holland and the Rothschilds are interested, with a million acres in two blocks, one along the Pánuco, not far from Tampico, and the other on the Soto la Marina, to the north.

The Penn-Mex. Oil Company, a Standard concern, with six hundred thousand acres close to the coast, just south of Tampico.

The biggest thing on record in the way of Fourth of July fireworks was inadvertently pulled off in the Tampico Fields when they brought in the second Dos Bocas well. The stream was tapped unexpectedly on July 4, 1908, and before the drilling-engine fire could be put out the gushing oil spread over the ground and ignited.

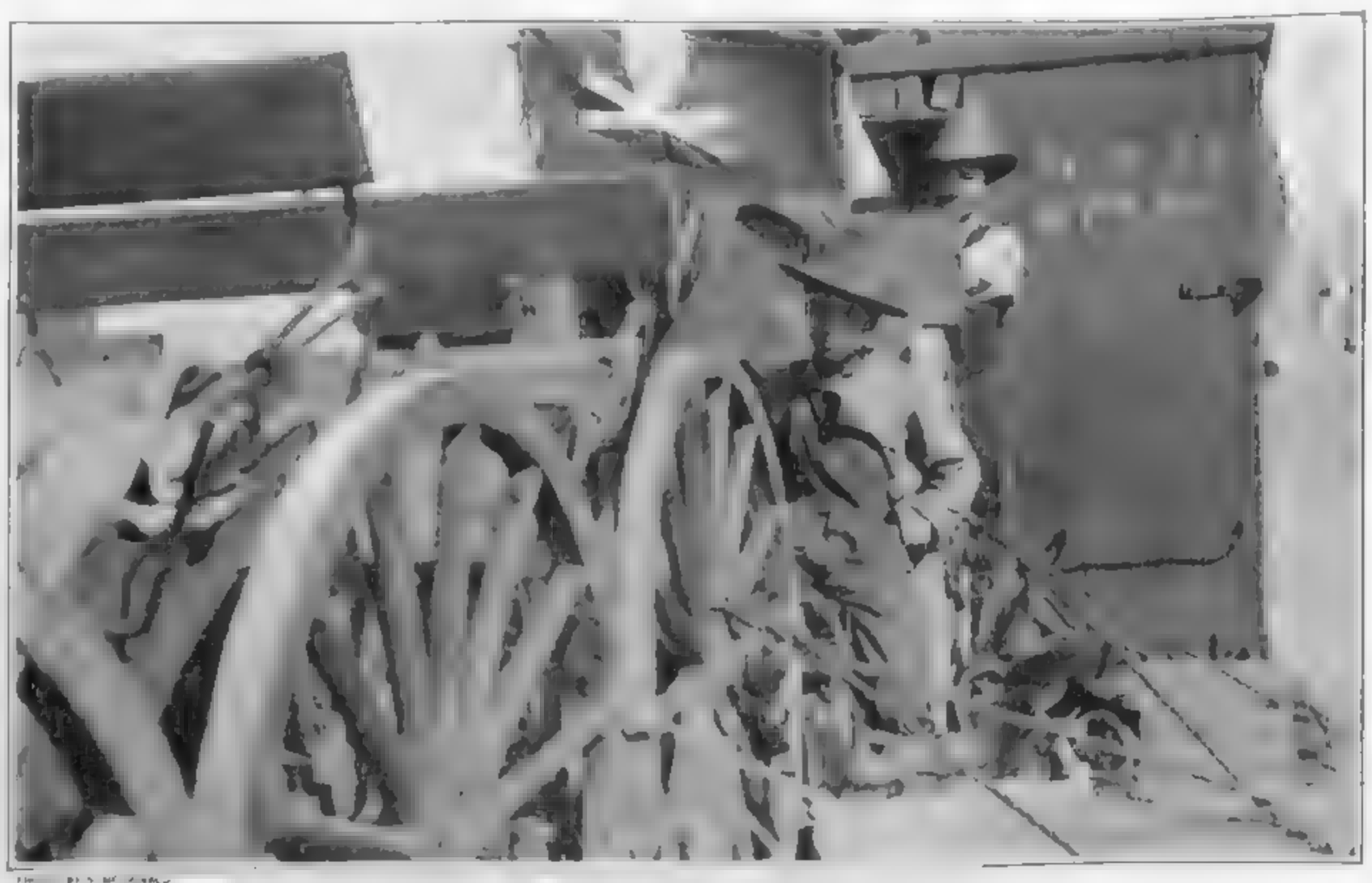
A pillar of flame twenty-five yards wide shot to a height of fourteen hundred feet. The blaze made it possible to read a newspaper at night seventeen miles away. Frantic efforts were made to extinguish it; but the oil burned fifty-seven days before the well could be capped. All the time it was throwing out about seventy-five thousand barrels a day, and estimates are that ten million barrels went up in smoke. Now the well spouts hot water.

I mention this to show what an incendiary might accomplish there. That is one of the dangers the companies have to watch, and it is the most dreaded. To guard against it they maintain their own police, who patrol the properties day and night. Of course it is not permitted to any oil concern to land troops or armed forces of its own country in Mexico; otherwise the fields would be heavily guarded by soldiery. But the Mexican Government makes a show of protection and the companies employ armed guards.

Recently two Germans and a German-American arrived in Tampico and went straightway to a bank that had just organized and had not yet opened its doors. They had a draft on New York for seventy-five thousand dollars which they desired to deposit.

The fact that they were Germans, and that they did not go to one of the established institutions but sought out one in which their activities would stand a fair chance of escaping observation, roused the suspicions of the bank officials. The visitors were put under surveillance.

(Concluded on Page 59)



The Flag of the "Death Head" Boys

BLUE STREAKS

TRADE MARK REG U S PAT OFF

THE Fast Mail does not travel zig-zag. The straight line route is the shortest, fastest and most efficient. Therefore, the most economical.

IT is more economical for you to buy bicycle tires that come direct to your dealer. Thus you save paying needless profits.

Goodyear Sells Direct to the Dealer
Result: *Better Bicycle Tires Cheaper*

¶ When you buy bicycle tires you want good tires at a fair price. Not poor tires at high prices. ¶ It used to be difficult to buy tires this way. Goodyear Blue Streaks have made it easy. For only $3.25 each you may now buy a really good tire. ¶ There's an interesting reason why: ¶ Goodyear found out that tires were too high priced and not good enough because manufacturers employed expensive ways of selling. Also, they made too many brands. ¶ So Goodyear cuts out the needless profits between the factory and the rider by selling direct to the dealer. This saves extra cost of handling and brings down retail prices. You benefit. ¶ Also, Goodyear makes only one bicycle tire—the Blue Streak. By this single standard of production, factory costs are cut down. You get better tires cheaper. ¶ Every bicycle rider can profit by this Goodyear square deal way of making and selling tires. The Goodyear Dealer in your town can supply you. Ride around and get acquainted.

Buy Tires for Long Wear

You don't need tire money so often when you ride on Goodyear Blue Streaks. These tires have a strong two-ply body of rugged fabric. The treads are tough and long-wearing with two reinforcing stripe of fabric beneath. This construction means durability and economy.

Lively Tires Help Your Speed

Goodyear Blue Streaks are not only durable but they are springy and resilient. High grade fabric, strong but light, gives this quality. The two-ply tire body is laid in lively rubber. It's easy to push a bicycle on Goodyear Blue Streaks.

Forget Side-Slipping on Goodyear Non-Skids

You can test the Goodyear Blue Streak tread with your thumb. Press on the sharp-edged blocks of rugged rubber. Feel how they "bite" your hand. That is the way they hold the ground under your weight in riding. You needn't worry about side-slipping with these non-skid treads.

Good-Looking Tires Dress Up Your Wheel

You can tell a Goodyear Blue Streak by its good looks. We've made them smart-appearing with a clean-cut Blue Streak on each side of the tread. You will be proud to ride anywhere on Goodyear Blue Streaks. Visit your Goodyear Dealer or write The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio, for his address.

GOODYEAR

AKRON

BRIDGING THE ATLANTIC

By EDWARD HUNGERFORD

ON THE twenty-eighth day of last April Dr. Karl Helfferich, the Imperial German Secretary of the Interior, rose in the Reichstag and made the statement that the German campaign of ruthlessness had sunk one million six hundred thousand gross tons of shipping within two months. That statement, flashed overnight to every land where civilization still reigns, staggered the world. And the world waited anxiously for a denial from some one of the Entente Allies. The denial did not come. It never will come; for Doctor Helfferich's statement was true. Only, for some reason best known to himself, he did not add that of the staggering tonnage less than one-third was sunk during the first four weeks of those two months and more than two-thirds during the last four. More than forty sizable merchant ships of the Allies were sunk during the third week of April; sixty-seven, with a total of nearly three hundred thousand gross tons, in the week that followed.

The statisticians have been busy with their pads and pencils. The problem has become a problem of the multiplication table. Better still, it is like the balance sheet of a banking or mercantile corporation. It begins with the balance on hand—not more than twenty million tons of shipping available to-day for use upon the lanes of the Atlantic Ocean.

To the credit side must then be added the resources of the established shipbuilding yards on both sides of the Atlantic. It is estimated that British shipyards will turn out one million tons in new steel ships during the present year—or a little less than eighty-five thousand tons a month. In the United States our total tonnage for 1917, as planned at the time of writing, will probably not quite equal the British; though, even under the present scheme of organization, our steel shipyards will turn out one hundred thousand tons a month of new ships for the remaining months of the year. These yards to-day are just beginning to put new bottoms into salt water.

The shipbuilding for the rest of the world is almost negligible. If you place it at fifteen thousand tons a month probably you will have it at a fair figure; so that, all told, we have about two hundred thousand tons a month of new shipping on the credit side of our balance sheet. Now turn to the debit side. Suppose Germany holds to the record she reached in April of sinking one million tons of enemy shipping in a month. Putting aside the possibility of the figure growing, suppose she keeps to that record for six months to come. The multiplication table has the answer.

The Revival of Wooden Ships

EIGHT hundred thousand tons a month as the net shipping loss of our Allies and ourselves in half a year reaches the staggering total of four million eight hundred thousand tons—or nearly a quarter of the total tonnage available for the Atlantic. And Great Britain is nearly seven hundred ships below the normal standing of her merchant marine.

This submarine problem is really the problem of the Shipping Board, and it is bending all its waking hours—a good many of its sleeping ones too—toward a real solution.

Ships Can and Should Be Standardized Like Automobiles

Repeat Helfferich's uncontroverted statement to that board, ask it what is going to be done in the matter. There is no pessimism in its reply. On the contrary, here is one place in Washington where a quiet optimism reigns.

This is the hour when upon the control of the seas rests the ending of the great war—the salvation, if you please, of the democracy of the world; for you yourself know that England and France cannot feed themselves. In the days of the war this has grown vastly more true than ever before. Within a few months Great Britain has said that with her great merchant fleet she could succeed in bringing enough foodstuffs and munitions overseas to meet her own demands. She does not say that to-day. And a Europe that is hungry for supplies, hungry for munitions, hungry for foodstuffs, knows that upon the control of the high seas rests the ultimate success of the great cause of the Allies and ourselves.

Here, then, is the real problem. Haig and Nivelle and Petain may continue their victories and their advances, but trained military observers behind the lines of the Allies can see no real decision coming in the West before the early summer of 1918.

Meantime you have the profit-and-loss account of the balance sheet you have made for yourself, and the certain knowledge that the continuance of the present relationship between its debit and its credit can promise no good either to our Allies or ourselves. Yet here is the United States Shipping Board, in fuller knowledge of all the facts than either you or I can possess, and it is confident. It knows, as nearly as any human agency can know, where the control of the sea is going to rest at the end of the present war.

The Shipping Board came into existence on the thirtieth day of January last. On the twenty-third of February—three and a half weeks after it had been born, and nearly seven weeks before our declaration of war upon Germany—it had evolved as part of a definite plan for meeting submarine ruthlessness the creation of a giant merchant armada of wooden ships. The ancient shipyards of Bath and all the other New England towns are to be revivified, a generation of wood and iron workers is to be put at work, not only in these yards but in new ones already building, all the way down the Atlantic Coast from Maine to Key West; round the shore of the Gulf of Mexico, in close proximity to the forests of Florida and Eastern Texas; and up on the northern portion of the shore of the Pacific.

Able Men at a Dollar a Year

THE idea of the ships of wood was not primarily that of the Shipping Board. It was brought to the board by two men—both mining engineers. They conceived the idea at almost the same time. Each man hurried to Washington with the plan.

Mr. F. A. Eustis, who arrived first, found an instantaneous sympathetic response from Chairman Denman, of the Shipping Board. Denman had among his clients the largest wooden shipbuilding yard on San Francisco Bay, and also a number of the great timber owners in Oregon and California. He had litigated wooden steamships over thirty years of age, constructed of this Western timber, and was familiar with the labor problem involved in such an enterprise. The question of manufacturing engine power for a large fleet without disturbing the steel program of the country seemed insuperable, but the information furnished from Eustis' researches quickly convinced him that his plan was feasible, and he was engaged by the board within an hour of his arrival. Shortly afterward Mr. Clark was presented to the board, and he, too, was pressed into the Government service with equal dispatch. They were placed upon the salary list at the munificent wage of one dollar a year. It happens that Uncle Sam cannot accept the free gift of any service.

As yet, Messrs. F. A. Eustis and F. Huntington Clark have not taken time to worry very much over the salary question. They have been far too busy working out the practical details of their scheme. Not only were the detailed plans for the new craft to be perfected but their immediate construction in great numbers was to be undertaken—successfully undertaken, if you please. This last situation was only the more complicated by the fact that the established

(Continued on Page 67)

Wooden Ships are a Temporary Expedient—a Stop-Gap Until the Hour When We Can Begin to Multiply Greatly Our Production of Steel Ships

REMY

STARTING LIGHTING IGNITION SYSTEMS

The motor car manufacturer is willing to pay a higher price for Remy because he honestly believes it gives you a safer, surer system of Starting, Lighting and Ignition.

REMY ELECTRIC COMPANY DETROIT, MICH.–ANDERSON, IND.

The patented Thermostat-Controlled Generator keeps the battery correctly charged—both winter and summer

Rex Mixer at work on Duluth's gigantic ore dock. This size machine being used by some of the largest [illegible] country today. Also made in 14 cu. ft. [illegible]

REX MIXER

For PERMANENCE in CONCRETE

"A SIZE FOR EVERY JOB"

Your concrete construction work is safe in the hands of a contractor who uses Rex Mixers. His choice is an assurance that he is interested in the quality of what he builds and that he will give you the best for your money that it is humanly possible to give. The Geo. A. Fuller Co.; Smith, Hauser & MacIsaac, Inc.; the Raymond Concrete Pile Co., are representative big contractors who use Rex Mixers. They have found them right in construction and design.

Whether you are engaged in the building and contracting business or sign the check for the work when completed, you should know what proper mixing means to the permanence of your concrete. These facts are at your disposal if you write us for our latest catalog or get in touch with the nearest Rex agent. Write us today. Tell us your requirements. You cannot afford to buy more equipment without inspecting the Rex line.

Ask for new Rex Mixer Catalog No. 71—P

Chain Belt Company (Established 1891) 755 Park Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

Makers of

Rex Chains for elevating, conveying and transmission purposes	**Malleable Elevator Buckets**
Sprocket Wheels—Gears	**Rex Paving Mixers**
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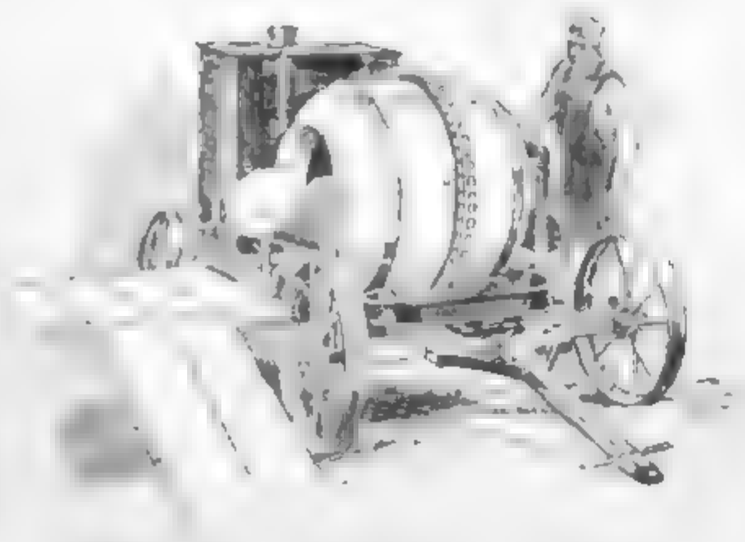
Write for interesting booklet on any of these



Rex 4-S (capacity 4 cu. ft. wet mix) complete with 3 h. p. Novo Engine and platform. Also made in 7 cu. ft. size.

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Baltimore, Md. . Henry H. Meyer Co., 110 South Howard Street
Boston, Mass. . . Underwood Machinery Co., 177 High Street
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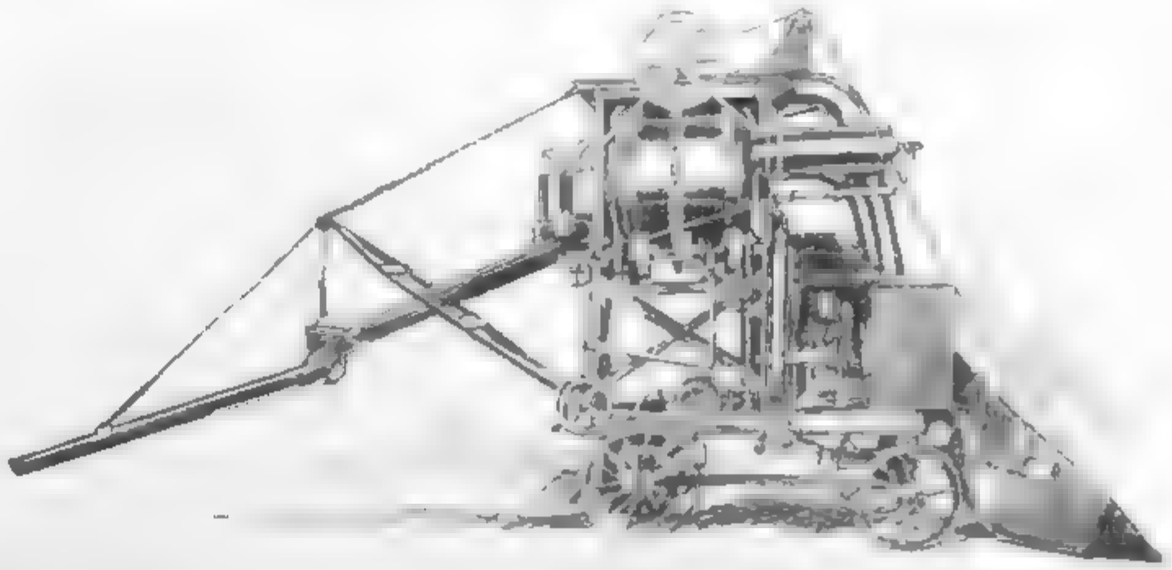
Philadelphia, Pa., Edelen & Co., 235 Commercial Trust Building

There are Rex representatives in 50 other cities. Ask for the name of the one in your town.



Rex high drum paver, capacity 7 cu. ft. wet mix. Rex pavers also made in 9 cu. ft. and 13 cu. ft. capacities

Should the Scenario Writer Be Paid?—By Rob Wagner

I AM a scenario reader for the Filmart Feature-Picture Company.

"Aha!" you say. "The fellow who stole my story! At last the son of a gun has been smoked out! Let's see what he has to say for himself."

Well, here goes, fellow countrymen of mine! I'll tell you the truth about this business, let the ax fall where it will. 'Tis no uneasy conscience that urges me on, for, to speak frankly, I have been insulted so long I have become quite shameless. To get from ten to twenty *J'accuse* letters a d... finally makes the soul callous. Calling a fellow a thief and a porch climber is not very respectful; but a kidnaper! I believe we lynch them, do we not? Yet scenario readers go on, day after day, stealing the intellectual children of their fellow artists and bringing them up as their own. Monsters!

Now, mind you, we of the Burglars' Union care little for the asparagus that is cast upon us in our daily mail; but unfortunately—I mean fortunate!—we have wives, and wives somehow do not like to have the villagers insulting their hubbies. Besides, we good union burglars on the inside have grown to feel a great contempt for the little nonunion thieves on the outside. That old, old scab trick of the petty Larsen mixing in the crowd, crying "Stop thief!" as it spills through the streets, makes us smile wanly. But our wives! It is well that most of the J'accusers live a long way off.

Twice a Day Our Private Postman Unloads the Scenario Hopes of America Upon Our Desks

Louise Belden, my favorite and only wife, was looking over some submissions the other day and asked permission to reply to one of the many that ended this way. "If you reject this scenario what assurance have I that you will not subsequently use the idea?" And she replied as follows: "*Dear Sir:* We have used the plot many times already; but a great respect for the memory of De Maupassant would forbid us using it in the dress you have chosen without giving credit to the Guy who really wrote it."

You see now that this article is likely to contain as many violent accusations as snappy confessions; so let's be off.

Successful Impromptu Dramas

I CAME into this game in the wet fall of 1907 after having fiddled round in newspaper work for several years, occasionally landing a short story in a magazine of diminishing popularity. My first job with the Climax was doing publicity; but that was merely incidental, for in those days we were all supposed to do everything, from splicing film to taking parts. Within a year I found myself working a camera for that grand old director, Bill Condon. It is fashionable nowadays to speak slightingly of the old-time directors; but there were some of those boys who had delightful wit and extraordinary resourcefulness. At that time we had no scenario departments, every director making his own stories often as he went along. For instance, one day the big boss came to Condon and said:

"Bill, I've hired that Wild West Show for to-morrow at a thousand dollars, and I want you to go out and shoot a good one-reeler out of 'em."

"Cowboys in Chicago, eh?" thought Condon out loud. "I gotcha."

The next morning we made a lot of ridiculous scenes of cowboys in automobiles, on railroad trains, and tearing through the streets on horseback; and, in the afternoon, a bunch of close-ups at the studio. These, when spliced with some good stock film of Western rodeos, evolved into a corking tale of a chap who went West, became a cowboy, returned East to inherit a fortune, became bored and lonesome, and finally—as a joyous joke—telegraphed for the whole ranch to come East at his expense.

The behavior of these cowboys at the home of their millionaire friend would not have found acceptance in any book of etiquette. The story was logical, bright, and full of excitement; and its release made many thousands of dollars for the Climax. Some of the best of the early photodramas were made under just such inspirational methods.

As spectacular action was the backbone of most of our pictures, we constantly kept loaded up on stock film of fires, accidents, auto races, floods, parades and big crowds; and, having a lot of good punches on ice, we wrote our stories round them. Some of the greatest pictures of the past were made for very little money, the studio shots being inconsequential, while fortuitous circumstance furnished the big scenes for next to nothing.

When the Villagers Assist

A QUEER communication, protesting against the "wanton waste of burning down a five-story dwelling just to get a picture," came to us one time from a civic organization. This was high praise to our convincing use of stock flashes. I'll tell you how the picture was made:

An interior—studio—shows a young lady reading by the window. She suddenly hears fire bells, jumps up, runs to the window and looks out. Cut-in, showing fire engines coming down the street—stock film. Young lady turns and registers horror as smoke is seen through the window—studio. Fire engines playing hoses on burning building—stock. Young lady runs into hall; runs back into room, suffocating—studio. Cutting back and forth from the real fire to the scenes made at the studio, we got the characters so identified with the stock film that the continuity fooled even a high-browed civic club. There was much more to the story than I have indicated, but that is enough to show how stock film may be used.

Whenever we got an emergency call, if possible we took along a hero, heroine and villain, and registered them in the actual scene. This made the studio continuity much easier. Ten years ago the unsophisticated villagers often quite misunderstood our antics when out on location, and we had to be very alert lest they crab our action. One time Tom Sentous—base wretch!—tried to lock Beatrice Hunter in a burning building down in Clark Street, and the crowd broke through the police lines and set upon Tom like a pack of wolves, while a couple of perfectly strange heroes broke in the door and rescued Bee.

"Keep crankin', Sam," said Condon. "I thought this might happen; so I doped my story to use either way. . . . Now go and get the name and address of the guy that's gotta holt of Bee. I may want to use him in the studio."

On another occasion Condon and I were nearly mobbed because this single-minded director tried to get a hero and

A Photodramatic School for Writers Was Established in Connection With the Studio, Right on the Lot

a heroine into a railroad wreck when every able-bodied man on the job was working like a slave to get out the dead and dying.

Even the stock film of the travelogue stuff was often grabbed off by these instantaneous scenario writers. Harry McClure, who went round the world getting educational film, would dramatize his traveling companions; and some of the stories he wove round seemingly commonplace incidents were downright masterly. When Mac was filming a court reception of the King of Siam, a very beautiful young girl fainted in the arms of a handsome chap beside her, and had to be carried from the presence of the king by court attendants. Was the maiden overcome by the solemnity of the great Presence? She was not. She and her brother were simply naughty children who had gone into cahoots with Mac to make a king appear as "atmosphere" in a photodrama. A parade of white elephants next day gave the conspirators a chance to get some perfectly bully atmosphere for their snappy little story.

The using of stock film, round which to build stories, has produced startling results. Some of our most prominent men who have been shot for the weekly news service would be delighted to know that their noble sconces are sometimes used to dignify a movie murder trial. The Climax one time bought about three hundred feet of Ex-President Taft, which we thought we might want to use to get heroes out of jail.

Stock film, which in those days was the "punch" round which alert directors built their scenarios, now serves a secondary purpose. For instance, if we should be doing a good story—with a real plot—of circus people, we could, no doubt, make most of it right on the lot; but, in order to enrich the local color and to give the picture completeness, we use some stock flashes of circus parades and big-tent exteriors. What was once considered the big stuff we now use merely as atmosphere.

In the Old Days

IT WAS not many years, in the life of the pictures, before all the day's accidents and spectacular happenings had been done to death, and the studios began buying ideas. Five and sometimes ten dollars was the stimulus that started the ferrets digging up punches, and some were alert enough to nose out as many as twenty ideas in a week. This naturally led to the employment of the most facile idea mongers on regular salary; and thus began the first scenario departments in the moving-picture business.

I often think of that scenario room, with my former colleagues up to their ears in the back files of old magazines, snooping round to find ideas. Little did they dream that they were starting a habit which would be hard to break, and a reputation that we shall never live down. In perfect innocence they pursued this ethical pilfering; nobody cared. Furthermore, the stories were not actually stolen; only the punches, round which new stories could be written.

Then one day a momentous thing happened—small enough in itself, but epoch-making in its consequences. The Climax announced, with great advertising gusto, that it had bought the film rights to a certain well-known story, and had paid the author a large sum. Bingo! Right away every publisher, author and magazine clamped down hard on his copyrights, and in the future we could just naturally pay for the stuff we used—or steal it.

As a consequence of the closing down of the gold mines, writers began submitting stories, and we bought them as cheaply as possible; but there were many studios which had burgled so long that they thought it a perfect outrage to pay for a story. What was a story, anyway? A good director and a popular baby doll didn't need a story.

In any event, why pay for it when all you wanted was the idea? And a bright fellow could get that while he was reading the story and handing it back as "not available."

PHOTO BY COURTESY OF THE UNIVERSAL FILM COMPANY

Pavlowa Selecting Her Costumes

Those were the days, and they were not so long ago—and I have a childish suspicion that with a few second-class studios they are still present—when grand larceny was at its grandest. A chap told me that he stood and saw a typist copy his story word for word and page by page—and the next day his MS. was returned to him as "unsuitable."

PHOTO BY COURTESY OF THE UNIVERSAL FILM COMPANY

The Finished Picture is the Result of Many Minds

Some studios actually had synopses made of every story that came, pasted them in scrapbooks, and then permitted their directors to read them at their leisure.

Now, in all fairness to these jolly pirates, it must be said that they were allowed very little money for such a secondary purpose as stories; and if they spent too much the bosses would think they were witless and would hire someone "who could write his own stuff."

When we first began to buy stories of famous writers, I went one day to see a picture written by an author I knew quite well, and it was very poor; so I wrote to the advertised offender and asked him how he could write such a rotten scenario. He replied as follows:

Dear Sam: I didn't. One day I paid a visit of curiosity to the studio, and a fellow in the scenario department handed me a synopsis of an Alaskan story and asked me what was the matter with it. I glanced hurriedly over the copy, made a commonplace remark or two, and was about to leave, when he handed me a check for a hundred dollars. My 'professional opinion was worth it,' he insisted. I thought it was just another example of movie insanity to spend money, and was right pleased to have him pick on me to give it to; but I see that the hundred carried with it the foster parentage of that terrible tale. You are in a delicious business, Sam. I commiserate you.

As the story gained importance as a factor in the photodrama—and particularly as the whole field of free fiction had been plowed to the limit—the studios finally decided to pay for everything. This looked hopeful for the author, but, alas, he didn't get his hope; there was another way his brains could be used and not paid for.

"If the company insists upon paying for the story," said the old-time director with his glorious record of individual achievement, "all right; they will pay me, for I prefer to write my own." But, one might ask, did these men never run dry? How could they keep it up?

A New Set of Rules

THE fact is, they did keep it up. It is true they would occasionally stroll over to the absurd scenario department and glance through the submissions, just to show a little interest in the children there. One of them would sometimes spend a whole morning reading the "rubbish"; and when lunchtime came he would emit a bored yawn and say "Piffle nothing but piffle! Well, I guess I'll have to write my own, as usual." I have often wondered what the authors of those piffling stories thought when they saw them upon the screen so very thinly disguised.

When Mr. Lewis became manager he found that the directors, besides earning salaries of from fifty to three hundred dollars a week, were being paid as much as five hundred dollars for their "own" scenarios. In the great upheaval of the moving-picture industry at that time, the new men who came in found they had inherited, in addition to business chaos, questionable honor and naïve ethics. The most persistent accusation against the companies was this charge of stealing stories; and to live down this unpleasant heritage remains the hardest task before them.

I was reading submissions, and occasionally writing scenarios, when the storm hit us. After the big chief had the plant running with some degree of order and efficiency, he turned his cold Scotch eye on our happy little department. The first cruel order stated that no employee of the company would henceforth be paid aught but his salary. If he had a grand idea that was keeping him awake nights, he could kick in with it—but with no pay. Furthermore, if any member of the company was discovered selling scenarios elsewhere, immediate dismissal would follow. This order hit a lot of those directors right between the eyes, and several of them left in high indignation.

As an added protection to authors, directors were forbidden to direct their own stories, even though they were "contributed." Thus, the greatest offender was rendered harmless, for now he had not the slightest incentive to steal stories. It would seem that the last chance for theft was, therefore, gone, and the poor struggling scenario writer could submit his stuff without having it burglarized; but we highbrows must not be overlooked. We were the original thieves, and had become the law-proof plagiarists par excellence. What was there to stop me, for instance,

(Continued on Page 109)

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Casting a Scenario After the Story is Ready for Production

SAVE THE FRUIT CROP

We said this LAST YEAR—
We say it again

This is a year for thrift and service. We must feed not only our own people, but also millions in Europe. The frightful waste of fruit is a national reproach. Help stop this unpardonable extravagance. The fruit we waste would feed Belgium.

THE United States Government urges preserving as a home duty. Preserved fruits are energizing and nourishing. They vary your menus. They reduce the cost of your table.

America's canning and preserving industries are models for the world. Their products are pure, appetizing and wholesome. Support them.

If you preserve at home, put up more fruit than ever before. Get jars and glasses, bottles and crocks ready to save the fruit crop. Put away dried vegetables. The American housewife who practices thrift places herself in the ranks of those who serve their country.

You can show your thrift in no more convincing way than by combating the national tendency to squander this country's wonderful fruit crop. Whether you buy preserved fruits from your grocer or preserve at home you perform a service to your own family and to the Nation.

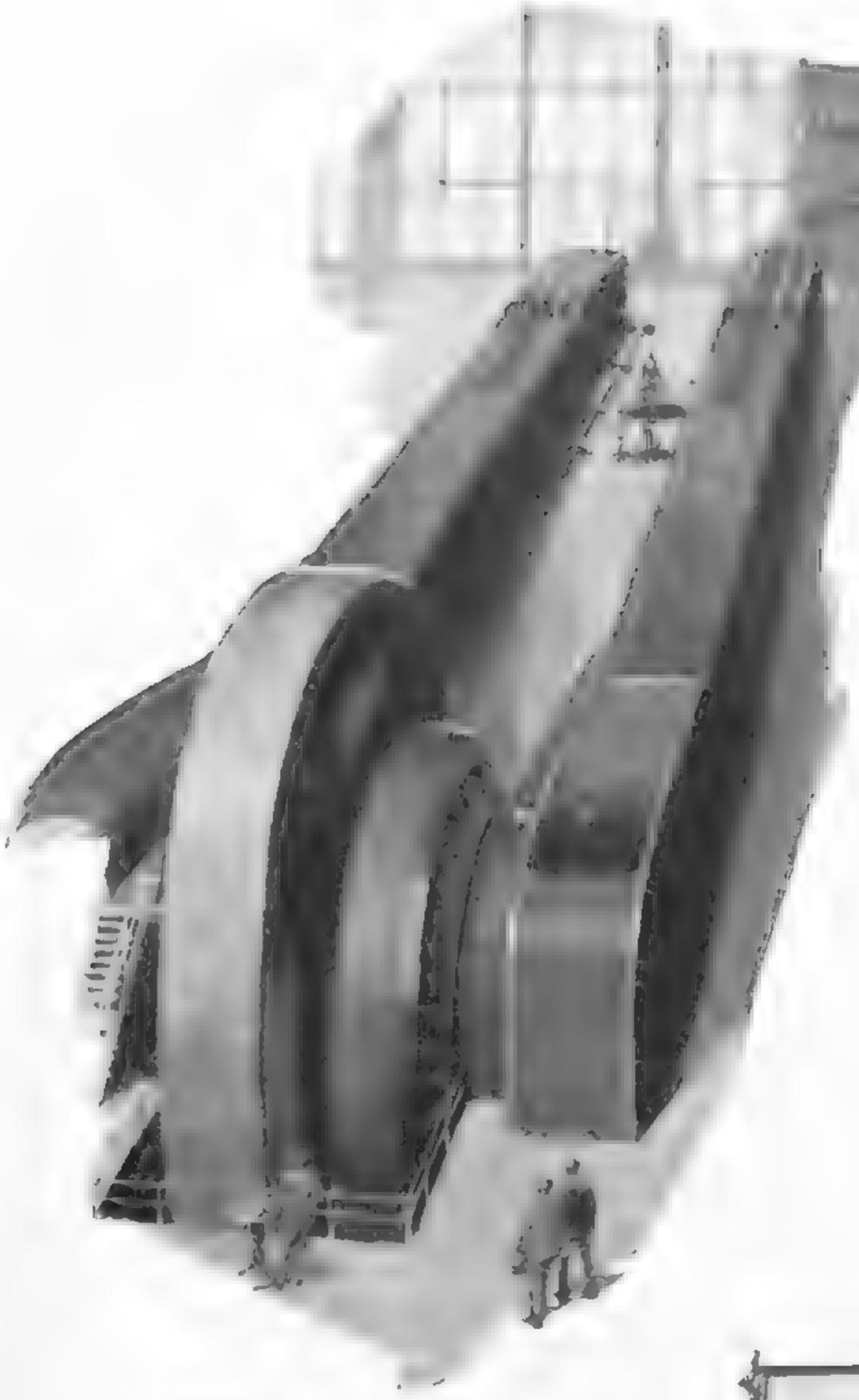
American Sugar Refining Company

"Sweeten it with Domino"

Granulated, Tablet, Powdered, Confectioners, Brown

Domino Granulated Sugar is sold in convenient-sized bags and cartons

The increased cost of preserving because of the higher price of sugar is less than the increased cost of any other food



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body design adds to its power-achievement luxury, beauty and comfort. Its distinction, although widely copied each succeeding year, still outlives the seasonal changes.

Power is increased in the new four-cylinder roadster by a motor of larger bore and stroke. Roominess is increased by modifications of the body design. Appearance is improved by the newest style of victoria top.

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Four-Cylinder Roadster . .	$ 935
Four-Cylinder Coupé . . .	1450
Eight-Cylinder Four-Passenger	1285
Eight-Cylinder Town Car . .	2575

Scripps Booth exclusive body design is protected by U. S. patent

The New Four-Cylinder Roadster

'TWIXT THE BLUFF AND THE SOUND

(Continued from Page 17)

him come. On the other hand, the tea cavern is a favorite rendezvous for undersized Latin-looking gentlemen who wear very expensive clothes which fit them very badly, and who snoop aimlessly about apparently doing nothing at all. There is a popular impression that these persons are matrimonial big-game hunters from foreign parts; that, desiring alliances with rich American families, they come hither to seek their quarry. As to that I would not presume to give an opinion. It may be they merely flock hither because the soft half-light provides such fine protective coloration for their prevalent styles of complexion.

Before the Big War began the Oolong jungle was also a pet stalking ground for sundry representatives of the nation whose drumbeat and tweed suit have been heard round the world. Those were the days when the soft gargling note of the Oxonian adenoid might be heard mingling with the nasal accentings of our own breed. Certain writers of the English, or critical, race have before now pointed out the catarrhal shortcomings of our mode of speech, but it is to be conceded, I think, that the English have ever excelled us in the matter of the glandular tonal effect. There we may be said to run neck and nose—our nose, their neck. The puny and inferior domestic throat obstruction occasionally found among us has never compared with the large, imported, golden-russet—or English—adenoid, and it never will. Their climate is more suitable for its full development than is ours. If the English ever go in for goiter-culture they should be very successful.

After the war broke out Lancelot the Nonchalant grew scarce in number; now he has pretty well disappeared from our midst. He tucked his handkerchief farther up his sleeve and then, modestly and unostentatiously, as he did everything else in this life, he went back home and enlisted, and ever since he and his kind have been dying in the trenches, thereby justifying the right of England's leisure class to continue to exist, just as the members of that class have justified it on battlefields all over the globe, whenever and wherever their country has had need of them. Their topcoats may be slack-fitting, but their souls aren't. Their places have been taken by undersized swarthy persons, apparently of Southern European extraction, who wear bracelets which become them, and monocles which do not, and who in New York are invariably to be found in those public places where rich, idle and discontented American women congregate socially.

Little to Do Between Meals

From the tea place the homeless lady returns to the repair depot to renew acquaintance with her husband and to dress for dinner. It may be the pair are giving a dinner themselves or that they are going out to dinner; but a dinner requiring dressing up it is pretty sure to be. I know one couple whose proud boast it was that during three entire months of last fall and last winter they did not fail to dine out or to dine in, but mostly to dine out, on a single solitary evening, Sundays and Holy Days included. They were very proud of their unbroken record. I think they think it attested to their popularity and their social activities. Even if they had not proclaimed the fact I am quite sure their looks would have been ample proof of it. Their faces were lined with wrinkles clear down to a point some distance south of the shoulder blades—that is, the wife's face was. I am not so sure about the husband's. His evening clothes came higher up on him than his wife's came up on her; but as far as the eye could reach he was worn and haggard, and his eyes were sunken in his head, and it required about three cocktails, taken in rapid succession, to put the vital spark into his expression and his conversation.

As I just remarked, the couple we especially have in mind are now dressing for dinner, but whether it is to be a dinner at home or a dinner abroad it is plausible to assume that it will be an elaborate and an expensive dinner, and one hurriedly consumed, because you must understand that, in a generality of cases, the dinner is but a means unto an end. It is in the nature of a stoking-up of the furnaces with sufficient fuel to start the diners for the rest of the night under the necessary forced draft.

Presupposing this one to be an extreme case, I am going to assume that on this particular evening the homeless twain are dividing their forces, so to speak: he is to attend a public dinner given in honor of somebody or something, and she is going to a private dinner, and afterward they are to meet at an appointed spot for the main diversions of the evening. Let us follow him for a while.

There is never a night in New York during the fall and the winter and two-thirds of the springtime when a man who craves to attend a public dinner is denied that opportunity through lack of the dinner itself. It may be that a county society is sponsoring the dinner, or a state society or a business association or a club or the delegates to a convention; or it may be that a group of unorganized persons just naturally felt a dinner coming on them and got together and had one. A large number of New Yorkers are divided into two subclassifications: The larger group is composed of persons who, being proprietors of private dress suits, are willing to put up five or seven or ten dollars apiece, as the case may be, for the privilege of sitting through a dinner as often as occasion offers. The smaller group is made up of gentlemen, also owning their own dress suits, who save the plate-charge by consenting to sit at the guests' table, with the rest of the waxworks, and to speak pieces after the coffee has been served and the cigars have been lighted.

The Banquet Route

There is a regular list of these after-dinner speakers, not exactly card-indexed and tabulated, but fairly well defined. Tell me what society is giving a dinner and what the general purport of the dinner is supposed to be, and I guarantee, with a fair percentage of correct guesses, to tell you who will speak there and what they will speak about and, approximately, how long each of them will speak, providing he is up to his customary form and does not have to cut his remarks short in order to hurry away and speak at some other dinner. In New York, after-dinner speaking has become a fixed habit with some; but listening to it is a chronic and, in many instances, an incurable disease.

The food matches the intellectual side of the feast in that it, too, is subject to but few changes from an ordained routine. Indeed banquet menus appear to run true to a given form in most of our larger cities, with the exception that along the seaboard the oysters on the half shell are not so apt to be suffering from car sickness resulting from a long, hard train trip as is sometimes the case at inland points, where I believe it is customary, before serving an oyster, to turn his upper lid back and wipe the cinders out of his eye. On the other hand, in New York the caterer usually fattens the oyster as a preliminary to sending him along to the table. This process is accomplished by keeping him immersed for a few hours or a few days in fresh water into which raw corn meal has been introduced. This is fine for the oyster—it gives him acute dropsy. Hotel proprietors have a theory that diseasing him all up makes him more succulent; but this upon their part is a mistake—a grievous mistake. He comes upon the table looking a good deal like a hot-water bottle; he tastes a good deal like one too.

There is a sort of fish served at banquets which is a very curious and interesting fish because, alive or dead, this fish is never found anywhere except at banquets. In the Elizabethan days our English forefathers knew this fish. They swore by it. "Odd's fish!" they used to say, and so it was, and they had the right idea about it. It was a fine fish to hang an oath on; it was more suited for profane than for edible purposes. So far as I have been able to gather, this fish has never been taken on the hook, or by netting from the seas, or from any estuary, bay, sound, river, lake, pond or brook whatsoever. I never heard of one being seen anywhere except on a plate. It must be an upland fish; and undoubtedly its native element is the pale yellow, mucilaginous sauce in which it invariably is served. In color it is a dead and pallid

The Soldiers That Go to Sea

Young man!—Go to sea with the United States Marines; or ashore: wherever there's action!

The Marines are the "'Minute Men' of Today"—the first to fight.

On battleships they are naval gunners—manning the torpedo-defense batteries and anti-aircraft guns. On land they are infantry, field artillery, machine-gun companies.

U. S. Marines

So, whether the fighting is on sea or land or in the air, you will find the Marines in the thick of it.

The Marine Corps offers not only splendid all-'round military training, but plenty of opportunity for patriotic service—with the fleet and in duty ashore, at home and across the seas.

Fighting, travel, adventure, fun—it's all one to the U. S. Marine! Come on and join!

MARINE CORPS WEEK, June 10 to 16.
"Four Thousand Enlistments by Saturday!"

About enlistment apply now, to—

Marine Corps Recruiting Stations

which are located in all the principal cities

Separate from recruiting places of Army or Navy

Send the Corner Coupon or drop a Postal for free Book—"Soldiers of the Sea"—illustrating and describing the duties and experiences of U. S. Marines the world around.

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Clip and mail to U. S. MARINES, 117 East 24th St., New York
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Ask any of the thousands of men and boys who use Vacuum Cup Tires all the time if they're ever bothered with tire troubles—skidding, stonebruises, punctures, oil rot.

With the special 15½ ounce Sea Island fabric that goes into Vacuum Cup Tires you get *quality* tires that stand up from start to finish without a bit of bother.

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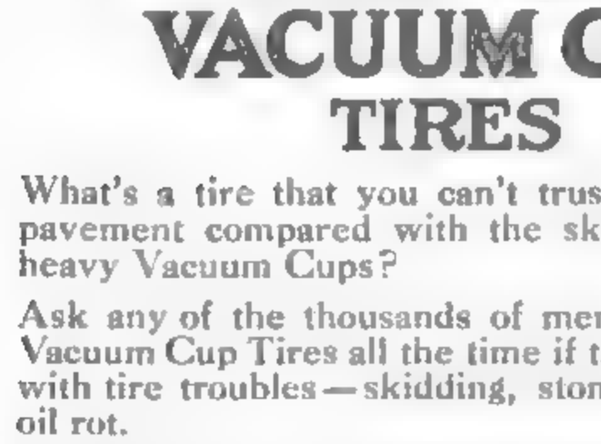

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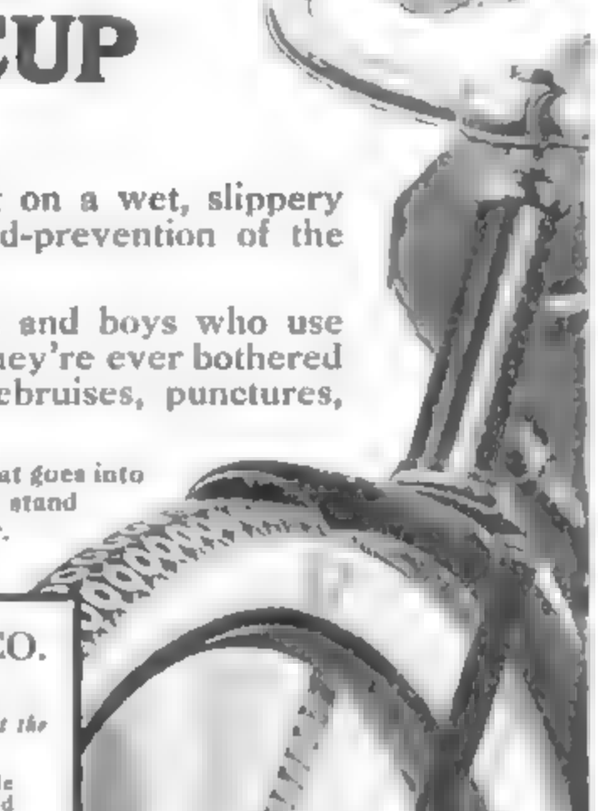

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white, and in flavor the same. The sauce helps to keep you from tasting the fish and the fish helps to nullify the taste of the sauce. They are counterirritants for each other, which is as it should be.

The rest of the dinner is as guaranteed by custom, including the roast squab which has been laid out on the steam table in a thoroughly deceased state for so long that the spinach floral tribute upon its stark and unresponsive bosom has begun to wilt badly; also the punch or sherbet, colored with red copying ink; and the dab of Brie cheese from which the drainage tubes were withdrawn entirely too soon.

Looking back upon a somewhat extended personal experience, the present writer can think of but one distinct observation, as to either the menu or the postprandial features, which has crept into public dining functions in his time; this being one which obtained vogue during the past winter. The habit was inaugurated among the lay-diners of getting upon their feet to welcome the chief guest of honor; starting thus, the custom soon was broadened to include a similar ceremonial for each lesser personage who stood up in his place to get whatever utterances happened to be on his chest off his chest. The result was, for the company at large, the concluding period of the affair consisted largely in standing up and sitting down again at more or less frequent intervals. To the dinner this lent a High-Church effect which may have been very pleasing to a ritualist, but was annoying to the man who wanted to sit quietly in his seat and give the champagne a chance to take hold.

The Four-Course Face

If on the same night there is a boxing contest at Madison Square Garden, the attendance at the banquet is likely to be curtailed. It has been my observation that many more or less well-known persons who have the banquet habit have also the boxing-contest habit. You see the same figures clustering about the tables at the banquet and overflowing the front seats at the ringside. Those tiresome persons who are forever lamenting the good old days of anything and everything, and comparing the present with the past, to the utter disparagement of the present, complain that pugilism is not what it used to be. In this instance they may be right. The cursed blight of commercialism certainly has crept into the fisticuffing game, and there is many a championship contender of these times who wouldn't have been permitted to carry the cotton batting to a fight in the Nonpareil Jack Dempsey period of American life. A pair of heavyweights from the neck down will climb into the squared circle, with a guaranty of more money to the loser than Tom Sayers ever saw in his whole life, and be so busy counting up the house that they overlook almost altogether the little detail of buffeting each other occasionally. They are the real tired business men of the great city. Once in a while a brace of these mercenary burlies may so far forget themselves as really to fight, and then, when one of the pair takes the count, after acquiring what might be called a four-course face—a peach of an eye, a cauliflower ear, an order of winter turnips on his forehead, and a nose like cottage pudding with claret sauce—there is unbridled joy amongst the audience. Particularly does the spectacle give pleasure to that wan and languid youth of fortune, who is invariably present in large number—I mean the favored child of inherited wealth, the young man about town, who is just the young man about town—merely that and nothing more. It makes him feel belligerent himself, and warlike all over. He puffs out his chest as he goes away. He is ready to whip his weight in pussy willows.

The dinner being mercifully over, or the boxing contest ended, our hero repairs to the rendezvous where our heroine is to meet him. For her part she, after her dinner, went, let us say, to the opera or to the theater. One must do something to pass the dragging hours between eight-thirty and midnight, even at the risk of being frightfully bored. Whichever it was—theater or opera—it is fair to presume that the party of which she was a member arrived late. Whenever possible fashionable or near-fashionable folk appear to prefer to arrive not earlier than the middle of the first act, so that their entrance may attract the attention of the audience away from the play and center it upon them, where it belongs.

Suburbanites, on the other hand, miss the last half of the last act. If they fail to catch the eleven-two they must wait for the two-eleven, so they put on their rubbers and stumble reluctantly out without ever ascertaining whether the missing papers were found or the lost heir was restored or the misjudged lady decided to go back to her regular husband or continued to stay off the reservation until the bitter end. Only the ordinary run of people, who are neither fashionable nor of the commuter class, enjoy the privilege of knowing how the play began and how it turned out.

As stated, our couple meet. It is now eleven-thirty or thereabouts, and the real doings of the all-night life are about to be undertaken. What went before was by way of being a preliminary canter. Following the exercise gallop, comes now the real race

Before the lid was put on, nothing worth while, of either a private or a public nature, started until after twelve.

So heigho, tantivy, tantivy, and view halloa, away they streak, as straight as the taxi flies, to the roof show. A vaudeville show on the main floor of a building, beginning at approximately eight-fifteen o'clock in the evening, prices twenty-five cents to a dollar and a half, remains a vaudeville show pure and simple—that is to say, generally pure and nearly always simple. But a vaudeville show starting at twelve o'clock midnight upon a housetop, in a glen or a grove or whatever the management chooses to term the papier-mâché and canvas retreat where he mounts his entertainment, becomes Follies or Frolic or Revue, and, as a rule, the rates charged within its charmed precincts are predicated upon what the traffic will bear. The traffic bears a good deal.

Downtown, at the street level, a highball may be had for fifteen cents or twenty or twenty-five, depending upon the character of the establishment dispensing the same; a plain chicken sandwich may cost twenty-five cents or thirty-five cents or, in exceptional cases, forty cents. Upstairs on the roof, it was not uncommon for prices to hit the sky and they were paid without protest. On the sum exacted for a sandwich a poor family could exist pretty comfortably for a couple of days. Prices for everything else were in proportion or out of proportion, just as you choose to figure it; also tips were gauged on a scale to correspond. Nobody complained though. Such would not be good form.

There is a belief in New York, prevalent among a great many persons, that when an extortionate tariff is charged for something the article must be worth the money whether it is or not. This statement may sound ambiguous and contradictory, but it is the only way I know of for expressing an exact and provable situation.

Opportunities for Spendthrifts

For choice seats or choice tables at the late shows the speculators got prices which would have been inconceivable elsewhere in America a few years ago and which likewise would have been inconceivable here in New York before the town went daft. I have heard repeatedly—and I believe the statement is susceptible of proof—that for a table seating six at one of the after-midnight burlesques, the same being the table situate closest of all to the cleared space where the performers appeared, the purchaser was expected to give up one hundred and fifty dollars, and was glad to give it up if he happened to be that kind of person, because this particular table was in demand all season, with a long waiting list on the speculators' books.

Mind you, this did not mean the patron paid that amount for the use of the table during the entire run of the piece. He paid it for one night, or rather for one morning. The price did not include meals all round, and lodgings for the night, and souvenir neckties. It did not include permission for him to take part in the entertainment. It meant six seats at a table with everything else extra, excepting the tablecloth and the performance. His one hundred and fifty large round dollars constituted his initiation fee, as it were. If the host chose to order wine and viands for himself and his guests; if he did his duty to the servitor class as the servitor class reckons the patron's duty; if he failed him not suitably to remember head waiter and side waiter, program seller and usher; hat-check buccaneer and taxicab freebooter; door-opener and

(Concluded on Page 41)

Two New Stewart Products

Stewart PRODUCTS

The New Stewart AUTOGUARD

This new Stewart Autoguard is all that its name implies—a real Guard for your car. It guards you and your car against the annoying, troublesome and sometimes expensive accidents which you are sure to meet sooner or later.

In many respects the Stewart Autoguard is more important and more secure protection than an insurance policy. It protects your car from the small accidents which insurance policies often do not cover.

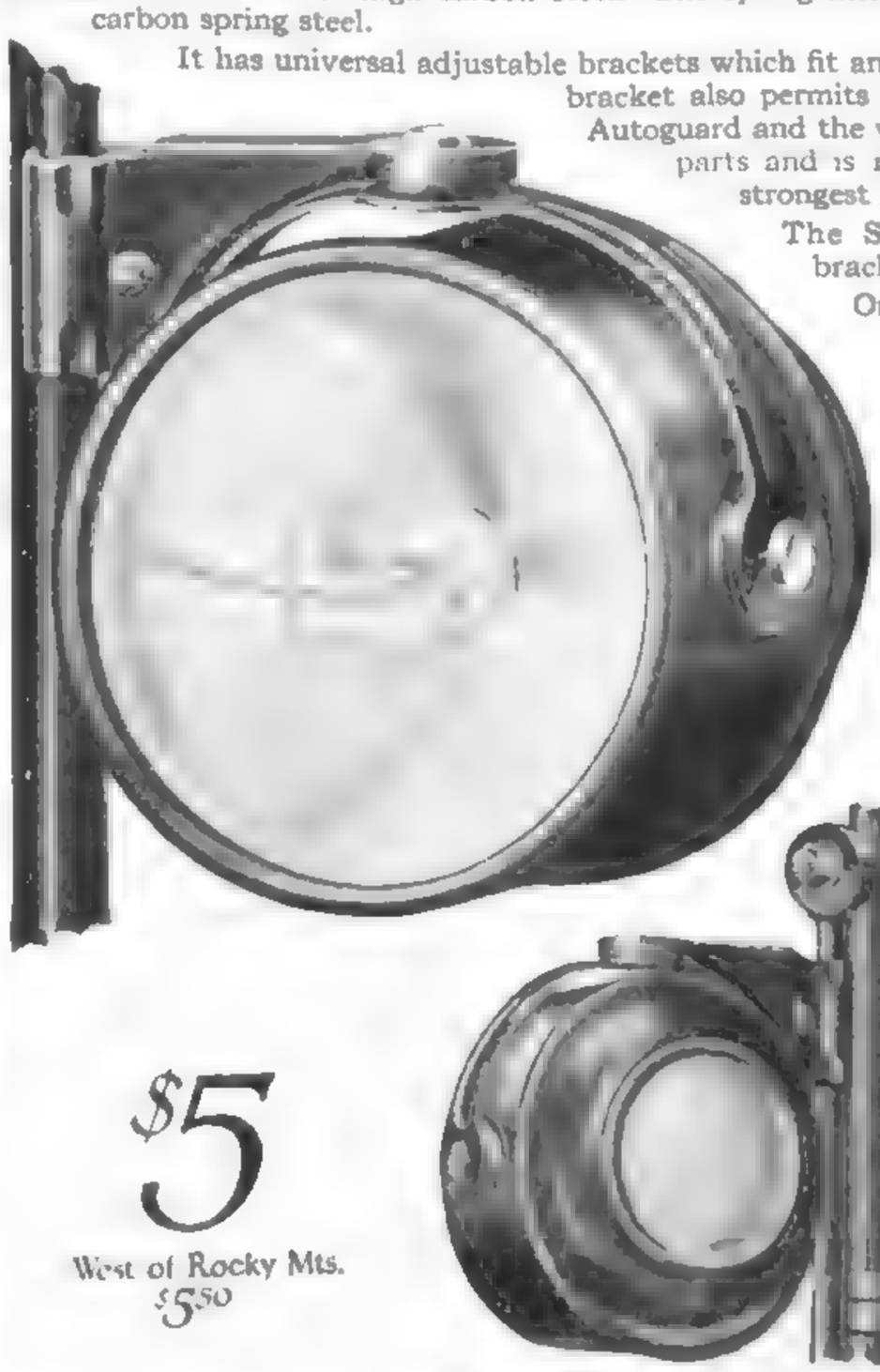
For safety's sake you should have a Stewart Autoguard both on the front and rear of your car. It will pay for itself the first time someone backs into you. Saves your fenders, headlights, springs and tires. Because it guards your car against damage it keeps your car in service—keeps it out of the repair shop.

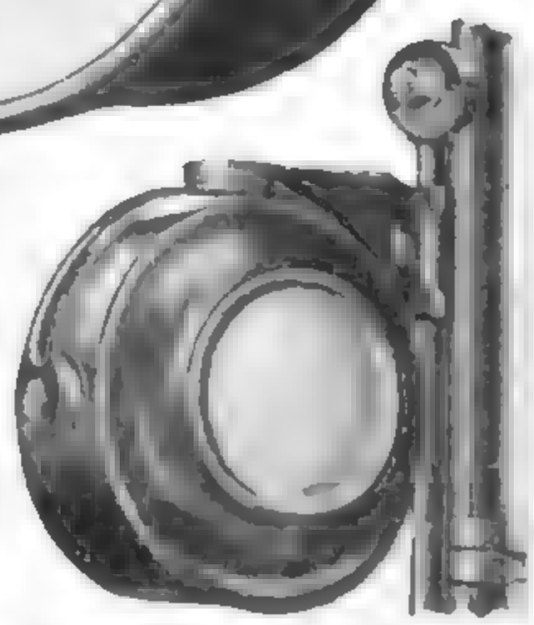
The Stewart Autoguard has many exclusive features. It has a rigidity combined with springiness not found in common "bumpers" The cross member or channel bar is made of high carbon steel. The spring members are made of high carbon spring steel.

It has universal adjustable brackets which fit any make of car. The universal bracket also permits adjusting the distance between the Autoguard and the wheels. It has the fewest number of parts and is relatively the lightest as well as the strongest Autoguard.

The Stewart Autoguard complete with brackets for mounting costs only $9.00. Order your Stewart Autoguard now.

The New Stewart Autoguard is another big Stewart Success





Back view showing mirror

$5
West of Rocky Mts. $5.50

$9 Complete
West of Rocky Mountains $9.75

Special FORD Model $7.50
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The New Stewart V-RAY SEARCHLIGHT

At last! A real Searchlight. Brand new in design, in construction, in finish and efficiency. A decided departure from the ordinary "spotlight." This is in every sense of the word a Searchlight. It is designed with scientific accuracy, and for but one purpose—to produce an intense, piercing "Searchlight" beam.

From the illustration you will readily appreciate the beauty of the new Stewart V-RAY Searchlight.

Note how clean-cut and compact it is.

It is light in weight, well proportioned, and the embodiment of convenience.

Symmetrical in design, it looks like a part of the car and not like an afterthought addition.

The V-RAY Searchlight is correctly balanced below the bracket on a 3-point suspension. It "stays set" in the desired position.

Without tugging or pulling, but with ease, you can throw the penetrating V-RAY Searchlight in any direction—front, down, back or to either side.

It has a full 6-inch curved lens—not plain window glass. A 3½-inch reducing mirror is located in the center of the back. No extra charge for mirror. The switch is so located that your hand finds it instantly in the dark.

An important feature is the focusing device which permits replacing the bulb with any bulb on the car; and it takes only a few seconds' time. The reflector is silver-plated—not merely polished tin.

The Stewart V-RAY Searchlight is moisture and dust proof. It comes complete with mirror, electric cord and bracket which fits practically every car—and the price is only $5.00.

Better order yours now. This is another big Stewart success.

Stewart Products are for sale by leading garages, accessory dealers and jobbers everywhere

Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation
Chicago, U. S. A.

CREW LEVICK

MOTOR SPECIALTIES

Six Quality Products Satisfy Six Important Needs

THE manufacturer can provide you with a perfect car, but it must be left with you to determine the length and quality of service you will obtain. This depends upon the proportion of care and attention you give it.

The requirements that a satisfying motor car must meet are essentially six:—1st, EFFICIENCY,—2nd, CONVENIENCE,—3rd, SAFETY,—4th, COMFORT,—5th, PRIDE,—and 6th, CLEANLINESS

1st. Meeting the first requirement: Crew Levick Motor Oil has been produced for over half a century by the oldest, and one of the largest, refiners of petroleum products in America. Its Pennsylvania Crude base, backed by 55 years of refining experience, provides a motor oil that assures full engine efficiency and long engine life.—That's *EFFICIENCY*

2nd. Meeting the second requirement: Crew Levick GREASE in TUBES is an innovation. Its every convenience assures that lubrication will not be neglected. Noise will be reduced and operating parts kept working smoothly. A wee bit, and the right grease goes exactly to the right spot.—That's *CONVENIENCE*

3rd. Meeting the third requirement: Crew Levick Fractors provide a far-reaching, non blinding light. Searching rays are cast ahead beneath the 42" line prescribed by law. You get all the light on the road, and can drive in the blackest night with safety to yourself and to approaching motorists.—That's *SAFETY*

4th. Meeting the fourth requirement: Crew Levick Tire Seal, officially approved by the Automobile Club of America as a satisfactory product, robs motoring of its greatest annoyance—punctures. Even if you pick up a nail, a tack, or a screw, your "sealed" tubes keep you rolling along *on air.*—That's *COMFORT.*

5th. Meeting the fifth requirement: Mistokleen enables you to keep your car bright and new. It preserves the varnish, adds to the "re-sale" value of the car, and gives that snappy look usually seen only on new cars. Simply spray it on and wipe it off. A new car every day.—That's *PRIDE.*

6th. Meeting the sixth requirement: A package of Mistokloths fills that definite need of a clean, soft cloth always handy. Used with Mistokleen, the scratchless texture helps to keep the whole car clean and bright.—That's *CLEANLINESS*

Thus the family of Crew Levick Motor Specialties serves you to get the utmost in motor car satisfaction. Quality always. Performance guaranteed and backed up by the more than half-century of Crew Levick Company.

Hundreds of dealers, always increasing, have endorsed and are carrying Crew Levick specialties. If your dealer has not stocked as yet, mention his name when writing for literature.

DEALERS: Carry Crew Levick Specialties. They offer distinct advantages to wide-awake merchants. Here's a big, successful, nationally advertised family, widely distributed and meeting real needs, with selling profits and qualities that are bound to satisfy. If salesmen haven't reached you yet, write us for discounts, prices, etc.

CREW LEVICK COMPANY

Land Title Building, Philadelphia, U. S. A.

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Branches: New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Baltimore, Boston
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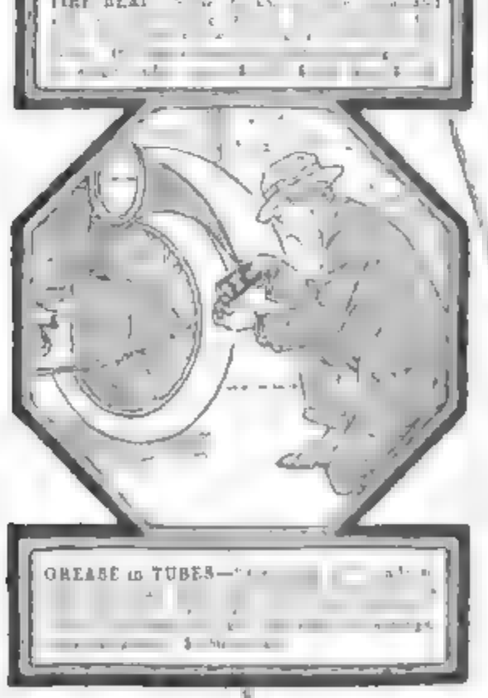

Concluded from Page 38

door-closer; carriage-starter and carriage-stopper, and all the rest of the predatory crew in and out of uniform—the total cost for his party might mount up to twice or thrice a hundred and fifty dollars. Let the head of a family in the more humble walks of life who complains that the butcher charges too much for chuck steak ponder over this chatty little recital of facts and figures.

Until the early closing rule went into effect recently, homeless people used to go to one of the all-night places where there was dancing—either exhibition dancing or general dancing—or skating or honkatonk stunts upon a stage set in the midst of the dining floor, and incidentally where there were foods and drinks and flocks of functionaries who were likely to be either obsequious or insulting, all depending upon the extent of the tipping. Some who have specialized in living the night life thoroughly used to make a point of visiting two or three such places in the course of an evening. This, of course, is a very wearing and a highly expensive proceeding, but it makes a fine subject for conversation subsequently among one's envious friends, and that, of course, compensates for the drain on the pocketbook and the wear on the system.

The minutes pass and the waiters circulate. The cigar smoke and the cigarette smoke grows thicker and ever thicker, until it floats in eddying streaks upon the overheated air; shirt fronts become rumplier; bodice straps slip still farther down on bare flushed arms; faces, seen through the bluish mists, are red or pale, depending on the alcoholic reactions upon the skins of those who have been stimulating themselves; the shoulders of the hired entertainers droop with weariness; their naked, gyrating legs are spun with an effort; the music, always noisy and blary, has lost some of its earlier vehemence.

Even the hardiest of the all-nighters are drifting away now. Forth they go into the wan, disillusionizing gleam and chill of the new day, blinking like mine mules as the half-light falls upon their aching eyeballs. The morn in russet mantle clad walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern gas tank; and out in the country the hired man is getting up to go out and feed stock; and here in the city the newsboys are crying the early editions of the morning papers, which appear to contain nothing interesting in the way of news except a new show is going to open next week and an old divorcee is going to get married again the week after. Oh, yes; some mention is made on the front page of the matter of the war with Germany, and elsewhere the details are printed of a fresh outbreak of food riots on the East Side; but, really, such things as these do not count. It is to yawn.

Climb into the taxi, my dear, and let us run along to the four-thousand-dollar-a-year apartment where we dock between trips, and we'll try to catch a few hours of sleep, the better to fortify ourselves for to-night's round of pleasures.

It is a fey gay life, is it not?

Yes, it is not!

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr Cobb. The fourth will appear in an early issue

BREAD BULLETS; THE ARMY BEHIND THE HOE

(Continued from Page 14)

Rome, and Commissioner Hartigan, of the Foods and Markets Department, and Governor Whitman, of New York, and pretty nearly every governor of every state in the Union, and Secretary Houston, of the Department of Agriculture, and finally in a ringing call to his countrymen by President Wilson—I put it bare and without detail; you can look up the details yourself—the epitome of the facts in the case was this:

The world is short of food.

The season of planting is now—a bare two months; and if the crops of 1917 fail the world will go hungry, and all the gold of Midas will not buy food.

For instance, take wheat. America had not enough seed wheat for the ordinary spring wheat crop of 1917; and if America's wheat crop of 1917 fails the world will be short of bread. Winter wheat has come through only sixty-three per cent as good as usual. Corn is at the present time at a higher price level than wheat usually.

The situation is worse as to potatoes; for the crop of 1916 was almost a failure.

As to meats, the high-priced grains have reacted in impossibly high-priced feeds for cattle and hogs; and in the great sheep area of the Southwest lack of rain is destroying the pasture ranges. Feed that cost twenty-eight dollars a ton in 1914 cost thirty-two and thirty-three in 1915; and went up to forty-nine and fifty-nine and sixty in 1916–17. Thousands of farmers have had to sell their stock to squeeze past the crisis; so that, as Yoakum says, there are forty-three less milch cows to each thousand consumers, which at once reacts on the price of milk. The consequence is, the prices of milk and meat have gone the highest ever known; and if a big feed crop is not raised in 1917 prices will go so high that only the well-to-do can afford either milk or meat.

Poultry has increased in price because the price of feed has increased. You pay over three dollars for feed that used to cost barely one. We have all come awake to a realization of facts with a shout.

If hectoring would raise crops, farmers would do a land-office business in 1917.

The remedies suggested would be comical if they were not pathetic.

One cry is to boycott food. What good will it do to boycott wheat if the Middle Southwest has had half the winter wheat weather-killed, and when spring is so late and seed so high-priced that a full spring wheat crop cannot be put in? There are exceptions to all rules; but in the great wheat areas it is an axiom that if you don't get your wheat in by the tenth of May you will miss the spring rains and run the risk of such a late crop that you may be caught by the August frosts. Who will suffer by the boycott—you or a vague somebody who has jacked up prices? No vague somebody has jacked up prices. The food simply does not exist in quantity sufficient to go round. Take wheat as an example: This country usually raises six hundred million bushels, and has raised as high as a billion. Of this, half is usually winter wheat.

In 1917 the winter crop will be thirty-seven per cent short; and the spring is so late and the price of seed so high that no power on this earth can prevent the spring-wheat crop's being short. The price of seed is high because 1916 was largely a year of wheat failure; and what we had we exported to hungry Europe. Ordinarily we send to Europe about one hundred million bushels a year. Since the war began we have been sending up to two hundred million bushels in wheat and flour. Now you can figure what we need for ourselves quite as well as the greatest scientist. It takes, roughly—I quote the exact figures of the big Minnesota flour manufacturers—five bushels of wheat to make a barrel of flour, and a barrel of flour will make from three hundred to three hundred and thirty loaves. Count cereal food at a pound a day; for if you do not eat a pound loaf, which a husky man does, you eat cereal in other forms—in pastry, in cake, in pudding—it takes over a barrel of flour a year a head for the population, or five bushels of wheat; five hundred million bushels for the entire country without exporting a pound.

But the farmer needs an average of two bushels an acre for seed for fifty million acres, and that makes one hundred million bushels more; or, in all, at the very slimmest requirements, the country needs six hundred million bushels of wheat. And we have been sending to Europe, in grain and flour, two hundred million bushels—which at once explains why there is a shortage this year. But what of 1917? France has figured that, to exist, she must have one hundred and twenty-seven million bushels extra. Great Britain needs always some two hundred to two hundred and fifty million bushels. The other Allies require one hundred and fifty-six million bushels; or all Europe will need five hundred and sixty million bushels of wheat in 1917. All her men are fighting.

Where is it to come from? Argentina's crop is so short she has put an embargo on exportations. So long as Germany holds the Dardanelles, Russia's wheat is bottled

(Continued on Page 43)

Stein-Bloch
Smart Clothes

When you say STEIN-BLOCH, you've said STYLE

THE STEIN-BLOCH
Saxon

The Saxon is for older men who have stopped counting birthdays, as well as for young men with whom birthdays don't count.

It has those easy, leisurely lines and that soft, smart gentlefolk air only to be met in clothes of the highest caste.

THE STEIN-BLOCH COMPANY
Tailor Shops at Rochester, N. Y.

EQUIP your garage with Wagner Door Hangers and Trucks and forget door troubles. Doors can't stick nor come off track. Tracks are strong, bird proof and self cleaning. Hangers and Tracks made in a large variety of sizes for garage and other doors weighing up to half a ton each.

The new type of Wagner Garage Door Hangers with single and double ball-bearing swivels are "the last word" in convenience and smoothness of operation. Adapted for single, double and accordion doors of any size. Used with Wagner corner curves, these Hangers carry a door "around the corner" just as easily, smoothly and quietly as along the wall.

Write for free booklet on Wagner Garage Door Equipments. Shows you how to use big doors in small space.

Your Dealer Can Supply You

with Wagner Door Hangers and Tracks for garages, barns, warehouses or any other requirement. If not, write us and we will see that you are supplied. Tell your architect to specify "Wagner" Equipment for all roller and elevator doors.

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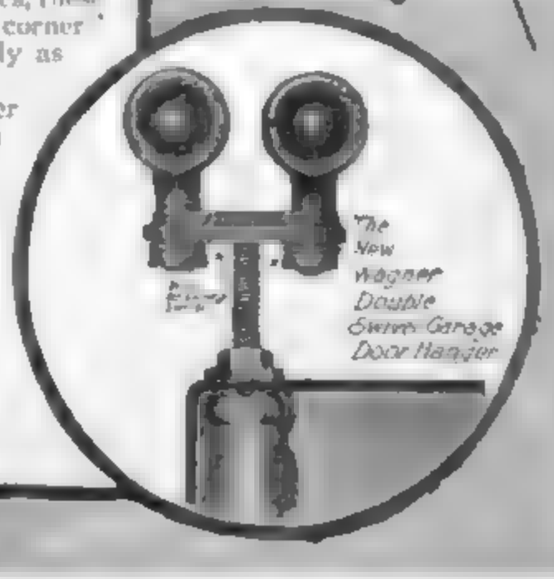

The Dawn of a New Day of Bicycle Tire Service

Millions of cyclists herald with joy the dawn of the new day of bicycle tire service.

And the most important factor in the ever-increasing popularity of healthy, wholesome bicycling is the bicycle tire service as represented by *United States Bicycle Tires*.

Bicycle Tire Service that means

—greater mileage at less maintenance cost,

—hitherto unknown freedom from dreaded deflations and constant punctures,

—better road-resistance, finer wearing qualities and higher standard of appearance,

—the best procurable quality of rubber, the stoutest weave of fabric, the most skilful workmanship and scientific construction,

—service resulting in a tire resiliency and a durability that have established bicycling in the hearts and favor of eager millions, who have learned *by experience* to use *United States Bicycle Tires* only.

* * * * * * *

The night of your bicycle troubles has fled before the rising of the sun of *United States Bicycle Tire Service.*

Get the Bicycle Bug

Don't forget the kiddies! Have them write in to us giving their names and addresses in full, and the name of their dealer, for this beautiful green-gold bicycle bug scarf pin.

The sun is the sign and seal of the greatest rubber manufacturer in the world, while the smooth road of GOOD tire service lies before you, marked by the blue ribbon of bicycle tire supremacy.

United States Tires Are Good Tires

United States Tire Company

Bicycle Tire Department
1792 Broadway, New York

(Continued from Page 41)

up; and, anyway, Russia's surplus wheat long ago was drained away surreptitiously to Rumania. It was allowed to be smuggled out because Russia must export her wheat to raise money to continue the war. Canada can raise as much as three hundred and thirty million bushels; but last year raised only a third of that. There remain India and Australia; but between these far southern wheat supplies and Europe lies a long ocean lane beset by submarines.

The question at once occurs: Having joined the Allies, how are we going to feed the world? The war is now on its stomach. The well-filled stomach will have the stamina to stick this war out to the end. Bread bullets will win the war. It is up to America's thirty million farmers—men and women—not only to feed one hundred million Americans but one hundred million more Europeans. Can Uncle Sam supply enough bread bullets to win the war?

Another cry—as if cries ever grew a blade of grass or a grain of wheat—is to "fix minimum prices." Only a town man could possibly make such a foolish suggestion as a remedy. This was long ago abandoned in England as likely to divert food altogether; and that is exactly what such a course would do if it were tried in America. Milk is a very good example of what fixed prices do to the food supply.

Farmers Starved Out

I think of a case that happened in the last month. Farmers supplying milk to the great cities time their cows to come in with heaviest milk flow in winter, when the demand by the cities is greatest and the crop labor is the lightest. The prices are fixed twice a year, so the farmer will know what he has to come and go on. The farm I have in mind produced about six cans of milk a day worth two dollars a can; but toward spring the production fell off to three cans a day, or six dollars a day—one hundred and eighty dollars a month. One hundred and eighty dollars a month seems a fairly good return for a small farm; but wait! The farm required two hired men all the year round. In 1914 those men got wages of thirty-three dollars, with house, fuel, milk, fruit, vegetables, or in all about fifty dollars found. In 1915 wages went up to thirty-six dollars. In the midst of corn husking in 1916, when eight-hours-a-day talk was in the air, the two men demanded thirty-eight dollars, and got it. In January, when the milk flow was at its highest, they demanded and got forty-two dollars and a half. In April, when the crop was to go in, they asked fifty dollars.

"Well," you say, "that would still have left the farmer eighty dollars net on his three cans."

No—for, to satisfy certain state and city requirements, certain high-priced protein feeds have to be fed. This dairy for milkers and dry stock coming in the next year required two tons of feed a month. The farmer was a careful buyer. He bought when feed was low in the summer. His feed was costing him thirty-two dollars a ton, when it was universally listed at forty-four dollars. Deduct two tons of feed at sixty-four dollars from eighty dollars, and the farmer's returns were sixteen dollars a month, to pay taxes, interest, depreciation, and wages for his own labor.

The man sold off his stock and closed down his farm. The minute that returns do not give the farmer living wages—you may talk your head off about patriotism—he will close down his farm, whether he is raising wheat or hogs. Price fixing has been tried countless times in great emergencies; and it has always increased the ill it was designed to remedy.

Mr. George Perkins' idea is to guarantee a minimum price to farmers—say a dollar and a half for wheat, a dollar for potatoes, and so on; so if they plant large areas and raise large crops they are guaranteed against loss. But this is a remedy that can never work out in fact. Take prices at the present time! Is any farmer going to sell his wheat at one dollar and fifty cents when the private buyers are competing for it at three dollars and fourteen cents? Or potatoes for a dollar when private buyers are begging for potatoes at two dollars and a half to three and a half?

But suppose—you say—it works the other way, and there is an enormous supply, and the farmer is guaranteed one dollar and a half and one dollar. Well, who is going to pay him one dollar for potatoes if everybody has potatoes of his own? Who is going to pay him a dollar and a half for wheat if more wheat is offered to the mills than they can grind? Low prices would induce the mills to buy and store. Low prices are always a stimulant to the buyer. High prices are always a stimulant to the producer. And no power on earth has ever been devised to keep prices high when there was abundant production, or to keep them low when there was underproduction; and it is underproduction the world is suffering from now, with overdemand.

Other remedies suggested would be laughable if they were not pathetic—if, indeed, they were not on the verge of the tragic. We are told food can be raised in plenty if we use convict labor.

Now the South has this idea right and the North has it dead wrong. If by convict labor you mean that the state shall take these men en masse and marshal them and direct them in food armies operating state lands or unoccupied lands—good! That can be done and will be done, in part, this year by two or three states between Maryland and Alabama. But the suggestion was to send the convicts out to private families.

Now can you see the self-respecting farm family welcoming a convict to the family table? Can you see a farmer with a three-hundred-dollar horse intrusting it to a man who might ride across the state line, or water it when it was hot, or mutilate it when in a frenzy of temper? I have such cases in mind right now. One case was that of a man who rode a valuable horse off, gave it a coat of paint, and drove stolen cattle across the state line; another case was when a young criminal, in a fit of spleen at his boss, mutilated a valuable mare. Would you intrust a highly nervous, delicately organized dairy cow, whose good milk flow depends on quiet nerves quite as much as on proper feed, to a man imprisoned for attempting to murder his wife?

Other brilliant suggestions are to send bartenders, mental defectives and taxi-drivers out to the farms. If operated by the State Police and paid instructors—good; but, otherwise, all I have to say is, if these remedies are attempted on the farm they will be welcomed with a pitchfork. Out of mistaken and foolish kindness I have tried such gentry myself. They all wanted to be paid in advance, did from twenty to a hundred dollars' worth of damage a day, and lasted less than two days.

I think of a good-natured husky young ragpicker. I was directing him to clean up a littered yard. He gave me a pitying smile, the look of the green town scrub for a Hoosier. "Oh, what would my dear wife think of me, doing work of this character?" he asked.

I think of another, who literally and truly had been barn boss of an agricultural state dairy. His papers bore out his claims; so I asked him to lift a very young baby calf from one pen to another. I heard a groan. He was lifting it by the tail. I asked him very mildly how he would like to be lifted by his thumb or big toe? He didn't know in the least what I meant; so I told him he was too big a man for me. I wanted just a plain farmer man in blue jeans.

Backyard Gardens

I think of yet another case that should be put in light comedy. I was leaving an employment agency at apple-picking time when a man with more or less of a booze blossom on his nose begged me piteously to give him a chance. He was without a shirt and obviously suffering from lack of food. He had been a truck gardener for a large convent. I gave him money to buy a shirt, a meal and a night's lodging, and, purely as a tester, to see whether he would spend it on drink, rail fare to leave at four in the morning; and I got up at four to see whether he had gone. He went out all right, sitting behind me, asking at intervals between abysmal sighs: "Is it much farther?" That man spoiled fifty dollars' worth of fruit in four days; and while I was casting about in my mind how to fire the poor derelict he turned on me fiercely.

"Ah-ah-ah hate apples!" he burst out. "Wud ye please give me my pay?"

I told him to leg it to the station and I would pay him there. Here are his words at the station:

"Wud ye please be vera generous to me? Ah-ah-ah-m one of the poor unemployed!"

That winter—1914—I saw the worthy in the long line of the unemployed in front of a soup kitchen—it was the bread line, where, when some ladies get the men work at fifty cents an hour, organized labor pulled the men out on strike. If the state will marshal such loafers and, under the State Constabulary, compel them to earn their keep for 1918—good; but, otherwise, no farm can turn itself into a home for defectives and keep from being swamped.

I could tell of still more amusing instances of would-be managers whose chin and backbone were in inverse ratio to their cheek and bump of self-esteem; whose idea of management was to drive round in a rubber-tired gig, grandly pointing out work for underlings to do, but by no means ever doing any work themselves, and collecting from employers a small sum in advance to move out, and then being "too sick" to move out. I and a dozen others were stung by one such enterprising collect-in-advance applicant this spring. It is a new way of using the mails to defraud; but it has thrived this year.

With everybody preparing to get into khaki trousers—"society women," the newspapers say—and spade up the back garden, it seems like wet-blanketing a flame of purest hue to draw attention to the fact that garden products won't make much difference in the sum total of the world's big staple needs. Garden products are essentially perishable and serve the individual house. Garden products will diminish the great demand on shops for perishable foods, and so will help indirectly; but what the world must have, to keep off that gaunt specter from the feast, are milk and meat and bread—big farm products, though I do not say this to depreciate either the back garden or becoming trousers. In fact, I have joyfully spaded and delved and messed innumerable gardens, both back and front, though I didn't find that I needed the trousers to make things grow; but if trousers—clothing enthusiasm—will make two blades grow where only one grew before, by all means trousers! Only, don't fool yourself into believing you are solving the world's food problem! You are solving only your own; and much of such enthusiasm plants more seed and money in the ground than it ever takes out.

A Costly Potato Crop

Another suggestion is immediately to turn all the graduates of the agricultural colleges loose on the farms; but, as a matter of fact, that is exactly where the agricultural graduates would go every year in any case. I take up one of the agricultural magazines most patronized by the graduates. It reads: "Wanted—position as manager of a farm at once, by four-year-course graduate of ———. Nothing less than two thousand dollars a year, and house and privileges, need answer." I don't see that type of graduate helping very much. And once, purely in an experimental mood, I answered a dozen college-graduate advertisements. Not one would take a salary less than seventy-five dollars a month.

An acquaintance of mine once tried such salaries out in a huge potato field—high-priced men, high-priced seed, high-priced fertilizer, high-priced machinery; and he raised a bumper crop that was the sensation of the county. The potatoes cost him just as Yoakum says they always do—over ninety dollars an acre in seed and fertilizer and horse power. They cost him as much again in labor. The first grade sold at seventy-five cents a bushel; the second, at thirty; and the crop left him in debt for the year.

What are the interacting influences that have brought the gaunt specter of hunger menacing world life? They are so simple they hardly need telling, though they have stolen on us unawares, like a thief in the night.

Europe has killed and maimed, in all, nearly ten million men. The food which those workers would otherwise, directly or indirectly on farm or in factory, be producing must be made up by those left on the land; but there are fewer people left on the land than ever before in the world's history.

Besides the dead and maimed, who no longer contribute to world food, the war has absorbed on the firing line twenty million more men. The food which those men would otherwise be producing, manufacturing or distributing must be handled by those left. But who are left? The old, the young, the feeble—the half-time producers.

But these nonproducers on the firing line must be fed—and fed well. Grant each fighting man a pound of bread a day. That is seven billion three hundred million loaves

(Continued on Page 45)

Are *Your* Feet in Prison?

DO you imprison *your* feet in pointed, bone-bending shoes, the kind that always cause corns, bunions, callouses, ingrown nails, flat-foot, etc.?

If so, *why?*

In roomy, restful Educator Shoes—made by scientists to fit *feet*, not shoe-trees—you can have absolute *foot freedom*. For Educators always "let the feet grow as they should!"

For MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN

Get your *whole family* into Educators today. Every member of your family would rather have happy feet.

To make sure that you're getting *Educators* and not just ordinary, broad-toed shoes, look for EDUCATOR branded on the sole. It's your guarantee of the correct orthopaedic Educator shape.

"Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet" is a Free Book written by specialists to give you startling facts about the feet. Send for your copy.

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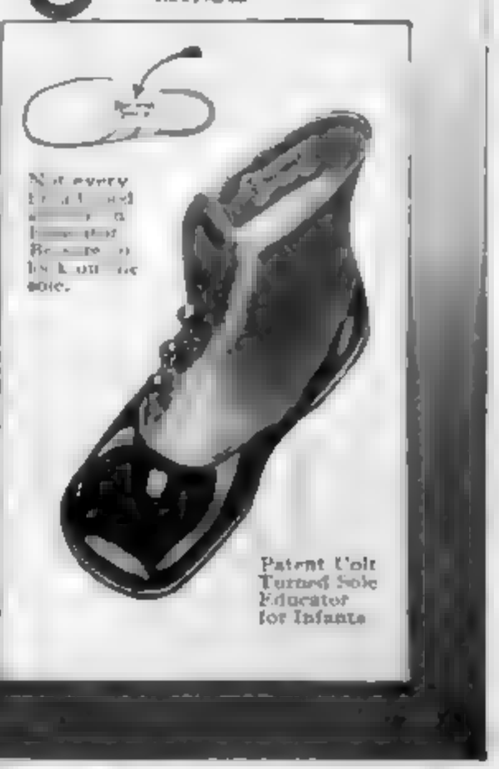

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Garage Door Hanger

(Patented May 30, 1916)

$6.00

Operates Entirely Within the Garage

No unsightly obstructions outside. The door glides smoothly around the corner to the side when open, where it is completely out of the way.

The only hanger with which the door can be made the full width of the garage—the hinged section closing the opening under the curve of the track. There is a door within the door—a big door for the car—a small door for the man, all in one.

In economy, convenience, safety, durability, ease of operation and small space required, it meets every condition perfectly.

Price, f. o. b. shipping point: $6.00 east of the Rocky Mountains—$6.75 west of the mountains. Each outfit includes all of the hardware, for doors up to and including 12 ft. in width. Equally practical and satisfactory for double garages.

Write for beautifully illustrated booklet "Louden Garage Door Hangers". It tells the whole story.

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OTHER LOUDEN PRODUCTS: Steel Cow Stalls and Stanchions, Steel Animal Pens, Litter and Feed Carriers, Hay Carriers and Track, Hay Forks and Slings, Barn Door Hangers, Cupolas and Ventilators, Water Bowls— Everything for the Barn

(Continued from Page 43)

a year extra for those left to produce. Count three hundred and thirty loaves to a barrel of flour. That is twenty-two million extra barrels of flour. Count five bushels of grain to a barrel of flour. That is over one hundred million extra bushels of wheat.

Now 1916 was a short wheat crop the world over.

How did the reaction bring the Hunger Menace to our shores? We had no twenty million men on the firing line—no; but for every man behind the rifle it is said there must be five reserves—the producer of food, the producer of clothes, the gunmaker, the ammunition maker and the transportation man. America had an army of many times the men in the trenches who were behind the rifles. America called all her spare workers to factory life. Wages on the farm that were thirty dollars and board in 1914 became thirty-five dollars in 1915, and forty dollars in 1916, and fifty dollars asked in 1917. Wheat-harvest hands, who used to work for two dollars a day and board, asked four dollars a day and board in 1916; and eight dollars a day for the traction-engine workers was paid on a big wheat farm owned by a relative of mine.

In this 1917 farm labor pretty nearly does not exist. The reaction on one milk farm has been told. According to investigations, under Governor Whitman, of three hundred and fifteen thousand farms in New York State, not half have been able to secure workers to put in the 1917 crop. Pennsylvania, New England, Ohio, Indiana and Missouri are in just as bad way. We have drained the hands that work away from the farm. Hotel dishwashers who are without skill are receiving to-day, in New York, forty-five dollars a month and their board. The farmer can't compete against those wages and keep out of debt.

What the Danish Waiter Said

I asked a little Danish waiter in my hotel why girls who received only thirty dollars a month, out of which they have to pay board, would not prefer such skilled work on a farm, at forty dollars a month and board, as in the dairy or handling some of the field machinery, such as horse rakes and binders, where the work is done riding and does not require great strength.

"Ah," he said, shaking his head, "the foolish, extravagant times here spoiled all our girls. The minute a girl goes in a factory she wants to have her hands manicured; to get a beeg hat and be a millionaire lady." I hope you grasp the fine irony of the point that all she had to do was to tog up and pretend, and she could have the sensations of the millionaire lady, though the abyss of hunger yawned beneath the cracks under her feet; and in that she was typical of the whole modern joy-riding world. We want the splash, and the realities don't matter. And now the world has begun to heave beneath us; and a gaunt figure is taking shape above the clouds of war, menacing a World Hunger.

Crops are short.

Labor is short.

Seed is so high-priced as to be almost beyond reach.

And the number of unproductive people to be fed has increased; and every person who gives advice, instead of helping to increase food, is one of the number of the great unproductive army that has to be fed.

That, in four sentences, is the situation, unclouded by amateurish theories.

Also, there is an old score which the farmers are quite unconsciously paying off. Food distribution has been so wasteful that in the past the farmer seldom got thirty per cent of the price paid by the buyer. Back in 1914–15 potatoes rotted in the ground because the price to the farmer was so low it did not pay to dig them up.

I had a marvelous crop. For first grades I got eighty cents, net; for second, forty cents. My friends in town at this time were paying from a dollar to a dollar and a half. Ask Maine and Minnesota about this. Back in 1913 the price of apples to the farmer was so low he left millions of barrels to be eaten by the hogs in the orchard. Ask John Burroughs why he rooted up his grapevines and pear orchards! Because the year's work left him in debt!

Before the milk strike farmers were getting only one and one-eighth cents a quart for milk in certain zones when city people were paying ten cents, and feed was costing three to four cents a quart. So long as time lasts, American farmers will never again produce a pound of surplus food unless they know beforehand that they will be able to market it at a profit. John Burroughs tells of one season's Bartlett pears he sent to town, which netted him a profit of exactly fifteen cents for his year's labor!

The man with the hoe suddenly looms to the fore as more important than the man with the rifle. He looms to the fore as the only defender against the Ghost of Want.

When the question is asked, Can we feed the world?—if you mean, Have we land to feed the world?—yes; ten times the present population of the world. We ordinarily plant fifty million acres to wheat—and we have raised a billion bushels from that in one bumper year; but that is only half the land which could be plowed and seeded to wheat if we had the labor to do it. And Canada has planted barely ten per cent of her wheat lands.

Why not use the machine? That question almost throws the real farmer into apoplexy, though it seems so simple to the town man. Machinery costs money. It costs big money; and it can be wrecked and ruined in five minutes by inexperienced, unskilled labor. The West is full of wheat ranches bankrupted by the machinery mortgage. Last year help was so scarce and so deadly inefficient that it was a case of take what you could get or lose the crop. The married help in the farm-tenant houses was all right. It was the extra, picked up in the rush season, that played the mischief.

I do not think I exaggerate when I say that such help cost farmers hundreds of dollars in farm loss on machinery last year. I wish to commend this fact to town people who, at one stroke of the pen, think to remedy scarcity of labor by advocating high-priced machinery.

The idea has been advanced that the way to make a farm tractor go was to set it going right at first, then lock up the monkey wrench and keep anyone from changing a bolt or a screw. From the condition in which I found one grain drill and one corn planter on my own farm, I think a plentiful supply of fool killers would also help.

Then the whole question of bread bullets for 1917 is labor and seed. That is absolutely all. Loans will help; but nothing will help without labor. And if, with all the bands playing and all the flags waving, and pensions and glory promised, we yet cannot get recruits for the army and navy without an enforced draft, how are we going to get recruits for the army needed on the farms?

The Matter of Seed

I think of a lot of things. Free seed, for instance, would be more helpful than loans and speeches; pensions for farm workers would help, and be as just for the producer of bread bullets as for the producer of lead bullets. Also, if the real millionaire ladies set an example of the simple life—inexpensive clothing, self-help, nutritious food, reversion to keeping their own houses—they would lend that dignity to labor which would do much to readjust the young girl's shoddy values of clothes and lily hands being the hallmarks of social position.

Take the matter of seed: Many counties in the Eastern States and many banking associations in the Middle West are offering the farmers low-rate loans to buy seed; but the loans have to be repaid. Well-off farmers don't need loans; and what poor farmers, mortgaged to the hilt now, are going to chance a late spring and execrably bad weather for wheat seed at from three and a half to four dollars a bushel when it can be got at all?

What the careful farmer will do is exactly what you or I should do in his place. He will borrow enough money to buy enough seed to tide his own household past the squeeze; but if he could repay the loan in wheat or potatoes—what? He would chance a big debt, of course; for if he has to pay back big money for the public service of trying to save the world from hunger, chancing weather and help—which will cost him many times the money borrowed for seed—it is to the farmer a case of "heads, you win; tails, I lose." If he could repay his loan in wheat and potatoes he could go fifty-fifty—increase the world's needed surplus of food and have enough left to give himself some wages for his hard work.

Take the question of wages: We'll suppose an organization of rich men, who think they are doing a public-spirited service by loaning a farmer money at low rates, advancing him money for wheat, oats, potatoes—great staples needed desperately by the world for human food and for stock feed to increase the supply of meat. We'll suppose he is a very scientific advanced farmer indeed. He buys only tested disinfected seed. He is going to put in fifty acres of wheat, which, at twenty bushels to the acre, will increase the world's supply a thousand bushels of wheat, or two hundred barrels of flour, or sixty thousand loaves of bread—food for two hundred men on the firing line for a year. That is pretty nearly as patriotic as going on the firing line himself with five sons, and five daughters as Red Cross nurses, though nobody has yet devised a medal for the farmer who does this vital service. And nobody has ever shouted for him before this year of hunger fright.

In the West he will need two bushels to the acre. In the East he will need three bushels to the acre. At three dollars and a half a bushel for seed wheat the bankers in the East will loan him 50 acres × 3 bushels × $3.50 = $525. In the West they will loan him 50 acres × 2 bushels × $3.50 = $350. Whether he does the work himself or hires it done, it will cost him seven dollars an acre to seed, harvest and thresh—or another $350. In the East he will be in debt for the crop $875; in the West, $700. If he gets a thousand bushels, and sells at George Perkins' advocated price of one dollar and a half a bushel, he will be almost fifty-fifty in either case; but the season has been unusually bad—cold, damp ground in the East; worse in the West.

Prohibitive Wages

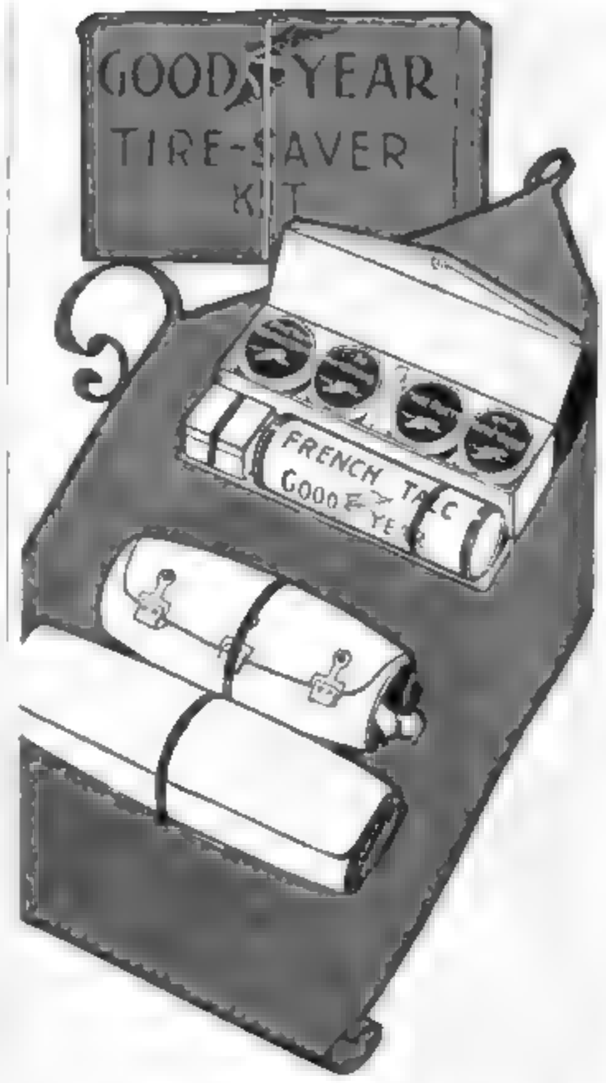
Suppose he is caught by frost in the West or flattened by a midsummer rain in the East! Suppose he makes only five bushels to the acre! I have made as high as forty, and I have made as low as five. He would barely break even. He would have nothing for his own labor; and he has been up against that kind of proposition too long to relish it. The bank patriots are taking no risks in their loan. The farmers are taking all the risks. That is why this form of effort will do little to relieve the food shortage. Change the terms of the loan to repayment in seed, and every farmer would gamble on chances.

You can work the same problem out for yourself in oats and potatoes. Figure oats at a dollar for common seed; a dollar and seventy-five cents for disinfected pedigreed seed. Figure potatoes at two dollars and a half for common seed, twelve bushels to the acre; three to four dollars for disinfected pedigreed seed. Add to the cost of potatoes forty dollars an acre for fertilizer—it used to be twenty-five—and not less than twenty-five dollars an acre for the labor of spraying and hilling and cultivating. In the West you may get as high as six hundred bushels to the acre; you should certainly get two hundred. In the East you had better not figure higher than two hundred bushels to the acre; and the average is closer to eighty.

So much for loan remedies to fend off world hunger.

How about wages? When unskilled farm labor exceeds fifty dollars a month—I don't care what you are raising: apples, potatoes, wheat, barley, corn or milk—I defy you to keep books accurately and break even. I have tried it in each; and though I wish I could pay worthy labor fifty dollars an hour, as a matter of not "going broke," I can't pay more than fifty dollars a month—and keep going. When I stop they stop. And I know of farmers who shut down operations this year because they could not break even, whose men were riotous and saucy for fifty dollars a month; whose same men came back crying for their old jobs at thirty dollars after the farmer had been compelled to sell out.

What with foreign spies fomenting munition strikes in 1915–16, and labor by piecework rising to eleven dollars a day for men in speedy work, and the cost of material increasing, as in the case of steel, from two cents a pound to seven cents—there was not a factory in the country that was not up against the same problem as the farmer. What did the factories do? They did what Schwab has always done—they inaugurated profit-sharing systems. So must the farmers if they are to stay in business. This year, when the farmers' product is most needed, hundreds of farms have gone out of active business—reefed sails, battened down hatches, and prepared to lay to till the crisis passes.



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JAP ROSE SOAP

LATHERS INSTANTLY

Many men have inaugurated profit-sharing systems; fifty-fifty in many cases—that is, the head man pays half feed, half labor, and interest on a fair valuation of capital invested. With feed that was twenty-nine dollars a ton—now at fifty and sixty—and labor that was thirty-three dollars—now at forty—I do not think any manager can follow this system and not go broke for the unproductive months.

The other profit-sharing system is a third for depreciation and taxes and repairs and interest on investment, a third to the owner, a third to the worker, and all charges against returns before profits are divided. I know managers who did not clear a hundred dollars in the first year of such an arrangement, who in the fifth year of the arrangement were drawing from a hundred to a hundred and fifty dollars a month. It means close buying, ready cash, and an eye that discovers a bolt missing—not to mention dry hoofs in horses and variation in the milk flow in cows.

The Later Crops

Personally I have tried a straddle between the two systems—a straight guaranteed wage—like Bethlehem Steel; then a monthly percentage on profits. It seems to me farmers must adjust themselves to some such new system to meet the competition of short hours and factory wages, which at present are hectic and bedeviling to the whole economic world. Any manager who is not enough of a good sport to chance his best returns on the profits of his own management is not worth his salt. Sooner or later you will let him go; the sooner the better. Do it now!

Though wheat, meat and milk are the staples on which the human race depends for its well-being, there are many things besides this trio with which the farmer can stave off scarcity of food. Early potatoes go in now, but late potatoes can be planted as late as July and yet give a good crop; and by the time late potatoes are being planted early potatoes are coming up from Texas and the South.

The wheat crop put in after May tenth may run big risks; but our grandfathers did pretty well, thank you, on oatmeal porridge. Some of the world's greatest scholars have gone through Edinburgh and Oxford and Cambridge on an oatmeal diet; and if the protein of that oatmeal had anything to do with their brains we might do well to go back to the diet. This generation has got out of the habit and exchanged frugality for motor cars and silk petticoats; but some of the bravest men who ever carried rifles advanced over the frontier of the South on a diet of corn bread.

Cereals may not grow well after May tenth; but, as far north as the Canadian Boundary, corn can go in as late as July first and yet mature in time to escape frost. We may not like rye and buckwheat, but chickens and hogs do; and if the chickens satisfy their hunger on rye and buckwheat we can satisfy ours on chicken, eggs and ham. The same thing holds good of mangels—or coarse cowbeets—and turnips and carrots and beans and cowpeas. These can all be planted after July first. The thing is to wake the public up to the necessity for such substitutes, both for human food and animal feed.

The main good from the back-garden campaign is bound to come from the reversion back to hand toil of people whom other people imitate as leaders; and yet, saying nothing to decry the ladies in khaki trousers who shoulder the spade, the greatest good—the great saving in human food—would result from the reversion of women back to their own home-making job. The man is the producer of raw material—the hunter who bags and brings home the game, either in wages, or profits, or stocks, or bonds. The woman is the manufacturer of the raw material into happiness and welfare.

Unfortunately much of the manufacturing has gone out of woman's hands in the home into man's hands in the factory. Take bread as an example: We are all howling about the doubling of the price of bread. Yet the remedy remains in the hands of every housekeeper. Flour at even fifteen dollars a barrel, where it used to be four and a half, will produce three hundred and thirty loaves with an extra cost of not more than a dollar and a half—that is, if we buy our bread from a factory it costs thirty-three dollars for three hundred and thirty loaves. If we bake it in our own kitchens—the way our thrifty ancestors did on ironing day when the fire was going, anyway—we could have those big loaves still at five cents.

If space permitted, the same problem could be worked out in those home-cured hams of which Virginians rave, or home-made scald-cream butter. Or work out the problem of home-cured beef, at even the present high price of beef on the hoof. We'll suppose you buy a small nine-hundred-pound beef. We'll suppose you pay eight cents a pound. A year ago it was five and six cents—at least, that was the price I received for beef I shipped. Your beef costs you seventy-two dollars. The hide, heart and rib steak—though that is not the technical name for it—the liver, the head cheese, and such pieces, will pay for freight, killing and curing. Count discard at fifty per cent. You have four hundred and fifty pounds left, costing you seventy-two dollars, or sixteen cents a pound, compared to twenty-eight and thirty-eight cents which you are paying now; in fact, hundreds of farmers would ship you the meat, ready to be cured, at a round yearly flat rate of fifteen cents. But this home manufacture of food is not done without personal supervision, and it isn't a kind of supervision you can hire unless you are going to pay thirty-eight cents a pound for your beef.

Rich, But Not Proud

Let me give another case of saving through personal supervision. I suppose most practical gardeners know that the big potato with small weak eyes does not make so good seed as the smaller potato with many vigorous eyes. Now I know a housewife who has such big potatoes. When the potatoes were being prepared for meals she snipped off the fat end, thick with eyes, cauterized the cut with slight heat, and from the waste of her potato peelings got seed enough for her garden. These are things that don't make a whoop in headlines, but they count in the year's bills. They are the things foreign housekeepers know and practice.

A favorite catchword of the last year among theatricals has been: "Come out of the kitchen!" I should like to sound the reverse of that shoddy slogan: "Forward via the Department of the Universal Interior!" Many a girl now pounding her life out on a factory machine would be much happier as a commissariat officer feeding a balanced ration to the family. You see, I avoid those shoddy phrases about the household drudgery. All work is drudgery unless you bring a spirit to it that translates it into service.

The following story is aside from the saving of the world from hunger, but it is apropos of the shoddy slogan about kitchen work. It concerns one of the richest and finest houses on Fifth Avenue, where the mother of a very great magnate dwells. He came up to his present opulence via the shirtsleeve route. He began at under four dollars a week. He sweat blood and agony to accumulate his first thousand dollars. Then he worked almost twenty-four hours out of twenty-four to get his first hundred thousand. His first million came easier; but, with a rich wife, he moved out on Long Island Sound.

It was part of the family routine that once a week the children, with their governess, should report to their grandmother on Fifth Avenue. One day the butler grinned sheepishly; first said the grandmother was out; then blundered out that she was in, but she could not possibly be seen. Now the eldest urchin had his father's jaw. He was used to going where he set out to go, and he demanded to know why his grandmother could not be seen. He demanded with all the insolence of a very young, very rich, very much unspanked youth; and the butler let him have the answer full in the face:

"Because, sir, your grandmother is in the basement teaching those fool laundry maids how not to ruin blankets."

In other words, she was reading the riot act over the washtub. And when the great man was told this story by his pampered wife he laughed uproariously. He was possibly thinking of those blankets costing as much as the first savings over which he had sweat blood and agony. If there had not been that in her, would there have been success in him?

Forty Years of Neglect

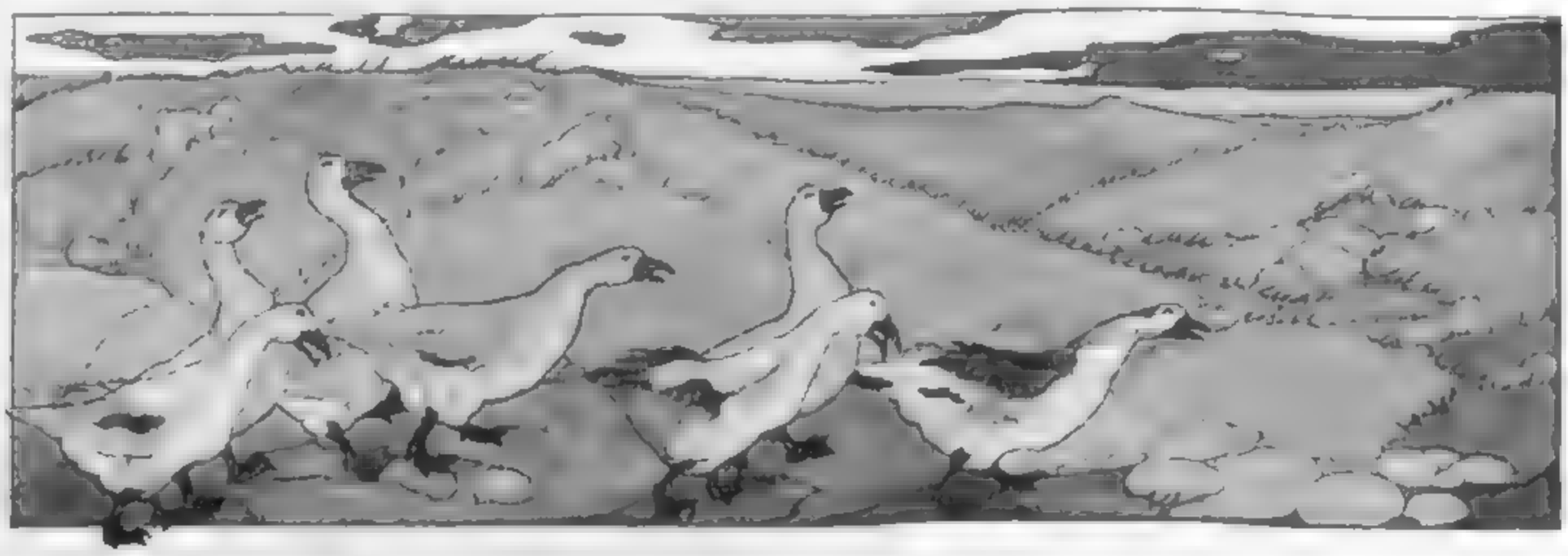
But all these things—loans, help to get seed, substitutes for food and feed, savings through administrations to the Department of the Interior—all these are subsidiary to the main fact; and the main fact in the food problem you may as well burn into your mind: The farmer must be put in a position to pay as good wages as the factory, be it steel or shipbuilding. When the farm worker receives as good wages as the factory worker, with the wholesome surroundings of outdoor life for his family and absolute security from want, horses and chains will not drag him to town.

When the farmer can pay as good wages as the factory, labor will come back to the land in floods. How can the farmer be put in that position? Only in one way—and that is the one food problem of the world to-day—by selling direct to the consumer, and so not losing seventy per cent of his price. I care not how this is done—whether by coöperative agencies like the Orange Growers of California; or by government distribution, as Dillon advocates; or by government regulation, as Perkins suggests.

It does not matter whether this is the thin edge of Socialism or the broad edge of Paternalism. The point is, the farmer must realize a profit that will pay him to increase output. Otherwise all the starvation in the world will not force an increase of food. If you don't make profits you cannot afford man power.

This does not mean increased prices to the consumer. Prices could be cut thirty per cent to the consumer and yet increased forty per cent to the farmer. Such increase would enable the farmer to compete against factory wages.

This is the problem—and the only problem—for those to work out who ask America to feed the world; and the problem must be worked out now, or the world will go hungry before 1918. We are paying now in high cost of living for the neglect of this problem for forty years.



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Gas and oil, plus wear and tear, are the overhead expenses of the motor-driven delivery.

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The counterbalanced crankshaft of the RUSH motor automatically annuls the loss between power impulses, eliminates distortion and practically does away with vibration.

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It is the only delivery truck with the counterbalanced crankshaft motor, electric starting and lighting and shock absorbers as standard equipment.

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$870

"The Most for the Money in America"

RUSH MOTOR TRUCK CO., Philadelphia

THE G. A. C.—A SUB-DEB STORY

(Continued from Page 8)

kitchin and moved off the soup kettle to boil some dish towles. The cook had then set his dish towles out in the yard and upset the pan, pretending that a dog had done so. Hannah had told Jane about it.

At 1:45 William had gone out, remarking that he was going to the drug store to get some poizon for the cook. Jane had followed him and *he had really mailed a Letter.*

APRIL 14TH. I have taken a heavy cold and am, alas, *hors de combat.* The Familey has issued orders that I am to stay in bed this A. M. and if stopped sneazing by 2 P. M. am to be allowed up but not to go to Camp.

Elaine is in bed to, and her mother called up and asked my Parents if they would not send me back to school, as I had upset everything and they could not even get Elaine to the Dentist's, as she kept talking about teeth being unimportant when the safety of the Nation was hanging in the Balence.

As I lie here and reflect, it seems to me that everywhere around me I see nothing but Sloth and Indiference. One would beleive that nothing worse could happen than a Cook giving notice. Will nothing rouze us to our Peril? Are we to sit here, talking about housecleaning and sowing women and how wide are skirts, when the minions of the German Army may at any time turn us into slaves? Never!

LATER: Carter Brooks has sent me a book on First Aid. Ye gods, what chance have I at a wounded Soldier when every person of the Femanine Sex in this Country is learning First Aid, and even hoping for small accidents so they can practice on them? No, there are some who can use their hands (i. e. at bandageing and cutting small boils, etcetera. Leila has just cut one for Henry, the chauffeur, although not yellow on top and therfore not ready) and there are others who do not care for Nursing, as they turn sick at the sight of blood, and must therfore use their brains. I am of this class.

William brought up my tray this morning. I gave him a peircing glance and said:

"Is the Emblem out?"

He avoided my eye.

"Not yet, miss," he said. "Your father left sharp orders as to being disturbed before 8 A. M."

"As it is now 9:30," I observed coldly, "there has been time enough lost. I am *hors de combat,* or I would have atended to it long ago."

He had drawn a stand beside the bed, and I now sat up and looked at my Tray. The orange was cut through the wrong way!

Had I needed proof, dear log or journal, I had it there. For any *Butler* knows how to cut a breakfast orange.

"William," I said, as he was going out, "how long have you been a Butler?"

Perhaps this was a foolish remark as being calculated to put him on his guard. But "out of the fullness of the Heart the Mouth speaketh." It was said. I could not withdraw my words.

He turned suddenly and looked at me.

"Me, miss?" he said in a far to inocent tone. "Why, I don't know exactly." He then smiled and said: "There are some who think I am not much of a Butler now."

"Just a word of advise, William," I said in a signifacant tone. "A real Butler cuts an orange the other way. I am telling you, because although having grape fruit mostly, some morning some one may order an orange, and one should be very careful *these days.*"

Shall I ever forget his face as he went out? No, never. He knew that I knew, and was one to stand no nonsense. But I had put him on his guard. It was to be a battle of Intellagence, his brains against mine.

Although regretful at first of having warned him, I feel now that it is as well. I am one who likes to fight in the open, not as a serpent coiled in the grass and pretending, like the one in the Bible, to be a friend.

3 P. M. No new developements. Although forbidden to go out nothing was said about the roof. I have therfore been up on it exchanging Signals with Lucy Gray next door by means of flags. As their roof slants and it is still raining, she sliped once and slid to the gutter. She then sat there and screamed like a silly, although they got her back with a clothesline which the Policeman asked for.

But Mrs. Gray was very unpleasant from one of their windows and said I was a Murderer at heart.

Has the Average Parent no soul?

NOON, APRIL 15. (In Camp.)

This is a fine day, being warm and bright, and all here but Elaine and Mademoiselle—the latter not greatly missed, as although French and an Ally she thinks we should be knitting etcetera, and ordered the car to be driven away whenever we tried to load the gun.

A quorum being present, it was moved and seconded that we express wherever possable our disaproval in war time of

1. Cigarettes
2. Drinking
3. Low-necked dresses
4. Parties
5. Fancy deserts
6. Golf and other sports—except when necesary for health
7. Candy

We also pleged ourselves to try and make our Families rise early, and to insist on Members of our Families hoisting and taking down the Stars and Stripes, instead of having it done by those who may not respect it, or only aparently so.

Passed unanamously.

The class in Telegraphy reported that it could do little or nothing, as it is easy to rap out a dot but not possable to rap a dash. We therfore gave it up for The Study of the Rifle and its Care.

Luncheon today: Canned salmon, canned beans and vanila wafers.

2 A. M., APRIL 16TH. I have seen a Spy at his nefarius work!

I am still trembling. At one moment I think that I must go again to Father and demand consideration, as more mature than he seems to think and absolutely certain I was not walking in my sleep. But the next moment I think not, but that if I can discover William's plot myself, my Familey will no longer ignore me and talk about my studying Vocal next winter instead of coming out.

To return to William, dear Log or Journal. I had been asleep for some time, but wakened up to find myself standing in the dining room with a napkin in each hand. I was standing in the Flag Signal position for A, which is the only one I remember as yet without the Manual.

I then knew that I had been walking in my sleep, having done so several times at School, and before Examinations being usualy tied by my Room-mate with a string from my ankle to the door knob, so as in case of getting out of bed to wake up.

I was rather scared, as I do not like the dark, feeling when in it that Something is behind me and about to cluch at me.

I therfore stood still and felt like screaming, when suddenly the door of the Butler's pantrey squeaked. Could I then have shreiked I would have, but I had no breath for the purpose.

Somebody came into the room and felt for the table, passing close by me and stepping by accident on the table bell, which is under the rug.

It rang and scared me more than ever. We then both stood still, and I hoped if he or it heard my Heart thump he or it would think it was the hall clock.

After a time the footsteps moved on around the table and out into the hall. I was still standing in position A, being as it were frosen thus.

However, seeing that it was something human and not otherwise, as its shoes creaked, I now became angry at the thought that Treason was under the roof of my home. I therfore followed the Traitor out into the hall and looked in through the door at him. He had a flash light, and was opening the drawers of my father's desk. It was William.

I then concealed myself behind my father's overcoat in the back hall, and considered what to do. Should I scream and be probably killed, thus dying a noble Death? Or should I remain still? I decided on the latter.

And now, dear Log or Journal, I must record what followed, which I shall do as acurately as I can, in case of having later on to call in the Secret Service and read this to them.

There is a safe built in my residence under the stairs, in which the silver service plates, etcetera, are stored, as to big for the Safe Deposit, besides being a nusance to send for every time there is a dinner.

This safe only my father can unlock, or rather, this I fondly beleived until tonight. But how diferent are the facts! For William walked to it, after listening at the foot of the stairs, and opened it as if he had done so before quite often. He then took from it my father's Dispach Case, locked the safe again, and went back through the dining room.

It is a terrable thing to see a crime thus comitted and to know not what to do. Had William repaired again to his chamber, or would he return for the plates, etcetera?

At last I crept upstairs to my father's room, which was locked. I could not waken him by gently taping, and I feared that if I made a noise I would warn the lurking Criminal in his den. I therfore went to my bathroom and filled my bath sponge with water, and threw it threw the transom in the direction of my father's bed.

As it happened it struck on his face, and I heard him getting up and talking dreadfully to himself. Also turning on the lights. I put my mouth to the keyhole and said:

"Father!"

Had he but been quiet, all would have been well. But he opened the door and began roaring at me in a loud tone, calling me an imp of Mischeif and other things, and yelling for a towle.

I then went in and closed the door and said:

"That's right. Bellow and spoil it all."

"Spoil what?" he said, glareing at me. "There's nothing left to spoil, is there? Look at that bed! Look at me!"

"Father," I said, "while you are raging about over such a thing as a wet Sponge, which I was driven to in desparation, the house is or rather has been robbed."

He then sat down on the bed and said:

"You are growing up, Bab, although it is early for the burglar obsession. Go on, though. Who is robbing us and why? Because if he finds any Money I'll divide with him."

Such a speach discouraged me, for I can bear anything except to be laughed at. I therfore said:

"William has just taken your Dispach Case out of the safe. I saw him."

"William!"

"William," I repeated in a tence voice.

He was then alarmed and put on his slippers and dressing gown.

"You stay here," he observed. "Personally I think you've had a bad dream, because William can't possably know the combination of that safe. It's as much as I can do to remember it myself."

"It's a Spy's business to know everything, father."

He gave me a peircing glance.

"He's a Spy, is he?" he then said. "Well, I might have known that all this war preparation of yours would lead to Spies. It has turned more substantile intellects than yours."

He then swiched on the hall lights from the top of the stairs and desended. I could but wait at the top, fearing at each moment that a shot would ring out, as a Spy's business is such as not to stop at Murder.

My father unlocked the safe and looked in it. Then he closed it again and disapeared into the back of the house. How agonising were the moments that ensued! He did not return, and at last, feeling that he had met a terrable Death, I went down.

I went through the fatal dining room to the pantrey and there found him not only alive, but putting on a plate some cold roast beef and two apples.

"I thought we'd have a bite to eat," he said. "I need a little nourishment before getting back into that puddle to sleep."

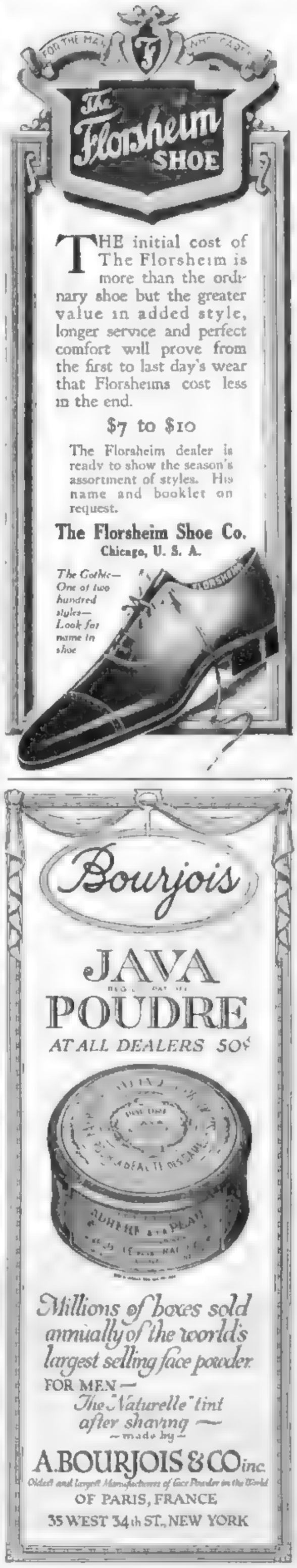
"Father!" I said. "How can you talk of food when knowing ——"

"Get some salt and pepper," he said, "and see if there is any mustard mixed. You've had a dream, Bab. That's all. The Case is in the safe, and William is in his bed, and in about two minutes a cold repast is going to be in me."

Ye gods!

He is now asleep, and I am writing this at 2 A. M.

I, and I alone, know that there is a Criminal in this house, serving our meals and quareling with the cook as if a regular Butler, but really a Spy. And although I cry aloud in my anguish, those who hear me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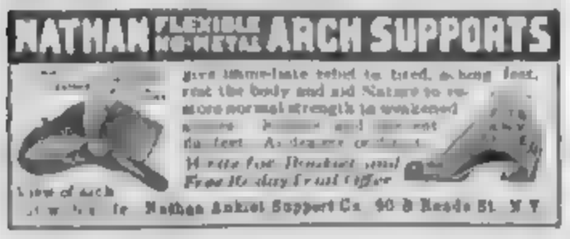

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but maintain that I am having a nightmare.

I am a Voice crying in the Wilderness.

APRIL 16TH: 9 A. M. William is going about as usual, but looks as though he had not had enough sleep.

Father has told mother about last night, and I am not to have coffee in the evenings. This is not surprizing, as they have always considered me from a physical and not a mental standpoint.

My very Soul is in revolt.

6 P. M. This being Sunday, camp did not convene until 3 P. M. and then but for a short time. We flag-signaled mostly and are now to the letter E. Also got the gun loaded at last and fired it several times, I giving the orders as in the book, page 262, in a loud voice:

(1) "Hold the rifle on the mark." (2) "Aim properly." (3) "Squeeze the Triger properly." (4) "Call the shot."

We had but just started, and Mademoiselle had taken the car and gone back to the Adams's residence to bring out Mr. Adams, as she considers gun-shooting as dangerous, when a farmer with to dogs came over a fense and objected, saying that it was Sunday and that his cows were getting excited anyhow and would probably not give any milk.

"These are War times," I said, in a dignafied manner. "And if you are doing nothing for the country yourself you should at least allow others to do so."

He was a not unreasonable tipe and this seemed to effect him. For he sat down on one of our stools and said:

"Well, I don't know about that, miss. You see ——"

"Captain," I put in. Because he might as well know that we meant busness.

"Captain, of course!" he said. "You'll have to excuze me. This thing of Women in War is new to me. But now don't you think that you'll be doing the country a service not to interfere with the food supply and so on?" He then looked at me and remarked. "If I was you, miss or Captain, I would not come any to close to my place. My wife was pretty well bruized up that time you upset our milk waggon."

It was indeed he! But he was not unpleasant about it, although remarking that if he had a daughter and a machine, although he had niether and expected niether, the one would never be allowed to have the other until carefully taught on an emty road. He then said:

"You girls have been wig-wagging, I see."

"We are studying flag signals."

"Humph!" he observed. "I used to know something about that myself, in the Spanish war. Now let's see what I remember. Watch this. And somebody keep an eye on that hill and report if a blue calico dress is charging from the enemies' Trenches."

It was very strange to see one who apeared to be but an ordinary Farmer, or Milkman, pick up our flags and wave them faster than we could read them. It was indeed thrilling, although discourageing, because if that was the regular rate of Speed we felt that we could never acheive it. I remarked this, and he then said:

"Work hard at it, and I reckon I can slip over now and then and give you a lesson. Any girl that can drive an automobile hell-bent" (these are his words, not mine) "can do most anything she sets her mind on. You leave that gun alone, and work at the signaling, and I guess I can make out to come every afternoon. I start out about 2 A. M. and by noon I'm mostly back."

We all thanked him, and saluted as he left. He saluted to, and said:

"Name's Schmidt, but don't worry about that. Got some German blood way back, but who hasn't?"

He then departed with his to dogs, and we held a meeting, and voted to give up everything but signaling.

Passed unanamously.

8 P. M. I am now at home. Dinner is over, being early on Sundays because of Servants' days out and so on.

Leila had a Doctor to dinner. She met him at the Red Cross, and he would, I think, be a good husband. He sat beside me, and I talked mostly about her, as I wished him to know that, although having her faults as all have, she would be a good wife

"She can sow very well," I told him, "and she would probably like to keep House, but of course has no chance here, as mother thinks no one can manige but herself."

"Indeed!" he said, looking at me. "But of course she will probably have a house of her own before long."

"Very likely," I said. "Although she has had a number of chances and always refuses."

"Probably the right Person has not happened along," he observed.

"Perhaps," I said, in a signifacant tone. "Or perhaps he does not know he is the right Person."

William, of whom more anon, was passing the ice cream just then. I refused it, saying:

"Not in war time."

"Barbara," mother said, stiffly. "Don't be a silly. Eat your desert."

As I do not like seens I then took a little, but no cake.

During dinner Leila made an observation which has somewhat changed my opinion of Carter Brooks. She said his mother did not want him to enlist, which was why he had not. She has no other sons and probably never will have, being a widow.

I have now come to William.

Lucy Gray had been on Secret Service that day, but did the observing from the windows of their house, as my Familey was at home and liable to poke into my room at any moment.

William had made it up with the cook, Lucy, said, and had showed her a game of Solitaire in the morning by the kitchin window. He had then fallen asleep in the pantrey, the window being up. In the afternoon, luncheon being over and the Familey out in the car for a ride, he had gone out into the yard behind the house and pretended to look to see if the crocuses were all gone. But soon he went into the Garage and was there a half hour.

Now it is one of the rules of this Familey that no house servants go to the Garage, owing to taking up the Chauffeur's time when he should be oiling up, etcetera. Also owing to one Butler stealing the Chauffeur's fur coat and never being seen again.

But alas, what am I to do? For although I reported this being in the Garage to mother, she but said:

"Don't worry me about him, Bab. He is hopelessly inefficient. But there are no Men Servants to be had and we'll have to get along."

1 A. M. I have been on watch all evening, but everything is quiet.

I must now go to bed, as the Manual says, page 166:

"Retire early and get a good night's rest."

APRIL 17TH. In camp.

Luncheon of sardines, pickels, and eclairs as no one likes to cook, owing to smoke in the eyes, etcetera.

Camp convened at 12 noon, as we spent the morning helping to get members of the Other Sex to enlist. We pinned a pink Carnation on each Enlister, and had to send for more several times. We had quite a Crowd there and it was very polite except one, who said he would enlist twice for one kiss. The Officer however took him by the ear and said the Army did not wish such as he. He then through (threw?) him out.

This morning I warned the new Chauffeur, feeling that if he had by chance any Milatary Secrets in the Garage he should know about William.

"William!" he said, looking up from where he was in the Repair Pit at the time. "*William!*"

"I am sorry, Henry," I said, in a quiet voice. "But I fear that William is not what he apears to be."

"I think you must be mistaken, miss." He then hamered for some time. When he was through he climbed out and said: "There's to much Spy talk going on, to my thinking, miss. And anyhow, what would a Spy be after in this house?"

"Well," I observed, in an indignant manner, for I am sensative and hate to have my word doubted, "as my father is in a business which is now War Secrets and nothing else, I can understand, if you can't."

He then turned on the engine and made a terrable noise, to see if hitting on all cylinders. When he shut it off I told him about William spending a half hour in the Garage the day before. Although calm before he now became white with anger and said:

"Just let me catch him sneaking around here, and I'll—what's he after me for anyhow? I haven't got any Milatary Secrets."

I then sugested that we work together, as I felt sure William was after my father's blue prints and so on, which were in the Dispach Case in the safe at night. He said he was not a Spy-catcher, but if I caught William at any nonsense I might let him know, and if he put a padlock on the outside of his door and mother saw it and raised a fuss, I could stand up for him.

I agreed to do so.

10 P. M. Doctor Connor called this evening, to bring Sis a pattern for a Surgicle Dressing. They spent two hours in the Library looking at it. Mother is rather upset, as she thinks a Doctor makes a poor husband, having to be out at night and never able to go to Dinners owing to baby cases and so on.

She said this to father, but I heard her and observed:

"Mother, is a doctor then to have no Familey life, and only to bring into the world other people's children?"

She would usualy have replied to me, but she merely sighed, as she is not like herself, being worried about father.

She beleives that my Father's Life is in danger, as although usualy making steel, which does not explode and is therfore a safe business, he is now making shells, and every time it has thundered this week she has observed:

"The mill!"

She refuses to be placated, although knowing that only those known to the foremen can enter, as well as having a medal with a number on it, and at night a Password which is new every night.

I know this, because we have this evening made up a list of Passwords for the next week, using a magazine to get them out of, and taking advertizements, such as Cocoa, Razers, Suspenders and so on. Not these actualy but others like them.

We then learned them off by heart and burned the paper, as one cannot be to carefull with a Spy in the house, even if not credited as such by my Parents.

Have forgotten the Emblem. Must take it in.

APRIL 18TH. In camp.

Henry brought me out in the big car, as mine has a broken spring owing to going across the field with it.

He says he has decided to help me, and that I need not watch the safe, etcetera, at night. I therfore gave him a key to the side door, and now feel much better. He also said not to have any of the Corps detailed to watch William in the daytime, as he can do so, because the Familey is now spending all day at the Red Cross.

He thinks the Password idea fine, as otherwise almost anybody could steal a medal and get into the mill.

William seems to know that I know something, and this morning, while opening the door for me, he said:

"I beg pardon, Miss Bab, but I see Henry is driving you today."

"It is not hard to see," I replied, in a hauty manner. It is not the Butler's business who is driving me, and anyhow I had no intention of any unecessary conversation with a Spy.

"Your own car being out of order, miss?"

"It is," I retorted. "As you will probably be going to the Garage, although against orders, while Henry is out, you can see it yourself."

I then went out and sat in front in order to converce with Henry, as the back is lonly. I looked up at the door and William was standing there, with a very queer look on his face.

3 P. M. Mr. Schmidt is late and the Corps is practising, having now got to K.

Luncheon was a great surprize, as at 12:45 a car apeared on the sky line and was reported by our Sentry as aproaching.

When it came near it was seen to be driven by Carter Brooks, and to contain several baskets, etcetera. He then dismounted and saluted and said:

"The Commiseriat has sent me forward with the day's rations, sir."

"Very good," I returned, in an official manner. "Corps will line up and count. Odd numbers to unpack and evens to set the table."

This of course was figurative, as we have no table, but eat upon the ground.

He then carried over the baskets and a freeser of ice cream. He had brought a fruit salid, cold chicken, potatoe Chips, cake and ice-cream. It was a delightfull Repast, and not soon to be forgoten by the Corps.

Mademoiselle got out of the Adams's car and came over, although she had her own

(Continued on Page 53)

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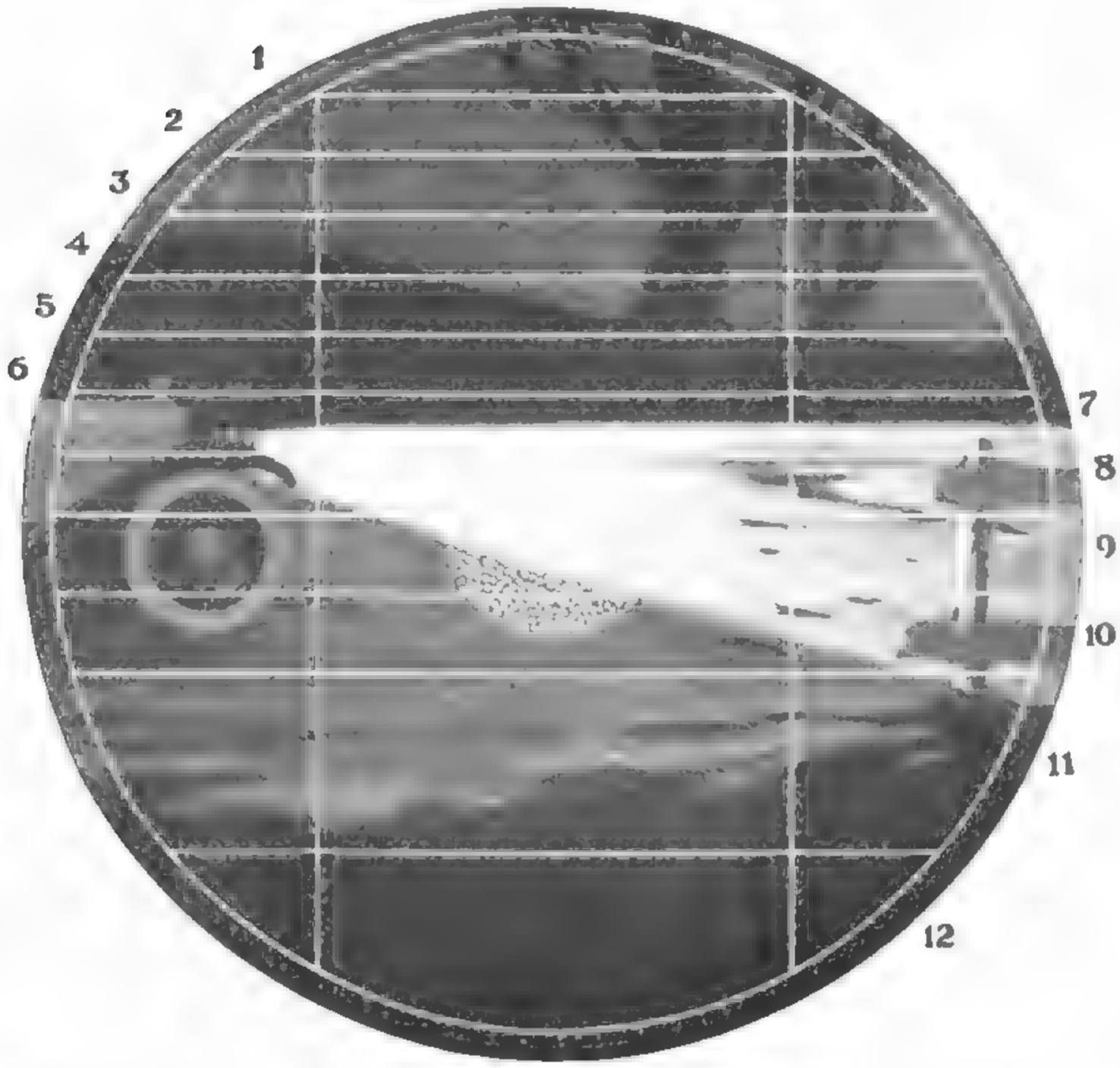

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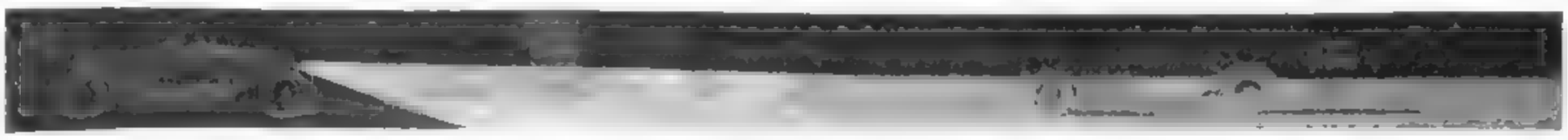

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(Continued from Page 50)

lunch as usual. She then had the Chauffeur carry over a seat cushon, and to see her one would beleive she was always pleasant. I have no use for those who are only pleasant in the presence of Food or Strangers.

Carter Brooks sat beside me, and observed:

"You see, Bab, although a Slacker myself, I cannot bear that such brave spirits as those of the Girls' Aviation Corps should go hungry."

I then gave him a talking-to, saying that he had been a great disapointment, as I thought one should rise to the Country's Call and not wait until actualy needed, even when an only son.

He made no defence, but said in a serious tone:

"You see, it's like this. I am not sure of myself, Bab. I don't want to enlist because others of the Male Sex, as you would say, are enlisting and I'm ashamed not to. And I don't want to enlist just to wear a Unaform and get away from business. I don't take it as lightly as all that."

"Have you no Patriotism?" I demanded. "Can you repeat unmoved the celabrated lines:

"Lives there a man with Soul so dead
He (or who) never to himself hath said
This is my own, my Native Land."

I then choked up, although being Captain I felt that tears were a femanine weakness and a bad Example.

Mademoiselle had at that moment felt an ant somewhere and was not looking. Therfore she did not perceive when he reached over and put his hand on my foot, which happened to be nearest to him. He then pated my foot, and said:

"What a nice kid you are!"

It is strange, now that he and the baskets, etcetera, have gone away, that I continue to think about his pating my foot. Because I have known him for years, and he is nothing to me but a good friend and not sentamental in any way.

I feel this way. Suppose he enlists and goes away to die for his Country, as a result of my Speach. Can I endure to think of it? No. I did not feel this way about Tom Gray, who has gone to Florida to learn to fly, although at one time thinking the Sun rose and set on him.

It is very queer.

The Sentry reports Mr. Schmidt and the dogs coming over the fense.

EVENING. Doctor Connor is here again. He is taking Sis to a meeting where he is to make a Speach. I ofered to go along, but they did not apear to hear me, and perhaps it is as well, for I must watch William, as Henry is taking them in the car. I am therfore writing on the stairs, as I can then hear him washing Silver in the pantrey.

Mother has been very sweet to me this evening. I cannot record how I feel about the change. I used to feel that she loved me when she had time to do so, but that she had not much time, being busy with Bridge, Dinners, taking Leila out and Housekeeping, and so on. But now she has more time. Tonight she said:

"Bab, suppose we have a little talk. I have been thinking all day what I would do if you were a boy, and took it into that Patriotic head of yours to enlist. I couldn't bear it, that's all."

I was moved to tears by this afection on the part of my dear Parent, but I remembered being Captain of the Corps, and so did not weep. She then said that she would buy us an Emblem for the Camp, and have a luncheon packed each day. She also ofered me a wrist watch.

I cannot but think what changes War can make, bringing people together because of worry and danger, and causing gifts, such as flags and watches, and ofering to come out and see us in a day or so.

It is now 9 P. M. and the mention of the flag has reminded me that our own Emblem still fluters beneath the Starry Sky.

LATER: William is now in the Garage. I am watching from the window of the sowing room.

The terrable thought comes—has he a wireless concealed there, by which he sends out clandestine messages, perhaps to Germany?

This I know. He cannot get into Henry's room, as the padlock is now on.

LATER: He has returned, foiled!

APRIL 19TH. Nothing new. Working hard at signaling. Mr. Schmidt says I am doing well and if he was an officer he would give me a job.

APRIL 20TH. Nothing new. But Doctor Connor has told Leila that my father looks sick or at least not well. When I went to him, being frightened, as he is my only Male Parent and very dear to me, he only laughed and said:

"Nonsense!" We're rushed at the Mill, that's all. You see, Bab, War is more than Unaforms and saluting. It is a nasty Business. And of course, between your forgetting The Emblem until midnight, when I am in my first sleep, and putting it out at Dawn, I am not getting all the rest I really need."

He then took my hand and said:

"Bab, you haven't by any chance been in my Dispach Case for anything, have you?"

"Why? Is something missing?" I said in a startled tone.

"No. But sometimes I think—however, never mind about that. I think I'll take the case upstairs and lock my door hereafter, and if the Emblem is an hour or to late, we will have to stand for it. Eight o'clock is early enough for any Flag, especialy if it has been out late the night before."

"Father," I said, in a tence voice, "I have before this warned you, but you would not listen, considering me imature and not knowing a Spy when I see one."

I then told him what I knew about William, but he only said:

"Well, the only thing that matters is the Password, and that cannot be stolen. As for William, I have had his record looked up by the Police, and it is fine. Now go to bed, and send in the Spy. I want a Scotch and Soda."

APRIL 21ST. Henry and I have searched the Garage, but there is no Wireless, unless in a Chimney. Henry says this is often done by Spies, who raise a Mast out of the chimney by night.

Tonight I shall watch the Chimney, as there is an ark light near it, so that it is as bright as Day.

The cook has given notice, as she and William cannot get along, and as he can only make to salids and those not cared for by the other servants.

APRIL 28TH. After eight days I am at last allowed this Log or Journal, being supported with pillows while writing as Doctor Connor says it will not hurt me.

He has just gone, and I am sure kissed Leila in the hall while Hannah and the nurse were getting pen, ink, etcetera. Perhaps after all Romanse has at last come to my beloved sister, who will now get married. If so, I can come out in November, which is the best time, as December is busy with Xmas and so on.

How shall I tell the tradgic story of that night? How can I put, by means of a pen, my Experiences on paper? There are some things which may not be written, but only felt, and that mostly afterwards, as during the time one is to excited to feel.

On April 22nd, Saturday, I had a bad cold and was not allowed to go to camp. I therfore slept most of the day, being one to sleep easily in daytime, except for Hannah coming in to feel if I was feverish.

My father did not come home to dinner, and later on telephoned that he was not to be looked for untill he arived, owing to something very important at the Mill and a night shift going on for the first time.

We ate Dinner without him, and mother was very nervous and kept saying that with foremen and so on she did not see why father should have to kill himself.

Ye gods! Had we but realised the Signifacance of that remark! But we did not, but went on living in a Fool's Paradice, and complaining because William had put to much vinigar in the French Dressing.

William locked up the house and we retired to our Chambers. But as I had slept most of the day I could not compose myself to Slumber, but sat up in my *robe de nuit* and reflected about Carter Brooks, and that perhaps it would be better for him not to enlist as there is plenty to be done here at home, where one is safe from bullets, machine guns and so on. Because, although not Sentamental about him or silly in any way, I felt that he should not go into danger if his mother objected. And after all one must consider mothers and other Parents.

I put a dressing gown over my *robe de nuit*, and having then remembered about the Wireless, I put out my light and sat in the window seat. But there was no Mast to be seen, and nothing but the ark light.

I then saw some one come in the drive and go back to the Garage, but as Henry has a friend who has been out of work and sleeps with him, although not told to the Familey, as probably objecting although why I could not see, since he used half of Henry's bed and therfore cost nothing—I considered that it was he.

It was not, however, as I shall now record in this Log or Journal.

I had perhaps gone to sleep in my place of watching, when I heard a rapping at my Chamber door. "Only this and nothing more." Poe—The Raven.

I at once opened the door, and it was the cook. She said that Henry had returned from the mill with a pain in his ear, and had telephoned to her by the house 'phone to bring over a hot water bottle, as father was driving himself home when ready.

She then said that if I would go over with her to the Garage and drop some laudinum into his ear, she being to nervous, and also taking my hot water bottle, she would be grateful.

Although not fond of her, owing to her giving notice and also being very fussy about cake taken from the pantrey, I am one to go always where needed. I also felt that a member of the Corps should not shirk Duty, even a Chauffeur's ear. I therfore got my hot water bottle and some slippers, etcetera, and we went to the Garage.

I went up the stairs to Henry's room, but what was my surprize to find him not there, but only his friend. I then said:

"Where is Henry?"

The cook was behind me, and she said:

"He is coming. He has to walk around because it aches so." Then Henry's friend said, in a queer voice:

"Now, Miss Bab, there is nothing to be afraid of, unless you make a noise. If you do there will be trouble and that at once. We three are going to have a little talk."

Ye gods! I tremble even to remember his words, for he said

"What we want is simple enough. We want tonight's Password at the Mill. *Don't scream!*"

I dropped the hot water bottle, because there is no use pretending one is not scared at such a time. One is. But of course I would not tell them the Password, and the cook said

"Be careful, Miss Bab. We are not playing. We are in terrable ernest."

She did not sound like a cook at all, and she looked diferent, being very white and with to red spots on her cheeks.

"So am I," I responded, although with chattering teeth. "And just wait until the Police hear of this and see what happens. You will all be arested. If I scream ——"

"If you scream," said Henry's friend in an awfull voice, "you will never scream again."

There was now a loud report from below, which the neighbors afterwards said they heard, but considered gas in a muffler, which happens often and sounds like a shot. There was then a sort of low growl and somebody fell with a thump. Then the cook said to Henry's friend:

"Jump out of the window. They've got him!"

But he did not jump, but listened, and we heard Henry saying:

"Come down here, quick."

Henry's friend then went downstairs very rapidly, and I ran to the window thinking to jump out. But it was closed and locked, and anyhow the cook caught me and said, in a hissing manner:

"None of that, you little fool."

I had never been so spoken to, especialy by a cook, and it made me very angry. I then threw the bottle of laudinum at her, and broke a front tooth, also cutting her lip, although I did not know this until later, as I then fainted.

When I came to I was on the floor and William, whom I had considered a Spy, was on the bed with his hands and feet tied. Henry was standing by the door, with a revolver, and he said:

"I'm sorry, Miss Bab, because you are all right and have helped me a lot, especialy with that on the bed. If it hadn't been for you our Goose would have been cooked."

He then picked me up and put me in a chair, and looked at his watch.

"Now," he said, "we'll have that Password, because time is going and there are things to be done, quite a few of them."

I could see William then, and I saw his eyes were partly shut, and that he had been shot, because of blood, etcetera. I was about to faint again, as the sight of blood makes me sick at the stomache, but Henry held a bottle of amonia under my nose and said in a brutal way: "Here, none of that."

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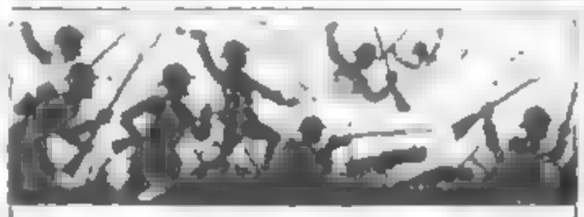

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I then said that I would not tell the Password, although killed for it, and he said if I kept up that atitude I would be, because they were desparate and would stop at nothing.

"There is no use being stubborn," he said, "because we are going to get that Password, and the right one to, because if the wrong one you, to, will be finished off in short order."

As I was now desparate myself I decided to shreik, happen what may. But I had merely opened my mouth to when he sprang at me and put his hand over my mouth. He then said he would be obliged to gag me, and that when I made up my mind to tell the Password, if I would nod my Head he would then remove the gag. As I grew pale at these words he threw up a window, because air prevents fainting.

He then tied a towle around my mouth and lips, putting part of it between my teeth, and tied it in a hard knot behind. He also tied my hands behind me, although I kicked as hard as possable, and can do so very well, owing to skating and so on.

How awfull were my sensations as I thus sat facing Death, and remembering that I had often been excused from Chapel when not necesary, and had been confirmed while pretending to know the Creed while not doing so. Also not always going to Sunday School as I should, and being inclined to skip my Prayers when very tired.

We sat there for a long time, which seemed Eternaties, Henry making dreadfull threats, and holding a revolver. But I would not tell the Password, and at last he went out, locking the door behind him, to consult with the other Spies.

I then heard a whisper, and saw that William was not dead. He said:

"Here, quick. I'll unloose your hands and you can drop out the window."

He did so, but just in time, as Henry returned, looking feirce and saying that I had but fifteen minutes more. I was again in my chair, and he did not percieve that my hands were now untied.

I must stop here, as my hands tremble to much to hold my trusty pen.

LATER. Leila has just been in. She kissed me in a fraternal manner, and I then saw that she wore an engagement ring. Well, such is Life. We only get realy acquainted with our Families when they die, or get married.

Doctor Connor came in a moment later and kissed me to, calling me his brave little Sister.

How pleasant it is to lie thus, having wine jelatine and squab and so on, and wearing a wrist watch with twenty-seven diamonds, and mother using the vibrater on my back to make me sleepy, etcetera. Also, to know that when one's father returns he will say:

"Well, how is the Patriot to-day?" and not smile while saying it.

I have recorded in this journal up to where I had got my hands loose, and Henry was going to shoot me in fifteen minutes.

We have thus come to Mr. Schmidt.

Suddenly Henry swore in an angry manner. This was because my father had brought the machine home and was but then coming along the drive. Had he come alone it would have been the end of him and the Mill, for Henry and his friend would have caught him, and my father is like me—he would die before giving the Password and blowing up all the men and so on in the Mill. But he brought the manager with him, as he lives out of town and there is no train after midnight.

My father said:

"Henry!"

So Henry replied:

"Coming, sir," and went out, but again locked the door.

Before he went out he said:

"Now mind, any noise up here and we will finish you and your father also. *Don't you overturn a chair by mistake, young lady.*"

He then went down, and I could hear my dear Parent's voice which I felt I would probably never hear again, discussing new tires and Henry's earache, which was not a real one, as I now knew.

I looked at William, but he had his eyes shut and I saw he was now realy unconscious. I then however heard a waggon in our alley, and I went to the window. What was my joy to see that it was Mr. Schmidt's milk waggon which had stopped under the ark light, with he himself on the seat. He was getting some milk bottles out, and I suppose he heard the talking in our Garage, for he stopped and then looked up. Then he dropped a milk bottle, but he stood still and stared.

With what anguished eyes, dear Log or Journal, did I look down at him, unable to speak or utter a sound. I then tried to untie the Towle but could not, owing to feeling weak and sick and the knots being hard.

I at one moment thought of jumping out, but it was to far, for our Garage was once a Stable and is high. But I knew that if the Criminals who surounded my Father and the manager heard such a sound, they would then attack my Father and kill him.

I was but a moment thinking all this, as my mind is one to work fast when in Danger. Mr. Schmidt was still staring, and the horse was moving on to the next house, as Mr. Schmidt says it knows all his Customers and could go out alone if necesary.

It was then that I remembered that, although I could not speak, I could signal him, although having no flags. I therfore signaled, saying:

"Quiet. Spies. Bring police."

It was as well that he did not wait for the last to letters, as I could not remember C, being excited and worried at the time. But I saw him get into his waggon and drive away very fast, which no one in the Garage noticed, as milk waggons were not objects of suspicion.

How strange it was to sit down again as if I had not moved, as per orders, and hear my Father whistling as he went to the house. I began to feel very sick at my Stomache, although glad he was safe, and wondered what they would do without me. Because I had now seen that, although insisting that I was still a child, I was as dear to them as Leila, though in a diferent way.

I had not cried as yet, but at the thought of Henry's friend and the others coming up to kill me before Mr. Schmidt could get help, I shed a few tears.

They all came back as soon as my Father had slamed the house door, and if they had been feirce before they were awfull then, the cook with a handkercheif to her mouth, and Henry's friend getting out a watch and giving me five minutes. He had counted three minutes and was holding his Revolver to just behind my ear, when I heard the milk waggon coming back, with the horse galloping.

It stopped in the alley, and the cook said, in a dreadfull voice:

"What's that?"

She dashed to the Window, and looked out, and then turned to the other Spies and said:

"The Police!"

I do not know what happened next, as I fainted again, having been under a strain for some time.

I must now stop, as mother has brought the Vibrater.

APRIL 29TH. All the people in my father's Mill have gone together and brought me a riding horse. I have just been to the window of my Chamber to look at it. I have always wanted a horse, but I cannot see that I deserve this one, having but done what any member of the G. A. C. should do.

As I now have a horse, perhaps the Corps should become Cavalry. Memo: Take this up with Jane.

LATER. Carter Brooks has just gone, and I have a terrable headache owing to weeping, which always makes my head ache.

He has gone to the War.

I cannot write more.

10 P. M. I can now think better, although still weeping at intervals. I must write down all that has happened, as I do not feel like telling Jane, or indeed anybody.

Always before I have had no Secrets from Jane, even in matters of the Other Sex. But I feel very strange about this and like thinking about it rather than putting it into speach.

Also I feel very kind toward everybody, and wish that I had been a better girl in many ways. I have tried to be good, and have never smoked cigarettes or been decietful except when forced to be by the Familey not understanding. But I know I am far from being what Carter Brooks thinks me to be.

I have called Hannah and given her my old watch, with money to for a new chrystal. Also stood by at Salute while my father brought in the Emblem. For William can no longer do it, as he was not really a Butler at all but a Secret Service Inspecter, and also being still in the Hospital, although improving.

He had not told the Familey, as he was afraid they would not then treat him as a real Butler. As for the code in the pantrey, it was really not such, but the silver list, beginning with 48 D. K. or dinner knives, etcetera. When taking my Father's Dispach Case from the safe, it was to keep the real Spies from getting it. He did it every night, and took the important papers out until morning, when he put them back.

Tonight my father brought in the Emblem and folded it.

He then said:

"Well, I admit that Fathers are not real Substatutes for young men in Unaform, but in times of Greif they may be mighty handy to tie to." He then put his arms around me and said: "You see, Bab, the real part of War, for a woman—and you are that now, Bab, in spite of your years—the real thing she has to do is not the fighting part, although you are about as good a soldier as any I know. The thing she has to do is to send some one she cares about, and then sit back and wait."

As he saw that I was agatated, he then kissed me and sugested that we learn something more than the first verse of the National Hymn, as he was tired of making his lips move and thus pretending to sing when not actualy doing so.

I shall now record about Carter Brooks coming today. I was in a chair with pilows and so on, when Leila came in and kissed me, and then said:

"Bab, are you able to see a caller?"

I said yes, if not the Police, as I had seen a great many and was tired of telling about Henry and Henry's friend, etcetera.

"Not the Police," she said.

She then went out in the hall and said:

"Come up. It's all right."

I then saw a Soldier in the door, and could not beleive that it was Carter Brooks, until he saluted and said:

"Captain, I have come to report. Owing to the end of the Easter Holadays the Girls' Aviation Corps ——"

I could no longer be silent. I cried:

"Oh, Carter!"

So he came into the room and turned around, saying:

"Some soldier, eh?"

Leila had gone out, and all at once I knew that my Patriotism was not what I had thought it, for I could not bear to see him going to War, especialy as his mother would be lonly without him.

Although I have never considered myself weak, I now felt that I was going to cry. I therfore said in a low voice to give me a Handkercheif, and he gave me one of his.

"Why, look here," he said, in an astounded manner, "you aren't crying about *me*, are you?"

I said from behind his Handkercheif that I was not, except being sorry for his mother and also for him on account of Leila.

"Leila!" he said. "What about Leila?"

"She is lost to you forever," I replied in a choking tone. "She is betrothed to another."

He became very angry at that, and observed:

"Look here, Bab. One minute I think you are the cleverest Girl in the World, and the next—you little stuped, do you still insist on thinking that I am in love with Leila?"

At that time I began to feel very queer, being week and at the same time excited and getting red, the more so as he pulled the Handkercheif from my eyes and comanded me: "Bab, look at me. Do I *look* as though I care for Leila?"

I however, could not look at him just then. Because I felt that I could not endure to see the Unaform.

"Don't you know why I hang around this House?" he said, in a very savige manner. "Because if you don't everybody else does."

Dear log or Journal, I could but think of one thing, which was that I was not yet out, but still what is called a Sub-Deb, and so he was probably only joking, or perhaps merely playing with me.

I said so, in a low tone, but he only gave a Groan and said:

"I know you are not out and all the rest of it. Don't I lie awake at night knowing it? And that's the reason I ——" Here he stopped and said: "Damm it" in a feirce voice. "Very well," he went on. "I came to say Good-bye, and to ask you if you will write to me now and then. Because I'm going to War half because the Country needs me and the other half because I'm

(Concluded on Page 57

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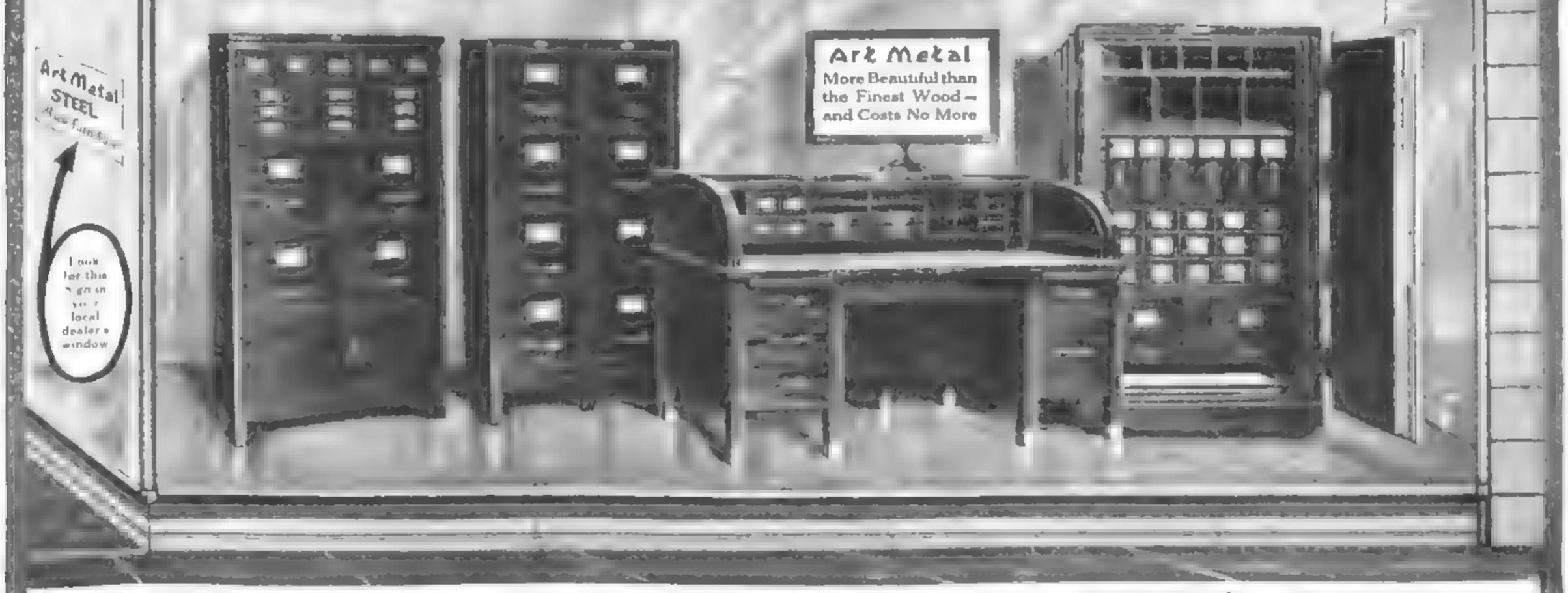
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(Concluded from Page 54)

not going to disapoint a certain young Person who has a way of expecting people to be better than they are."

He then very suddenly stood up and said:

"I guess I'd better go. And don't you dare to cry, because if you do there will be Trouble."

But I could not help it, as he was going to War for my Native Land, and might never come back. I therfore asked for his Handkercheif again, but he did not listen. He only said:

"You are crying, and I warned you."

He then stooped over and put his hand under my Chin and said:

"Good bye, sweetheart."

And kissed me.

He went out at once, slaming the door, and passed Leila in the lower Hall without speaking to her.

APRIL 30TH. I now intend to close this Log or Journal, and write no more in it. I am not going back to school, but am to get strong and well again, and to help mother at the Red Cross. I wish to do this, as it makes me feel usefull and keeps me from worrying.

After all, I could not really care for any one who would not rise to the Country's Call.

MAY 3RD. I have just had a letter from Carter. It is mostly about blisters on his feet and so on, and is not exactly a love letter. But he ends with this, which I shall quote, and so end this Dairy:

"After all, Bab, perhaps we all needed this. I know I did.

"I want to ask you something. Do you remember the time you wrote me that you were *blited* and I sugested that we be blited together. How about changing that a bit, and being *plited*. Because if I am not cheered by something of the sort, my Patriotism is going to ooze out of the blisters on my heels."

I have thought about this all day, and I have no right to ruin his Career. I beleive that the Army should be encouraged as much as possable. I have therfore sent him a small drawing, copied from the Manual, like this: Which means "Afirmative."

THE BERNHARDI OF THE SEAS

(Concluded from Page 4)

the English Channel and the Mediterranean. The large submarines were armored and carried four-inch or six-inch naval guns.

It is easy enough to build these ships. Parts of submarines are molded at factories in the interior of Germany and sent to the wharves to be assembled. It was stated that the smaller craft could be launched fifteen days after work was started at Danzig, Kiel, Wilhelmshaven, Bremen and Hamburg, where submarine construction companies are. Just before President Wilson severed diplomatic ties with the Kaiser's government it was stated in Berlin that Germany could build between two hundred and fifty and three hundred submarines annually.

It is very difficult for the navy, however, to train officers and crews within less than six weeks. The men are nearly all carefully selected from other imperial naval vessels. Every man must be an exceptionally good sailor in order to withstand the terrible seasick motion of the underwater craft. Officers must be able to read and understand foreign languages. They must have a good knowledge of the seas and be experts in distinguishing types and kinds of vessels at a distance.

During two years of submarine warfare the German Admiralty has learned many lessons. When Grand Admiral von Tirpitz began his first blockade he sent his submarines to work off the coast of England; but the British Navy soon discovered that, by the use of nets, submarine destroyers and fishing boats, the U-boat menace could be held within bounds. The Germans retaliated by sending two or three submarines together; but this was still not successful. Meantime the Allies became more efficient in patrolling the waters near the coasts; and the German Navy began operations in the Atlantic, off the coasts of Spain and Norway, and in the Mediterranean. For a long time this method was extremely successful. Few submarines were lost and a large number of ships, especially those under neutral flags, were sunk.

Submarines, as they are operated now, swim in schools, like porpoises. In Berlin and at Kiel submarine operations are mapped as carefully as a general on the field maps the territory his army is to attack. All shipping routes are marked—even the secret routes in wartime, which are reported by spies and returning submarines. Each submarine is assigned to a special area, and by means of wireless telegraphy each keeps the other informed of its activities day and night. The Germans have invented a means of wireless communication under water for a distance of at least fifty miles. Now that there are absolutely no restrictions on the submarines—now that they can torpedo and shell any ship they encounter—submarine losses are not so great as they were when Von Tirpitz began. Besides, the navy has perfected a so-called "finger periscope." If the main sight is shot away, or if the submarine is under water and does not want to take chances by exposing the periscope on its conning tower, this thin brass rod is shoved above the surface and observations hastily made.

With her new submarines, with her wharves turning out new ones almost daily, and with new inventions, Germany is as well prepared for submarine warfare to-day as she was prepared in 1914 with her army. Whether Germany will be as successful this year on the high seas as she was in France, Belgium, Poland, Servia and Rumania during 1914–16 remains to be seen; but there can be little doubt that she is ready—come what may!

Statesmen study the political maps of the world to-day as carefully as they do military and naval charts before deciding upon an important move. No nation speaks or acts to-day without weighing the political consequences; and, before Von Hindenburg cast the die in favor of ruthlessness, he obtained reports from every possible country. He looked at the small European neutrals. He was advised by German diplomats in Copenhagen, Christiania, Stockholm, The Hague and Berne that those capitals would protest, but remain neutral. Spain was considered in the same position. So, on the chessboard of world politics, the United States was the great neutral with possibilities, and Russia was the belligerent "with possibilities."

German spies reported that the Russian people wanted peace; that food was badly, almost disastrously, distributed. Transportation was crippled. It had been for about two years in a chaotic state. A German offensive in the East might bring a revolution and separate peace. The chances were good enough to be worth gambling upon. The Kaiser had depended upon the Czar's German-born wife throughout the war, and she was expected to help. The Czar was having trouble with the Duma and Von Hindenburg bet upon the Kaiser's "cousin." A Czar-made revolution would mean peace on the Eastern Front and would enable Germany to concentrate all her forces in Belgium and France.

The United States was three thousand and more miles away. The army was small. The nation was unprepared. It was a democracy and would make mistakes. If President Wilson broke diplomatic relations Congress would not declare war—the German-Americans had assured this. If the worst happened, then it would take Uncle Sam too long to mobilize the fleet or transport troops. Germany's friends here could be counted upon to delay things this year—so the General Staff thought—and 1917 was to see the end!

The argumenta were convincing.

Like all ruthless military weapons, the submarine is a temporary success. It is more successful than Americans have, until recently, believed. There is considerable basis for the argument that ships are to the Allies what trains are to Germany. Without an unlimited and unchecked supply of materials and food, no nation can conduct a modern war. The very fact Premier Lloyd George stated at the American Luncheon Club, that what the Allies needed were ships, more ships, and still more ships, indicates that England realizes that the submarine war must be fought by the construction of new ships.

According to Lloyd's list of December 29, 1916, as quoted by Rear Admiral Holweg, the construction of new merchantmen in British wharves decreased from 1,977,000 tons in 1913 to 562,000 in 1916. If these figures are accurate England did not build as many new ships last year as submarines destroyed in November and December alone. Even the official English reports show that the loss of ships is increasing.

But Germany will not win with her submarines. She cannot win, because democracy cannot be defeated. Democracy has durability, determination and reserve force, and the autocratic boom of militarism cannot down it. Not only American, English and French democracy is against the Central Powers to-day but the Russian Republic. Germany calculated upon the United States spending two years in making English mistakes. Germany expected trouble in Mexico and internal discontent. Germany did not calculate upon conscription in the United States; or upon an American commission to reorganize the Russian railroads and advise with the young government. Von Hindenburg did not expect American intervention to have such a moral influence upon the German people, and the enmity of South America was considered a dream. Above all, Germany did not expect this country, or any other, to build wooden-bottom boats, the only type of vessel that can be built faster than submarines can destroy merchantmen. The Washington plan of bridging the Atlantic with wooden vessels was not even considered! Germany thought the United States would build only steel-bottom ships as England did.

Throughout the war Germany has had many "temporary victories." She invaded Belgium, Northern France, Serbia, Rumania, Montenegro, Albania and Russia. During every one of these campaigns the German people expected the war to end. They have been promised from day to day an ultimate victory. For nearly three years German militarism has been planning, scheming and fighting for this victory. The Kaiser and his generals know that unless they are able to keep their promise when peace is made, there will be no room for them in Germany. The people have been baited throughout the war. But if they are robbed of a final German victory, which they expect, the deception will be too great. Something will happen; but the United States and the Allies must fight until German Army leadership is defeated and discredited in Germany.

In 1914 the German slogan was: Paris and Victory!

In 1915 the battle cry was: Crush Russia and Win!

Down with England! was the victory song last year.

For 1917 it is: Win with U-boats!

While in Paris recently, en route to the United States with Ambassador James W. Gerard, I met the French Minister of Marine. After discussing the submarine war he declared:

"That side in this great war which holds out one week, one day or one hour longer than the other will win." Then the admiral added with a smile, as he leaned over the arm of his chair: "The Allies will win."

At the very beginning of the war, when Teutonic militarism spread over Europe, it was like a forest fire. Two years of fighting have checked it—just as woodsmen check forest fires by digging trenches and preventing the flames from spreading. But submarine war is something new. It is militarism spreading to the high seas and to the shores of neutrals. It is ruthlessness—the new German menace, which is as real and dangerous for us and South America as for England and France. If we hold out until ruthlessness spends its fury we shall win; but we must fight, and fight desperately, to hold out.

We must expect to be baited this year as the Allies were last fall. The Kaiser must win decisively with his submarines this year or he cannot win at all, because the U-boat is his last trump card. If by fall, or sooner, he sees that he cannot win he may want to quit. That will be our opportunity to tell the German people that the United States Allies will not make peace until they are free—until they can make treaties which their rulers cannot break.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr Ackerman. The second will appear in an early issue.

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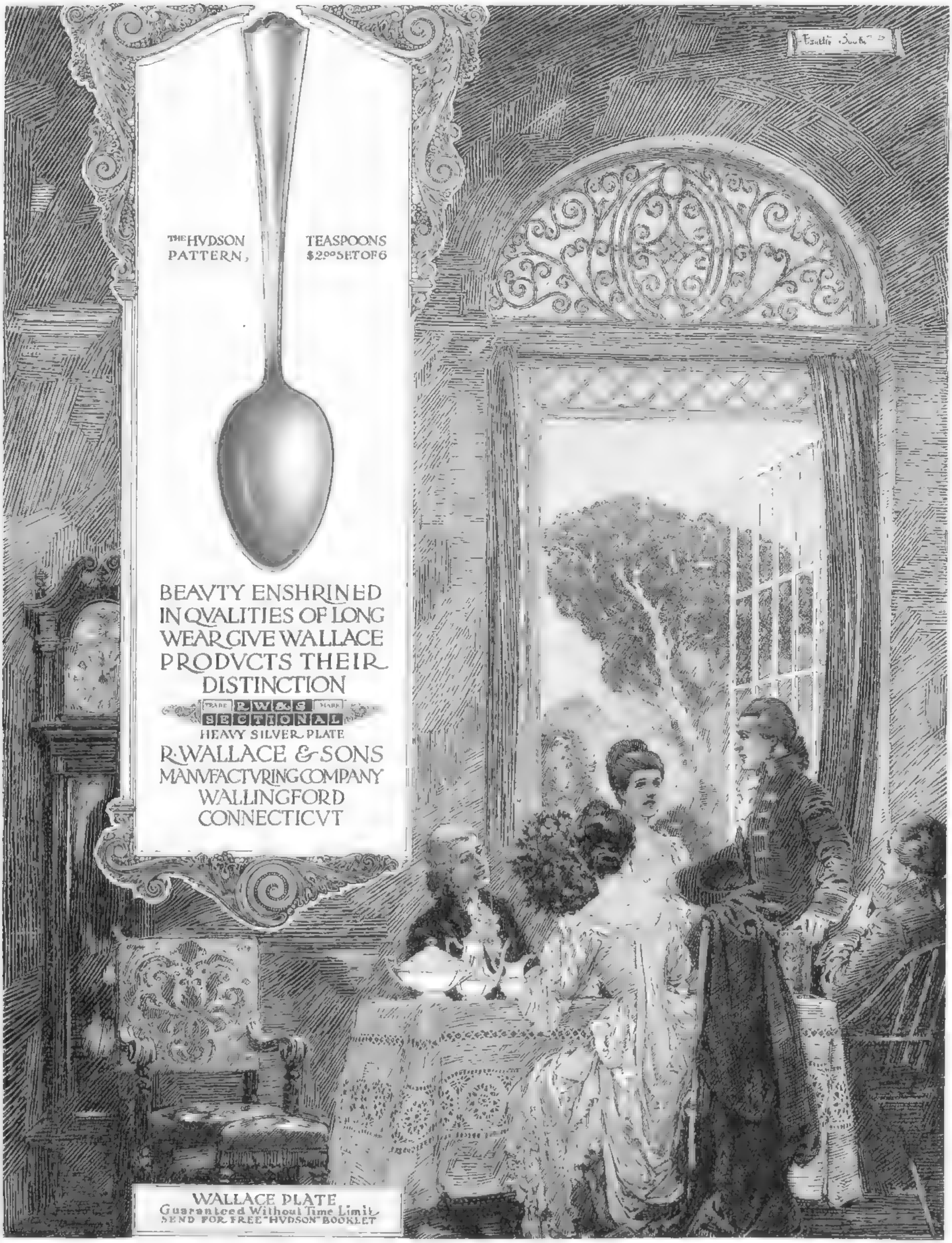
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YOU CHEER FIRST

(Concluded from Page 28)

They began to mingle round in the district pretty freely, and they checked out at the rate of about two thousand dollars a day.

"You're spending lots of money," remarked one of the bank's employees.

"When that seventy-five thousand is gone," remarked the German impressively, "there'll be another seventy-five thousand; and another, and another."

It rapidly grew to be too rich a mixture for the oil men's blood. They landed on those Teutonic visitors like a ton of brick and they're still shipping oil from Tampico.

The Mexican Government imposes a tax of only seventy-five dollars a month on each company. Nine hundred a year! It seems modest. But they also mulct them six cents a barrel as a production tax. Then there is a bar charge of three cents the barrel, which is supposed to go to the dredging of the river and harbor expenses. And now comes an extra export duty of forty cents a ton, or about seven cents a barrel. In addition to these taxes the companies make large contributions for immunity.

When the new export duty was levied, recently, the Carranza government took pains to explain that it was not directed against the British or Americans, and there was no hostility in the step; they simply needed the money.

That was the same explanation accorded when loans were forced from the French and British-Canadian banks in Mexico City. The two institutions had almost sixty million pesos in metallic money and the government was in desperate straits; so they took what they needed. By the way, they have added sixteen million pesos to the total of their forced loans since last I referred to the transaction.

The Carrancistas have had some German money too; but not so much as they would like. The Germans are a canny breed when it comes to parting from the *dinero*, and they make promises go as far as possible.

Despite the handicap of duties, Mexican oil can be laid down at Texas ports for about one dollar and ten cents a barrel. It is considerably lower grade than the American oil, however; Pennsylvania oil is selling at nearly three times that price at this writing.

The chief value of the Mexican oil is as fuel. The sharps say that the heat units of a ton of oil equal 1.33 tons of coal; but probably the proportion varies widely.

However that may be, oil is coming into greater use every day on railroads and for steamships. The British Navy uses slathers of it in their newest vessels. For one thing, they can get along with a fraction of the number of stokers formerly required; and they also increase their cruising radius.

That is why Tampico is so important to them. Rather than lose that supply, it is probable John Bull would risk another war.

Ask the average American what he thinks of the ceaseless Mexican turmoil, and he will reply, nine times out of ten: "Oh, it's just a fight between the big fellows over copper and oil and minerals. I'm for laying off that row down there!"

Carranza's Lieutenants

That the struggle for control of the Mexican oil fields has played an important part in Mexican politics and has created bitter dissensions is beyond argument. Oil is almost the lifeblood of modern commerce.

Since the war began, the European output of oil has been negligible, and the United States last year showed a paltry gain of less than one per cent. During the same period the number of automobiles and other gasoline-driven machines increased enormously. It has been estimated that, at the present rate of consumption, the visible oil supply of the United States will be practically exhausted within twenty-seven years. I give the prediction for what it may be worth.

Where shall we turn, then, for a fresh supply? It is perfectly clear why Uncle Sam and John Bull are interested in Tampico.

Reports of contemplated defections from the Carranza ranks persist stubbornly. There are rumors of various alliances forming between Obregon and other leaders, which have for their purpose the ousting of Carranza. Color was lent to the reports of Obregon's intentions by the War Minister's voluntary abandonment of his duties a few weeks ago.

He has been the backbone of the Carranza Administration in a military sense, and there has been widespread wonderment that he did not long ago employ his unquestioned power to throw his chief out and seize the reins for himself.

My best information is that Obregon's health was the chief factor in his self-effacement. Grave doubts are entertained that he will live long.

His successor has not been appointed; but the real soldier of the outfit is now General Francisco Murguia, who has displayed an independence on occasion strongly reminiscent of Villa; and that indicates what he might do if crossed by Mexico City.

This fellow Murguia is a sure-enough go-getter, as they say at Harvard. Of all the generals sent out to exterminate Villa and eat him alive, he's the only one who didn't take the opposite direction when he heard that Pancho was in the neighborhood. He is the only one who has shown either the necessary aggressiveness or the ability to cope with the archbandit. Murguia is a two-fisted fighter and has beaten Villa soundly - not once, but several times—at his own style of warfare.

Angeles and His Career

He commands what is grandiloquently known as the Death Head Battalion -nomenclature they have picked up from the Germans. They may be lusty fighters, but to me the Death Head warriors looked like the usual ragged, half-starved rabble that passes for soldiery in Mexico.

Possibly the average American finds it hard to understand how the various Mexican commanders are able to flourish independently of the Central Government. They play the feudal lord in their own territories and defy the presidential authority whenever they feel strong enough to do so and it happens to suit their purposes.

The explanation lies in the Mexican system. The average peon gives allegiance to the particular jefe—pronounced heffy—who is the boss in his region. That is the only authority he can see; and it is enough for him.

If he enrolls under a flag he looks to that commander for his livelihood. He takes orders from him, and him only. He knows nothing about national politics, and cares less. It is sufficient that "*Mi jefe*" gives an order. He will obey that order until a stronger jefe comes along and imposes his will by a victory.

That is why the natives are found fighting first on one side, then on the other, apparently without any conception of what it is all about. They swing from one faction into a hostile one without the least wrench, apathetically taking chances of hanging for it. All that is done at the will of the jefe. Consequently when a leader like Villa wants recruits he appeals to the petty leaders, or jefes, to join him. Once they are won, their following comes with them, as a matter of course.

Yet it is a mistake to assume that the peon fights without a motive. He has the best motive of all—he fights for three meals a day, and anything else he can get out of it.

The Washington Administration still adheres strictly to the President's policy of "hands off"; but the obstacles with which they have to contend grow greater every day. Job would have abandoned patience long ago under the steady, sleepless and petty hostility and pin pricking of the head of the Mexican Government.

Yet, should Carranza be overthrown by some Mexican faction, there is nobody in sight on whom all factions could unite. There is nobody who has shown big caliber—unless it be Felipe Angeles; and he has still to prove that he possesses the necessary executive ability and force for chief of a nation.

Angeles is the ablest military leader the revolutions have produced, with the exception of Villa. But he is the direct opposite of Pancho, with none of the roughneck ways in which the bandit's personality finds expression. He is polished and suave, with the air and poise and trend of an aristocrat; yet he and Villa got along famously together. Indeed, he was the only man on Pancho's staff whose advice had weight with him.

Angeles was Villa's chief of artillery. Prior to the European war he was rated as one of the foremost artillery officers in the world and an authority in his field. He wrote a treatise on artillery fire that made him a name abroad.

He is about forty-eight years old now; received his early training at Chapultepec Military Academy; later joined the Mexican Army; then went to France, where he attended the famous military school of St. Cyr.

When Madero rose to power he appointed Angeles supervisor of the Chapultepec Academy and raised him to a colonelcy in 1912. On the outbreak of the revolt against Madero in Mexico City the President sent to Quernavaca to ask aid of Angeles. The latter responded loyally and fought for Madero until Huerta triumphed. Then Angeles was imprisoned, but escaped execution. They deported him.

Later he joined Carranza while the latter was making his tour of the west coast, and received the appointment of under-secretary for war. But apparently he could not get along with the First Chief; and he left him, finally joining Villa in the field when the break occurred between the two.

Angeles took part in the revolutionary convention at Aguascalientes, where he was talked of as a candidate for the presidency. But while the convention was in session he went on a mission to Morelos to treat with Zapata. He was with Villa in Mexico City in December, 1914; later he held Monterey against the Carranza forces for months, but was relieved of his command there to go to Washington as a diplomatic agent for Pancho.

While in Washington he perceived that Carranza's recognition by the United States was a certainty, and he returned to Mexico City in August, 1915. Soon afterward Villa's campaign failed dismally and Angeles retired from his staff, going to El Paso, near which city he bought a dairy farm.

Then the European war gave him employment. He went to New York and became an inspector of artillery shells for the French Government. He is on that job now.

Topsy-Turvy Politics

Mention of him recalls a curious phase of the Mexican mess. Practically all the leaders who took part in the original Madero revolution, which the American people supported by moral and material aid, are now arrayed against Carranza. They are legally bandits; whereas the old crowd that made up the Diaz régime, against which the revolution was directed, is back in power in the Carranza fold.

Americans were with Madero heart and soul. He represented ideals they had at heart, and this country accorded him strong moral and material support. In the ranks of his revolutionary following were such chiefs as Felipe Angeles, Miguel Diaz Lombardo, José Maria Maytorena, Manuel Bonilla, Roque Gonzales Garza, F. Gonzales Garza, Enrique Llorente, Antonio Perez Rivera, Javier Gaxiola, M. Martinez, Lic. Logos Chazaro—all of whom are now exiles; Francisco Villa, José Ynez Salazar, José Isabel Robles, Manuel Pelaez, Carrera Torres, the Murga brothers, José Prieto, the Cedillo brothers, Manuel Medinabeitia, Manuel Ochoa, Marcelo Caraveo, Emiliano Zapata, and about thirty lesser generals of the south—these are arrayed against Carranza to-day, and consequently against us. They are rebels.

About the only two figures of prominence in the Carranza régime who belonged to the first revolution are Sanchez Azcona, who was educated in Germany and is now representing his government in Spain, and Eduardo Hay, president of the Chamber of Deputies. The latter was formerly an insurance agent in Coahuila. He lost an eye in one fight and has had an amazing career. Hay has literally been riddled with bullets, and that he is alive to-day is due to a tough constitution and utter fearlessness.

Carranza himself was not really a part of the first revolution. Neither was Luis Cabrera. Both were Reyistas.

So to-day the personnel of the Mexican régime is back almost where it was under Porfirio Diaz; and the triumphant revolutionists who went into the fray heartened by American aid are again rebels and outlaws or exiles. Such is the topsy-turvy character of their politics.

To foretell what the morrow will bring forth is as futile as prophesying when it will rain along the Rio Grande. Often national crises down there turn on a hair.

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WAR INVISIBLE

Continued from Page 11

at night and can in the dark elude the patrol. Submarines have captured big vessels, and their prize crews have brought them through the British blockade to German harbors. One ammunition ship was captured off North Cape and triumphantly taken to Kiel. In "strafing" England, subs have shelled the British seaside and thrown three-inch shells and panic into Funchal, Madeira. These are the extras.

Outside the havoc by submarines operating in their own sphere under water and raising Cain among merchantmen, some thirty-six allied warships have been torpedoed. Few allied subs have found their mark, because of the German warships' hugging port. Only six have been submarined. But no really modern fighting ships, embodying the last word in subdivided and torpedo-proof hulls, have been sunk.

At first, when enemy submarines were reported in the Channel, and our own armored cruiser, the Tennessee, was at anchor in the open roadstead of Weymouth, the British admiral in command of the Home Fleet invited the Tennessee's captain to come inside the protecting boom defense of the men-of-war's anchorage. To Germans all gray ships might look alike; and, not wanting any intimate acquaintance with *schwarz-kopf* torpedoes, even if fired by mistake, the American captain declined, with thanks, and beat it for the comparative safety of the Mediterranean.

This was just after Sir Arthur Conan Doyle had written that remarkable yarn, Danger, which prophetically pictured the possibility of an inferior navy, with plenty of submarines, bringing England to her knees. All the leading men of the British Navy who read the manuscript previous to the publication pooh-poohed the idea and sprayed the novelist with polite ridicule. Now the creator of Sherlock Holmes can sit back in his study chair with a sad I-told-you-so!

But the victim, the horny-handed son of the sea, knows. The fellow who is first sunk on his own ship, then picked up by a passing vessel, again to be riven in two, and still lives, can testify to the accuracy of Doyle's prophecy. And, growing larger, the German subs have increased their radius of action and give an all-day ocean show for six weeks.

Hear this: "The U-boat that sank us had been out for six weeks. She had one captured British skipper on board. She pinched all her supplies from our ship and took all the nautical instruments. The submarine gave us a sharp signal to halt with a shell from a distance of two miles. The shot hit the ship squarely, but nobody was hurt. We stopped and took to the boats. The submarine came up in a leisurely fashion, sank the ship with bombs, and passed the time of day. She had a crew of thirty-seven and was two hundred and fifty feet long. We were picked up by a Norwegian sailing vessel, on which we spent six days. She was then sunk by a one-hundred-and-twenty-foot U-boat."

German Spies at Newport

On a search for the lost cargo submarine, Bremen, Hans Rose, the captain of the U-53, dropped in on Newport last summer and presented his compliments to Admiral Knight, commanding the district. Carelessly he sauntered in to call on the owner of a dusty stationer's shop. The fat envelope the lady behind the counter handed the dashing Hans contained the dope sheet of arrivals and sailings of allied ships, worked out to a degree, mixed up with a lot of other titbits of "confidential" stuff. A few hours later the Stephano and a couple of Dutch freighters went under, with our destroyers standing by to pick up the survivors and bring them ashore.

The little ants in the spy system that Germany, through our kindness and forbearance, maintained in this country, and who probably are not all in the cooler yet, bring in the dope; and the censor is apt to pass a most innocent cable to an agent in a neutral country, which, decoded, might report the steaming of an ammunition ship. The departure of the liners is no longer printed in our press; but the German spy finds a way to get the news to his section in the Admiralty in Wilhelmstrasse.

It is so all over. If you don't believe it ask Captain Karlson, the master of the Swedish steamer Malkolm. Having made twenty-six voyages with safety between Russia and London, the periscope of a U-boat popped up during the twenty-seventh. "We missed you on your last trip, and now you are a day late," remarked the U-boat captain as the mariner came alongside the German submarine to get a swig of cognac and watch his ship sink.

Some time ago a crowd of British naval officers had a singsong in a dockyard port, celebrating the scotching of the first hundred German U-boats. Be that as it may, rumors are wild and every traveler brings home hopeful news and tall yarns; but only one man really knows the actual mortality of the U-boat, and he is Captain W. R. Hall, the Chief Intelligence Officer of the Royal Navy. He won't tell, and the man in the street is left unanswered.

There are at least two bases for the German submarines: Wilhelmshaven, and Zeebrugge, on the Belgian coast. As the shallow waters at Zeebrugge prevent the use of the bigger cruiser submarines they all base from Wilhelmshaven and Helgoland. The supposition is that the waters between Helgoland, the mainland of Germany and the shores of Denmark are so heavily mined that no vessel, except by knowing and keeping to comparatively narrow channels, is safe.

No adequate British containing force has as yet got anywhere near "the neck of the bottle"; and by steaming in their own and secret tracks the German submarines can clear the narrow seas.

Outward Bound

Imagine yourself a submarine commander. You start out with your batteries fully charged, but on the surface, and steam in your narrow lane, where you know you are safe. Your gyro-compass is absolutely correct and you know the currents to a T. If it is foggy, so much the better. Your chances for seeing the other fellow are better than his for seeing you, and you are sure to see him before he gets within three, four or five miles. If you are seen, dive, and either continue your course at the same speed or vary and change speed. There is mighty little chance, except by sheer bad luck, of being found.

At the outset, unless under very exceptional circumstances, you would always have considerable subsurface mileage. But God help you if you happen to be spied coming up close to a patrol boat! However, you have your microphones, which tell you that propellers are churning overhead, and you lie "doggo" on the bottom until the danger is past.

Just now it is understood that the Germans figure that if ten of their submarines leave base only one will be captured or sunk outright, and three perish because of accidents to machinery or inefficiency of personnel; and that six will come back safe. And the farther the U-boat gets from home, the lower its death rate. The new German U-boat can operate three thousand miles away from base for three weeks and carry enough supplies for the return trip. So far, the extreme western boundary seems to be three hundred miles west of the British Isles—except, of course, the U-53.

The shallow waters of the fringes of the Channel are the hunting grounds of the merry patrol and are divided into districts. Like policemen on the beat, the patrol ships travel up and down their designated squares. But plugging U-boats in the open, away from the coast and where the water is deep, is a different matter. And there are not enough fast craft in England and France thoroughly to cover the broad Atlantic. Though hundreds of destroyers have been added to the British Navy since the outbreak of war, there are not enough to provide a satisfactory deep-sea patrol.

This is the crux of the U-boat danger. And because of this shortage, knowing the cry for more able, seaworthy and fast patrol ships, it might not be impossible that the American Navy will be lending a hand and sending destroyers abroad. Since the British Grand Fleet is almost two and a half times stronger than the German, it hardly seems likely that our Fleet will be needed abroad. The French would like to see it go; but as the weight on a safety valve our own dreadnoughts must remain here. The American Fleet, staying at home and drilling at base in netted waters, will have little need for destroyer protection.

We have some fifty of this new type afloat. Nothing better in torpedo craft construction exists. In a hurricane scooping up the sea with the bridge screens, in collisions bending bows like jackknives, having a whole stern swiped off by a schooner and still floating, these destroyers are supership.

If ever abroad, that fine crowd of torpedo skippers would add luster to our naval escutcheon. I should like to be there to watch Jack Fremont play hide and seek with the Dutchmen, burying the nose of the Wilkes in a solid green; or watch old Zogbaum, on the bridge of the Davis, in the merry chase, with the Number One four-inch making lovely music—both piling on to that which their daddies had done for the Navy.

The Department has announced that Rear Admiral Sims is in London as the head of the American Naval Commission. That much is published. Maybe it will come true that this hairy-armed, he-sailorman will go back to his job as Flotilla Commander, commanding our destroyer outfit in British waters. Shall we see his flag hoisted on the Melville, later on one of our scout cruisers, bossing fifty American destroyers cutting crisscrosses on the blue rollers of the Atlantic in search of the elusive U-boat? And mind you, operating from a British port as base!

A little Yankee Navy raising the devil all by itself, with Sims' motto—Cheer Up!—as the battle cry! Fifty U. S. N. ships, mostly all named after the heroes of 1812—Cassin, Conyngham, Burroughs and so on all fighting in common cause to help the British, gold-leafing American traditions of oak and hemp! Immense!

Blood is thicker than water: and that sooner or later the American Navy would, with the British, fight the common enemy was the total substance of a speech made by an American naval officer some years ago during a great function at the Guildhall, given by the Lord Mayor of London in honor of the American Squadron.

The speech upset Milwaukee. Echoed in the pro-German press, organized pressure was brought to bear and this officer, then commanding the battleship Minnesota, received an official reprimand from the Navy Department. Curiously his name was Sims, now Rear Admiral William Sowden Sims, U. S. N., at present in London planning with the British Admiralty the tactics of the Navy's coöperation in Great Britain's war against the submarine menace.

Antidotes for Sea Slugs

The U-boat is sentenced to die. But new and more effective methods must be devised for its electrocution. Crafty men burn the midnight oil while plotting new schemes and ways for its extinction. Certain U-boat antidotes are working. Those not of a confidential character can be listed as follows:

Patrol boats, with guns and bombs.
Destroyers towing water kites with explosive bombs.
Destroyer patrol.
Dirigibles—blimps—with bombs.
Aëroplanes, also carrying bombs.
Stationary nets, permanently anchored.
Drifting nets, to entangle submarine propellers.
Sweeping with wire chains or nets.
Oil films—to dim periscope lenses.
Searching with submarines.

A certain area of the Channel is submarine-proof. The transports that took the first hundred thousand and the subsequent millions of British soldiers to France traveled in a netted lane, guarded on all sides by patrols and attendant destroyers. Not a single soldier has been lost; and, save one empty transport that was torpedoed, these lines of communication have held. This is a great achievement in Great Britain's command of the sea.

Now we are told that the Channel and adjacent waters are divided into twenty-two districts, in command of a "submarine" admiral, with headquarters near Fastnet and a shore office in Queenstown. Under him is the immense flotilla of patrol vessels—every old crock that can steam, ancient torpedo boats once employed in instruction duties, Isle of Wight paddlers and Holyhead dittos, "hundreds of d——d expensive American motorboats, too small to stay at sea in a gale"—as an English service chap wrote—Grimsby trawlers, drifters from Lowestoft, swagger steam yachts once in the Royal Yacht Squadron; then all the destroyers that can be spared, mostly old, but winners in their day, commanded by warrant officers or Naval Reserve lieutenants.

This is the life! A merry gang of water-soaked, unshaved men—enthusiasts, yachtsmen, marine artists, single-handers, ship brokers—a ragtime outfit, but doing their bit, drinking their soup out of a mug, and standing on one foot, picking sardines by the tail out of the can as lunch, and embracing the pelorus stand to keep from pitching overboard!

Then, above all this, the sky patrol of "blimps"—British Navy slang for the dirigibles of the Alpha-Omega kind—backed up by aëroplanes, the French and British coasts being divided into thirty air districts, with the British in charge. The same story on the French side; grizzled *enseignes de vaisseau*, retired, but back on the job, commanding funny-looking gunboats, those curious specimens of French naval architecture of the vintage of the early eighties. Add to this every tug that can carry a gun, trawlers from Concarneau and Etaples, plus the yachts of champagne barons of Epernay and Rheims.

How Sub-Hunters Work

Now all these waters are squared up on charts, with each district numbered. A submarine periscope is spotted in a certain circle at six A. M., say, in District Number Four. In code the wireless of the patrol boat gives the alarm. The sub can go only a certain distance; by eight A. M. he must reach any of the surrounding districts, all of which are under guard. The alarm has brought the blimps, which, because of their slower speed and ability to hover in the air, can, better than the airplane, follow the sub. Planes are too fast for this sort of work. Only two submarines, both in the Mediterranean, have been destroyed by airplanes.

Flying low, the blimps spot the disturbance the submarine makes beneath the surface. They follow just as a Gloucester killer follows the bluefish school from the crow's nest. A body one hundred and seventy-five feet long, going even at five knots, must make some wave motion below the water. If the sea is smooth it is easy to spot; but if a heavy gale kicks up the sand in the shallows the mackerel-painted deck of the U-boat becomes more difficult to detect.

On the surface the submarine, roughly speaking, is a gasoline automobile; going under the surface it becomes an electric. And the submarine, having submerged, depends upon its batteries for propulsion. Going full speed—say, ten knots—batteries last only one hour; at slower speed much longer. Either the sub must go to "sleep"—stay on the bottom—or come up. Meantime the sea above is churned by dozens of patrols, all waiting to spot the periscope.

Unless there is a gale that drives off the patrols the sub is doomed. He can stay on the bottom for from three to four days, the larger ones longer. But the patrol can hang on indefinitely. The senior patrol officer has figured the exact whereabouts of the sub; a great circle of destroyers towing nets is flung out. Of course the submarine on the bottom knows of all this hullabaloo on top. His microphones register every propeller beat—he can tell whether the enemy is far away or right above. It is either all hands smother to death below or take a chance above.

He takes the chance; the periscope pops out of the water for an observation. He sees a net ahead, destroyers towing, gets rattled, and descends for a spell to think it over; but he has only a quarter of the "juice" left. His air is getting bad. He has to come up. Coming to the surface, the next minute his propellers are snarled up in a net. Nothing is left but to surrender. It is broad daylight and he is surrounded.

It's in the In and Out Club, the junior service club in London, where tall yarns are spun by the fellows in town on leave, and this one is the best; but with it goes no guaranty or refund money. But, before shooting my piece, let me state that, no matter how wild the lie may sound, truth—at least in this war—is stranger than fiction. Jules Verne could have told nothing more

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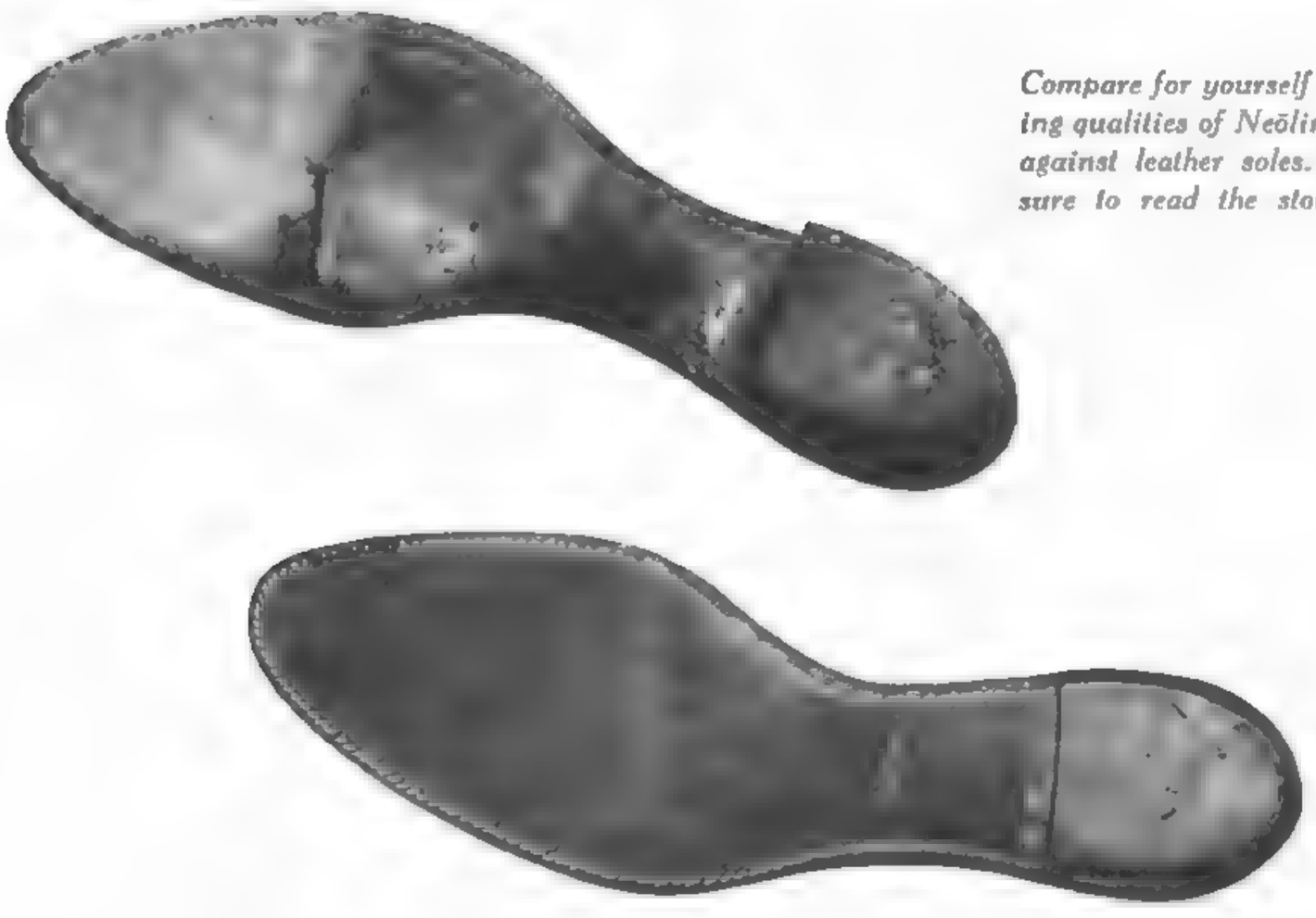
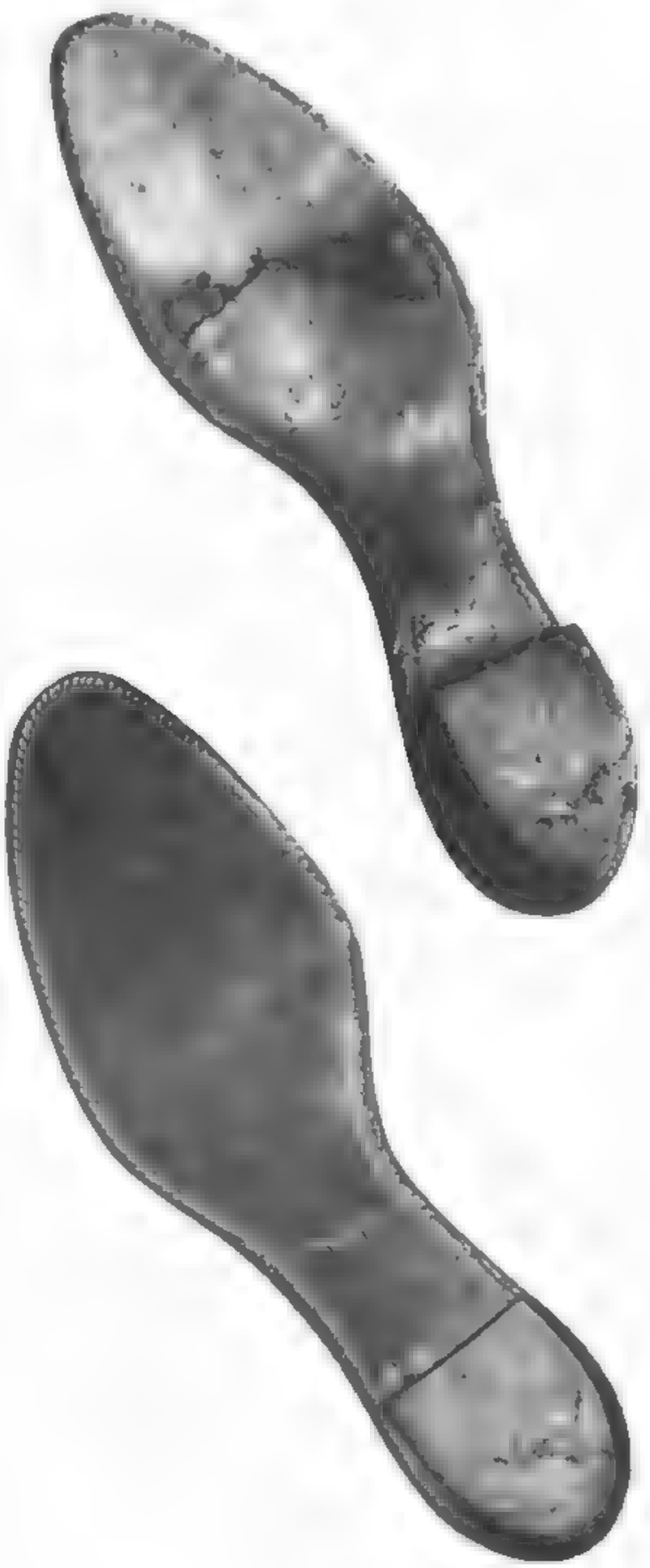


Compare for yourself the wearing qualities of Neōlin Soles as against leather soles. And be sure to read the story below.

Proof



SPEAKING of thrift:—
It is not a question of whether you can save by wearing Neōlin Soles. The question is simply: *How much can you save?* We have made some tests to determine this. We want you to know of these, so we ask you to look at the photographs shown here. They form a vivid picturegraph of one of these tests.

We took for our experiment a single pair of shoes. Into one shoe was builded a Neōlin Sole; into the other was builded a good, average leather sole. It was a sole as good as most Americans can afford, today. It was as good as many leather soles which are even put into $4.50 shoes.

And to *make the test severe*, we put the shoes on a man whose work was done in a factory where the ceaseless strain and wear and friction really prove a sole's sincerity or weakness. Now mark the result:—

Result of Our Test

In thirty-three days his leather sole was worn through—just as you see it. In the same time the Neolin Sole appeared precisely as is photographed here. In its thinnest part it measured 5/32 of an inch. It was worn 1/16 through. In other words, it showed a wear capacity six times greater than that of the leather sole

It is true, we do not claim that Neōlin Soles always last six times longer than leather soles. Sometimes they last only four times longer. Sometimes, as in another test made with a grade of leather more expensive than the majority of Americans use, the test showed that Neōlin wore just three times longer.

In yet other grades of leather—quite out of the reach of the average purse—there are instances where Neōlin has worn *twice* as long.

Substantiation by Purchaser

But, as we say, this specific test proved that Neōlin has worn six times longer than the average leather soles most people can pay for. And this statement is backed, not alone by our tests, but by Neōlin purchasers themselves. Many of them have written to

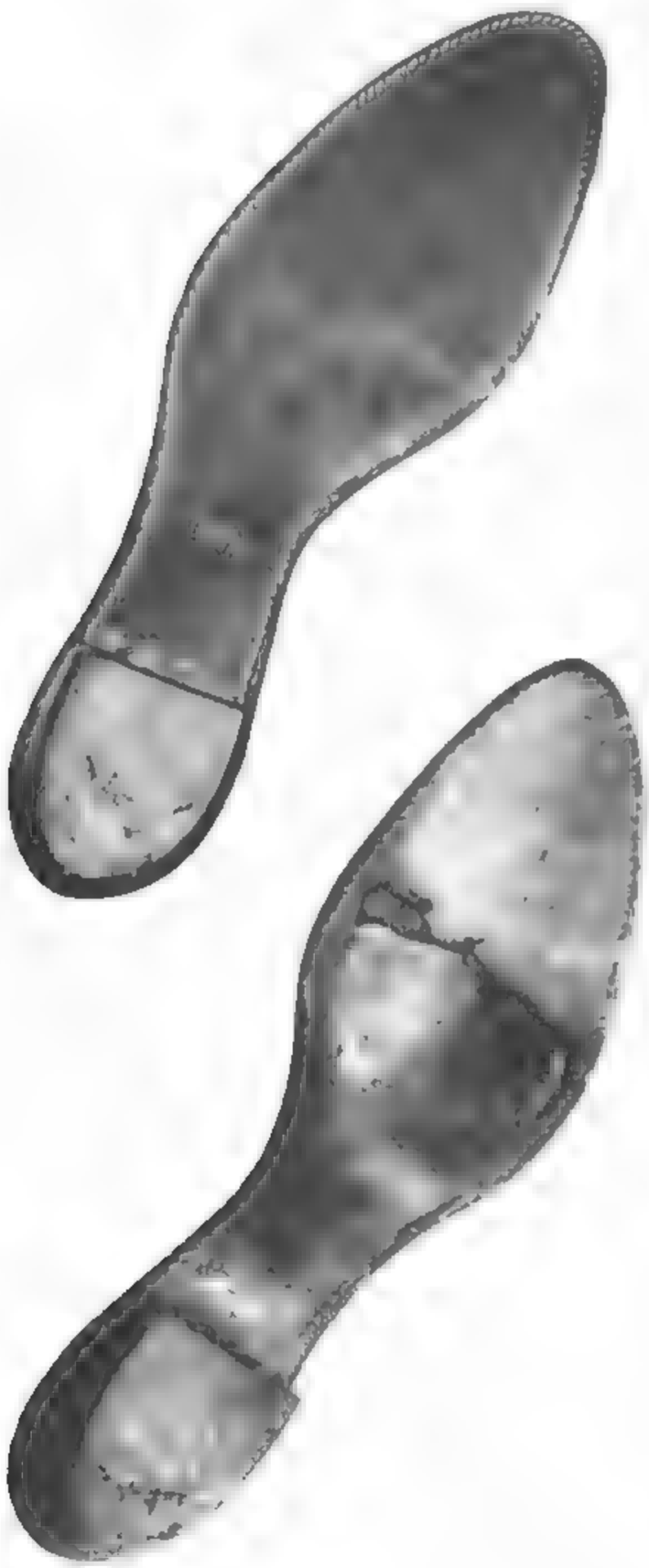
Neōlin

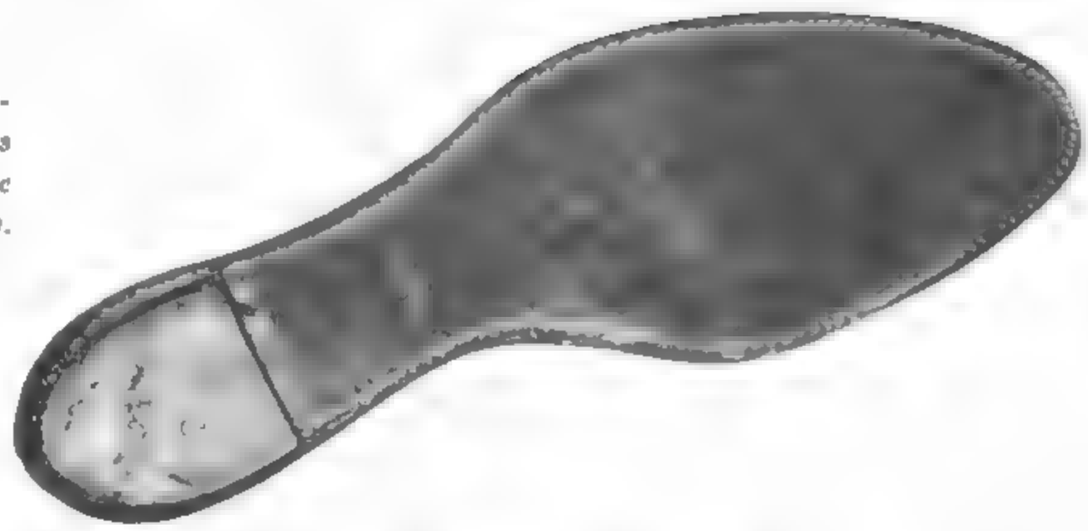
TRADE MARK REG U S PAT OFF

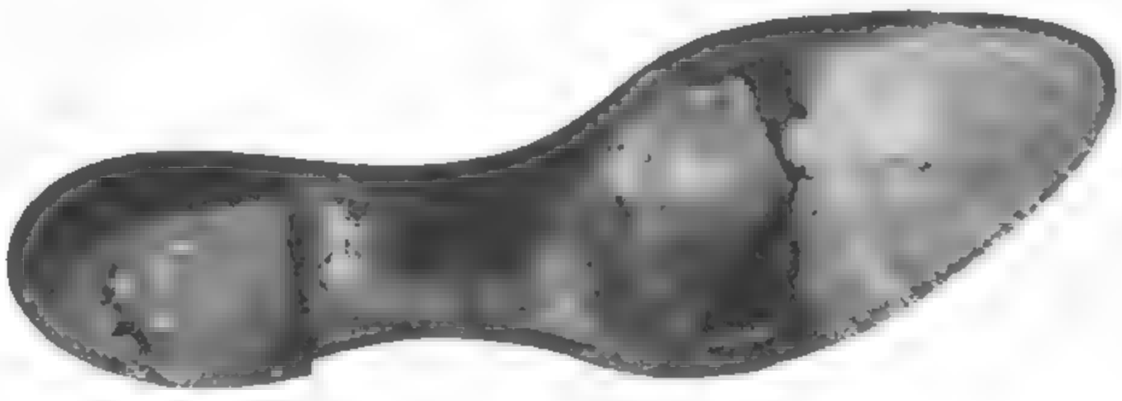
Better than Leather

of Wear

Compare for yourself the wearing qualities of Neōlin Soles as against leather soles. And be sure to read the story below.







us telling us their experiences of this surplus wear given by Neōlin. We invite *your* experiences too. One letter among these hundreds, written by Mr. Chas. A. Pearson, C. S., of San Diego, California, we reproduce:

"In September of 1915 I bought a pair of shoes at a cost of $4.50. These shoes had the regular leather soles, which wore out, and they were repaired with Neolin Soles probably some time in November.

"Since then I have worn these shoes and these only, with no further mending. Summed up, this means that in the year 1916, I expended not one cent for footwear for my personal use, and this statement holds good for the elapsed four months of this year, 1917.

"An examination of the soles does not reveal any break, the appearance today being the same as when the newness wore off, away back in 1915."

So Mr. Pearson's leather soles wore just 10 weeks. Whereas his Neōlin Soles wore at least 64 weeks. Which indicates a six times greater wear for Neōlin Soles over these average leather soles of Mr. Pearson's.

If such saving means anything to you, Neōlin Soles will mean everything to you

Still Other Neōlin Virtues

And remember, Neōlin Soles are modern, synthetic soles which have been widely imitated but never paralleled. Neōlin is not a substitute for leather. It is leather's superior. Neither is Neōlin *rubber*—though it is as waterproof and as flexible. Neōlin Soles are "ready broken in." They are likewise grip-sure. They will not creak or crack. They won't scratch floors or furniture.

Insist upon Neōlin on your new shoes even if your dealer hasn't it in stock. Remember, he can get it easily. And then you can have it for yourself or the youngsters next time. And to avoid imitations, *mark* that mark: stamp it on your memory: Neolin—

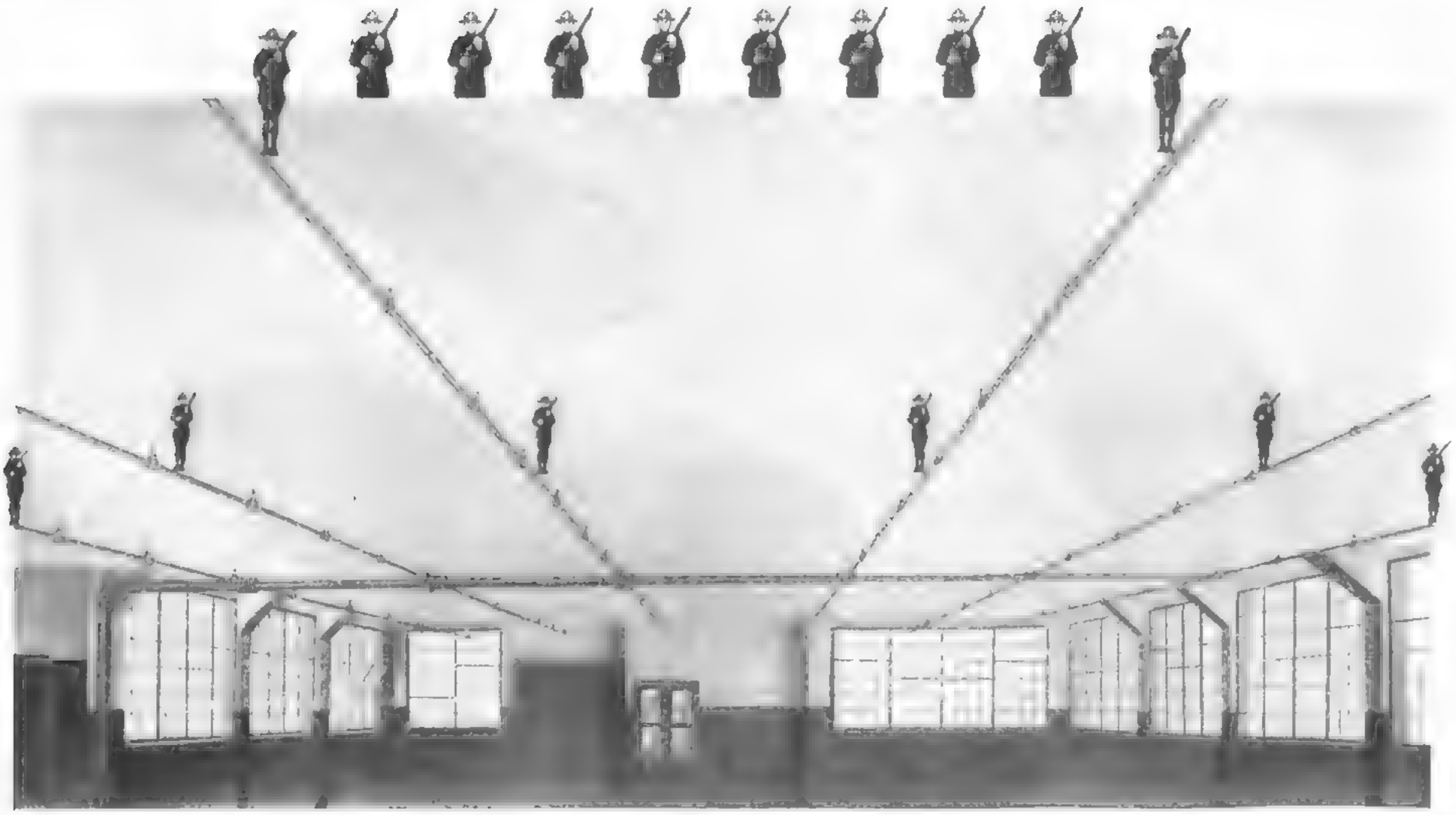
the trade symbol for a never changing quality product of

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

Neōlin

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Better than Leather



As sentries guard the front

At the Gemco Manufacturing Company factory at Milwaukee an explosion occurred in an enameling-oven and set fire to the dipping-tank.

It was all one big flash in a minute. The flames spread over an area of 1,500 square feet, threatening a great conflagration.

As the flames mushroomed over the ceiling, however, something else happened. Up there, in military array, stood little mechanical Sentries, protecting the inflammable contents of this fireproof building. Snap—snap—snap—snap went the Sentries; not the rattle of guns, but the snap of the mechanical triggers of the Grinnells, touched off by the heat. Instantly that fire-swept area was the scene of a drenching rain.

All along the ceiling, amid burning gases, Grinnell Sprinklers were working intensely.

At the first moment the glass in the windows had dropped out and flames rolling forth had climbed to an open window on the floor above. There, unknown to any one, they started a second fire. But a Grinnell Sentinel waiting up there took care of it as soon as the heat grew intense.

"It saved us from a complete wreck," the Gemco Manufacturing Company reported.

Without automatic sprinklers this Company would not have been safe even in its modern fireproof structure. And without them insurance would not be a trifling item of expense, either.

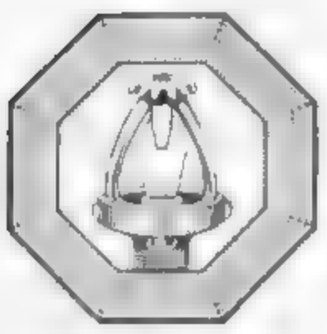
Many a business man fondly imagines he is safe from fire because he occupies a fireproof building, but he forgets that the high insurance rate he pays on contents is a sure signal of fire-danger. Look at your rate and get a definite idea of your danger.

If upon investigation you find that Grinnells will reduce the cost of your insurance, say, 75 per cent., that means your fire-danger can be practically wiped out.

On the other hand, to continue paying your present high rate means that some night your fire-danger will practically wipe you out. When that happens you will realize that the loss of a steady, going business is not covered by insurance on property values.

Write—now—to the General Fire Extinguisher Company, 277 West Exchange Street, Providence, R. I., and get a copy of the Grinnell Information Blank. It will quickly clear up doubts and questions on this subject.

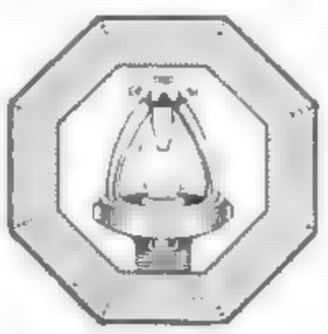
Don't theorize—get the figures!



GRINNELL

AUTOMATIC SPRINKLER SYSTEM

The Factory-Assembled System



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hair-raising or improbable than the story of the British E-4 popping up to the surface to rescue the Defender's boat crew, right under fire in the midst of the Battle of Helgoland; or of the sub which, during the mêlée, came up to hoist on board the British flyers, disabled and floundering during the Cuxhaven raid.

Or the story of how "those bloomin' frog-eating Frenchies of a sous marine," whose torpedo plugged a hole in the side of the Collingwood, in the excitement mistaking the British superdreadnought for an enemy ship. Not to forget the yarn of how the Moltke was torpedoed in the Baltic. Submerged, a British sub was playing about. Something went wrong with an ejection pump and, to fix it, the submarine had to come to the surface. There was a dense fog. She bumps up right close to the Moltke, comes back to life, and lets drive a couple of torpedoes. But, because of the water-tight compartments' holding, the German battle cruiser does not sink, but manages to make port; and consorting destroyers compel the sub to submerge to save her skin.

But back to the original one, the prize beauty: In a cove on the east coast of Ireland Fritz submerges, thinking he could escape his sole pursuer, an old-time gunboat on patrol, with a busted wireless, and without any way to call for help. By means of a grapnel the gunboat finally locates him lying still on the shelving bottom. A diver is sent down. He has a big hammer. He knocks on the hull of the German sub, and the taps of the hammer spell out, in the Morse code: "Will you come up or will you take a bomb?" Fritz comes up.

Compared with the Grand Fleet, the crown jewels in the Tower are not worth two bits. It is Britain's all, at anchor behind nets and mines, guarded night and day by picket boats, destroyers and patrol vessels. The same sort of net as the newspapers describe as protecting the entrance to New York Harbor cuts off the northern bases at the fiords in which the Fleet is anchored. As yet no German submarine has gotten by. Many have tried.

Burglar Alarms at Sea

These nets of steel wire are suspended from the surface, supported by barrels; are anchored to the bottom and connected electrically with buzzers and bells at the shore stations, like a burglar alarm. Outside are mines in different layers, all reënforced by guard ships. When a squadron prepares to get under way for target practice or evolutions, the net gate is swung aside by trawlers and opened.

Though many believe that such a heavy wire net could be rushed by a big submarine, there are no instances on record. But the small floating nets, which are thrown out as entanglement, the U-boats can go right through. No such steel net can stop the momentum of a body displacing anywhere from five hundred to eight hundred tons forced through the water at a speed of from five to ten knots. The sub simply tears right through.

Made of steel wire, the light nets are three hundred yards long, with meshes ten feet square, and supported by glass balls. Weights keep them taut. They are not expected to catch the U-boat, but to impede his progress. The sub goes through and drags it with him, making an awful fuss in the water, trailing all this stuff behind him. All which is nuts to the patrol. In the end it is a question of which can hold out longest. The patrol wins.

But I have heard of a U-boat, entangled in a net, which submerged and pulled the net with him. He waited until night, and came to the surface, and by means of an acetylene torch cut the steel meshes and got free. It is believed that every German sub carries two acetylene tanks. The Deutschland did; but the officers refused to go into details. The shape of these tanks and our process of deduction cemented the belief that they contained acetylene.

So as to slide through net traps, later German boats have few projections on their hulls, and they are all protected by heavy rods of steel. The conning tower and periscopes are guarded by two stout wires running fore and aft over stanchions on top of the tower. These are also used as wireless antennæ for quick sending and receiving.

If the inner hull, or the single hull, of a submarine is pierced by a shell, even a small one, it must either come to the surface or destroy itself. But, though the vulnerability of the hull is great, the U-boat is never exposed to the enemy unless surprised. Shells striking the water close have no effect. A hit on the periscope means that only one is out of commission; there still remains a second.

A bomb exploding in immediate proximity to a submerged U-boat will probably "put out" the crew from the effect of the concussion, just as an explosion affects fish. Whether the injury is fatal there is no way of telling—dead men tell no tales.

The bomb method has been used extensively, either by dropping from aircraft or by trawling. Patrol vessels drag a long line, weighted by sinkers, touching the bottom. On the end there is a bomb of T.N.T. explosive. Like a hand-liner feeling the pull of a fish, the man at the bomb line can instantly tell whether the line touches a sleeping sub. The electric current does the rest.

Caught by a sweep, the sub is easily upended. To guard against this everything is securely bolted down—engines, fittings, batteries, and so on—to withstand a horizontal inclination of about sixty degrees. Oil spread on the waters of a submarine locality for the purpose of dimming the periscope lenses has not proved successful. The pressure of the sea against the periscope glass washes off the oil; and, besides, oil does not stick to a wet surface.

This is mostly all in shallow waters and where abutting headlands cut off the escape. On the high seas it is different. Well through the North Sea the U-boats are in their own element. Bombs, trawling, aircraft observing, and all that, because of the long way from the British coast, become more difficult matters. Living on his prey, the U-boat can stay out until his fuel oil runs low. Like Captain Kidd, he helps himself. Ask the master of the Storaas. In looting the sinking ship the Germans left only his nightshirt.

Carrying three hundred or more rounds for deck guns, shelling defenseless merchant ships becomes cheap sport. Hence the arming of ships has made the submarine an underwater warship and to some extent lowered the toll. But there are not enough small guns loose in the world to arm every merchantman. Few, if any, sailing ships are armed. At any rate, a gun in the stern of a vessel compels, in most cases, a torpedo attack. That means expenditure of torpedoes.

The manufacture of torpedoes is slow and requires the work of experts. The arming of all merchant steamers will put the burden on Germany's torpedo-manufacturing capacity. A modern German submarine carries, at most, twenty torpedoes of the short-range kind. Allowing for misses, eighteen of these might hit the mark. Without torpedoes, the U-boat must return to base.

There is a mistaken idea that the small so-called submarine chaser will drive the U-boat off the sea. This is a fallacy. The huge submarine, mounting four-inch or five-inch guns, will just play with the small chaser with his six-pounder or short three-inch gun. German subs are not afraid of the smaller patrol boats except when emerging close aboard. With a destroyer it is different. When a U-boat sank a merchantman off Penzance, he towed the crew in the lifeboats for an hour or so, until the British patrol was in plain sight; then cast loose his towline and fired a gun to attract the attention of the patrol vessel, the U-boat captain shouting jocosely to the American skipper: "There comes your taxi!"

British Mistakes Avoided

The function of the chaser is to keep the U-boat on the run, to prevent it from coming up and recharging its batteries, making it, in the end, run down, like an eight-day clock, to be caught or destroyed. This requires numbers, and numbers influence cost. Also, at first, submarines operated close to the Channel and English ports; and the "sea skunks" could easily run to port to avoid bad weather.

But these small-chasers were the poorest of gun platforms and could carry only light guns.

The engines, being very speedy, required expert attention to keep them from breaking down. It is one thing to take care of a small fishing motor; quite another to nurse a high-speed gasoline marine engine. Being small, the chasers could not remain out long enough to go to a distant station. As soon as the U-boat began operating from a hundred to three hundred miles from the Irish coast, the small chasers built in this country proved entirely inadequate.

Navy Department officials point with pride to the fact that the Secretary has avoided the mistakes of the Allies in heterogeneous construction. Everything is being done to standardize these craft, in order to increase the output. In spite of the voluntary censorship, which is to keep the details of our preparation from the enemy, the newspapers have announced that chasers of the hundred-and-ten-foot type have been contracted for, and are to be ready and afloat this summer.

If this be so, these will do well for inshore work, to calm the fears of Asbury Park, Coney Island and Newport.

Experts point out that the type of vessel to search out submarines is one that can weather any kind of sea in which the submarine can operate. Endurance and reliability, not speed, are the essentials. Numbers will count. Many believe that a type one hundred and sixty feet over all, fifteen knots, with large cruising radius, fair beam and good gun platform, best possible torpedo protection by water-tight subdivision, with one type of engine in all, will do the trick. Stamp them out in large quantities, arm them heavily, with microphone equipment and radio, and send them across.

To fight our war and to bottle up the German submarines, two things are needed:

More surface craft with better torpedo protection, and

More submarines with better submerged characteristics and larger torpedoes.

As both are larger and are increasing more rapidly than Germany's our position becomes stronger.

We must build destroyers with better torpedo protection and submarines with more submerged speed and radius and carrying larger torpedoes. As we succeed, as compared with Germany, we win surely. If we fail, our chances of winning are—to be perfectly frank—rather doubtful. We must look to the army to destroy the base for the submarines.

This, without a violation of the neutrality of Holland and Denmark, is doubtful and will take time.

We dote on inventions. Our people believe that some startling invention will do away with all war, and that Edison and Hudson Maxim have long ago stopped sleeping, to try and perfect something which will kill the U-boat menace and chloroform its shadows. The Navy Department is overrun with inventors offering all kinds of schemes; and the chief of the Bureau of Ordnance has a fool killer at his door, past whom no long-haired crank is allowed to go.

A poor fellow in prison is thumping his brain proposing to freeze the water round each ship, so that the festive torpedo would explode in a cake of ice and leave the hull unharmed. Fearing the "jealousy of the naval aristocracy," his representative declared that this invention would only be turned over to Colonel Roosevelt or myself.

And all my arguments could not shake his belief that my duty to the Navy involved an immediate journey "up the river" to get the final details of this wonderful discovery; which, if taken up, would make all American warships invincible and merchant vessels torpedo-proof.

It will be the great and grave task of the American Navy to help the Allies to drive off the U-boat, once and for all time, and thereby end the war. The Atlantic should be divided like a checkerboard; in each square must be dozens of American patrol vessels.

The war has paralyzed our yachting and many fine yachts are idle. Ocean-going tugs can be had for the chase. Everything that is big enough to keep the sea, with a propeller in the stern, must be manned. This means men.

I foresee the formation of an American auxiliary patrol screen on the high seas, directed maybe by a commodore, with destroyer service, and possibly commanded by retired naval officers, but, because of their patriotism, manned by navy fans, yachtsmen and sea enthusiasts, coming forth from the thousands of Americans, young and old, who have the sea habit, the sea instinct, and the desire to serve the flag.

As the privateers of 1812 counted all ranks, we should now give letters of marque for fighting the U-boat!

BRIDGING THE ATLANTIC

(Continued from Page 30)

yards for the building of steel ships in America had been contracted to and beyond their capacity for many, many months.

This pressure upon shipbuilding facilities long since extended past the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico. Every yard on the Pacific Coast was busy—with new ones constantly springing into existence. The pressure had extended to the well-equipped and modern shipyards of the Great Lakes. At the present time many steel vessels are being fabricated in the great construction plants between Chicago and Buffalo. Every blessed one of these ships—whose dimensions are limited by the limitations of the long fairway through which they must pass after completion before they go from fresh water into salt—is being built for the transatlantic trade—for the feeding of hungry Europe, if you please.

Not only were contracts under way in wholesale fashion for steel ships, but there were many wooden ships, most of them sailing craft, upon the ways when Clark and Eustis arrived in Washington early in February last. Up in Maine, shipyards that long ago had become green and cankered ghosts of their former busy selves were suddenly being revived; a venerable generation of shipbuilders of the long ago was applying itself to the fascinating task of showing a younger generation how to fabricate wooden ships—ships very much like the clippers that once had carried the name of Bath all the way round the world.

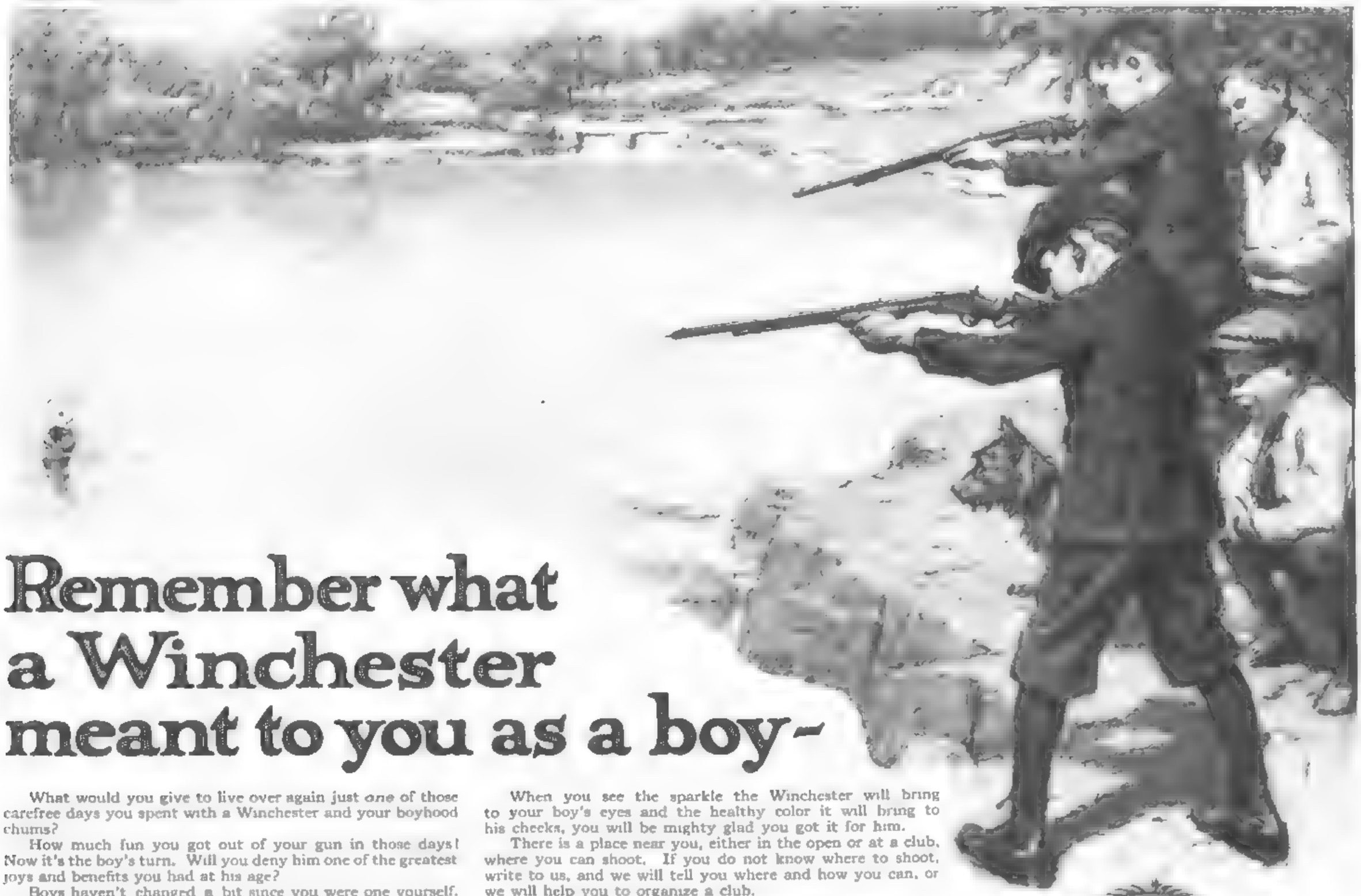
In Newburyport, and in Essex—which always has had a peculiar facility for the making of stout craft for the Gloucester fishermen—they were making still more ships; there was activity upon the Connecticut shore and upon that of New Jersey. Down in Florida and over in Texas they were building wooden sailing ships. And the Puget Sound country, rich with its near-by treasure houses of lumber, was taking with avidity to a transplanted and recreated New England industry. Out of a fleet of one hundred and forty-five new vessels under construction along the Pacific Coast at the beginning of April, seventy-eight were wooden craft of an average burden of about twenty-five hundred tons and with a total value of more than nineteen and a half million dollars.

It looked as if all the shipbuilding possibilities of the United States had been strained to their capacity. It was rather staggering merely to think of the nation turning out new vessels during the greater part of 1917 at a rate of more than one hundred thousand tons a month.

If the plan Eustis and Clark brought to the young Shipping Board could be worked, there would be two million tons of new ships turned out in the twelve months from November first next, when the plan would begin to show an actual output of new ships: four million tons more in the twelve-month between November 1, 1918, and November 1, 1919. Now the figures of new tonnage created begin to run more closely to those of tonnage destroyed in what we hope will be the high-water mark of shipping destroyed by the power of the submarine.

The wooden-ship plan of the Shipping Board at Washington contemplates the making of many ships of small size rather than a few ships of great size. In recent years the tendency of shipbuilding has been exactly the reverse of this. The bigger the ship, the lower the cost and the greater the efficiency in operation. Ocean carriers have grown to a point where their dimensions are only limited by the sizes of piers and of

(Continued on Page 71)



Remember what a Winchester meant to you as a boy—

What would you give to live over again just *one* of those carefree days you spent with a Winchester and your boyhood chums?

How much fun you got out of your gun in those days! Now it's the boy's turn. Will you deny him one of the greatest joys and benefits you had at his age?

Boys haven't changed a bit since you were one yourself. That kid you're so proud of has been wearing knickerbockers long enough now to make it natural for him to want a rifle.

What a gun will do for a boy

A gun will make a man of any boy. It will teach him responsibility, self-control and self-reliance. It will develop in him the invaluable qualities of concentration and perseverance.

A boy's natural interest in a gun is going to make him get his hands on one sooner or later, and the sooner you teach him the correct use of a gun the better. Remember that it is just as important for every boy to know how to handle a gun safely as it is that he should know how to swim.

Your boy will want a Winchester Medal

Our plan of awarding silver and gold medals to boys for skill with a rifle will help him form the habit of getting to the top of the heap in anything he does.

The *Gold "Sharpshooter" Medal* goes to the boy or girl under 16 who makes the first grade score.

The *Silver "Marksman" Medal* goes to the boy or girl who makes the second grade score.

Your boy will want one of these medals. He'll practice hard to become a good shot. Girls are also eligible for this contest.

Your chance to make a pal of your son

The next time he pleads with you for a Winchester you say "Yes."

When you see the sparkle the Winchester will bring to your boy's eyes and the healthy color it will bring to his cheeks, you will be mighty glad you got it for him.

There is a place near you, either in the open or at a club, where you can shoot. If you do not know where to shoot, write to us, and we will tell you where and how you can, or we will help you to organize a club.

What the name "Winchester" means

The Winchester Company is the greatest organization of its kind in the world. It makes a gun that cannot be duplicated by any other manufacturer.

No Winchester barrel varies one one-thousandth of an inch from a straight line, or one one-thousandth of an inch in diameter. Winchester craftsmanship is based on fine watchmakers' standards.

Every gun or rifle that bears the name "Winchester" is fired over 50 times with excess loads for strength, smooth action, and accuracy.

All Winchester barrels are finished by the Bennett Process, which gives the barrel a finish that lasts a lifetime; hard to scratch and resists rust. All the color and gloss is in the metal itself—there is no artificial coating used.

This care in manufacturing explains why more Winchesters are used by expert shooters than all other small arms combined.

Let the boy have it now

Don't delay any longer giving him the benefits a Winchester brings him.

You will be surprised to find what a fine gun you can get for a low price. Your dealer will be glad to show you his stock of Winchesters, and give you our catalog and booklet on the proper use of a gun. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us direct.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Winchester Medals for Skill with the Rifle

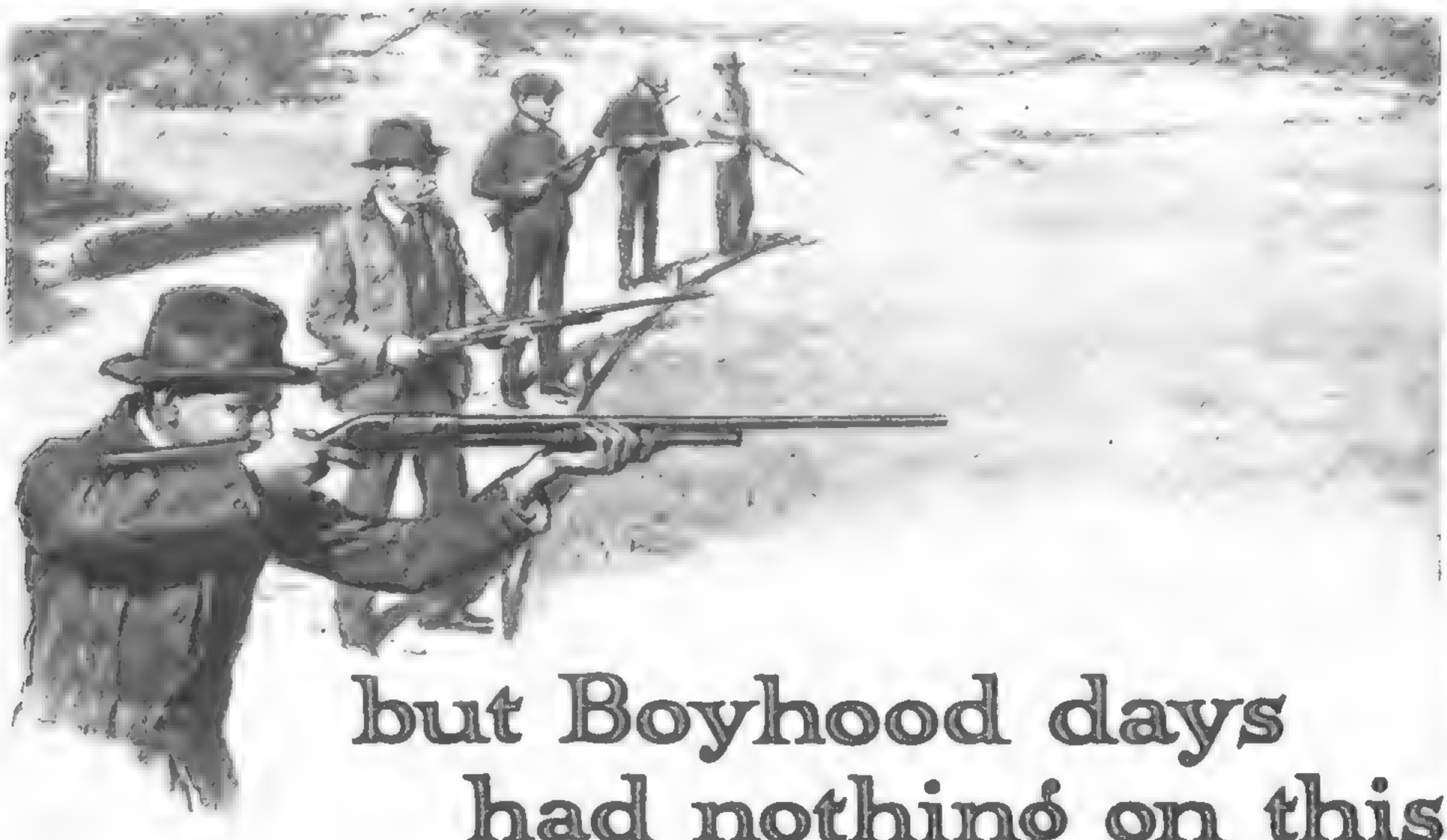
The *Gold "Sharpshooter" Medal* goes to the boy or girl under 16 who makes the first grade score.

The *Silver "Marksman" Medal* goes to the boy or girl who makes the second grade score.

Go to your dealer today; he will give you a sample target and booklet explaining the full conditions of the contest. This booklet also tells you how to get the best results from your Winchester. The dealer will also supply you with plenty of targets.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write to the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., Dept. 14, New Haven, Conn.

MODEL 90. Take-down repeating .22 rifle 24" octagon barrel. The standard
MODEL 06. Take-down repeating .22 rifle. Shoots 3 sizes of ammunition. 20" round barrel
MODEL 04. Hammerless take-down
MODEL 02. Hammerless, take-down, single shot .22 rifle 18" round barrel



but Boyhood days had nothing on this

When it comes to recreation every man is a grown-up boy—and trapshooting comes nearer to satisfying that boyish longing to "pot" something than any other sport a man can take up.

Instead of shooting at a stationary target, the trap shooter shoots at flying clay discs or "pigeons" slung out into the air from an automatic catapult called a "trap."

In its skimming flight the disc resembles the soaring of pigeons—hence the name "clay pigeons," or "clay birds."

The trapshooter shoots at the "bird" as soon as he sees it rise. With the report of his gun he sees it either shatter or go soaring on to find a resting place among other "lost birds" in the field beyond.

There is keen anticipation in following the clay pigeons with eye and gun, and tremendous satisfaction in smashing them into a thousand bits

A treat for tired nerves

Trapshooting is more than a sport it is a treat for tired nerves.

After a sunshiny afternoon at the traps you come away feeling all limbered up. Your mind is pleasantly relaxed. Your nerves are set up again; a trace of crisp burnt powder still lingers in your nostrils.

You attack your daily work with fresh vigor. It's the ideal sport for the business man.

Easy to "get onto"

At the traps you always find an "old hand" glad to stand by and coach you while you shoot your first string.

You will soon "get onto" the flying targets. In trap shooting you don't aim as you do in shooting at a fixed target. You just keep your eye on that little flying "bird" and your gun instinctively follows into line.

Once you fit a gunstock to your shoulder and "get onto" the flying target, you are a confirmed trapshooter The fascination of the sport has "got" you. You will be surprised, too, at the amount of fun you can get for the money.

People are daily coming to realize the genuine recreation that trapshooting offers. Every day new trapshooting clubs are springing up all over the country.

There is undoubtedly a club in your own neighborhood where you can start right in. But if the trapshooters of your neighborhood haven't organized yet, write to us and we will help get the club started. While you are making arrangements for a permanent club you can use a hand-trap to practice up with—inexpensive, but good sport.

Starting the sport right—the gun to use

To start trapshooting right it is most important to get the right sort of gun.

To handle well, and permit quick and accurate pointing, a gun must be properly balanced. It must not be muzzle-heavy or have too much of its weight in the breech or in the stock.

The choice of those who know

On account of its safety, strength, lightness and balance, the beauty of its lines, the mechanical correctness of its design, the Winchester shotgun has been classed by critical experts "The Perfect Gun." It is the choice of trapshooters the country over. Its action is smooth and sure and its ejection positive

The Winchester shotgun is made in both the hammer and hammerless models. The model No. 12 hammerless is made in the standard 12 gauge and also in the lighter 20 gauge—more popular with women and new shooters because of its lightness and very slight recoil. The ammunition for the 20 gauge gun costs less.

The No. 97 model, 12 and 16 gauge, is made for those who prefer a pump gun with a hammer. It is the same as the No. 12, but with hammer action

What the name "Winchester" means

The Winchester Company is the greatest organization of its kind in the world. It makes a gun that cannot be duplicated by any other manufacturer.

No Winchester barrel varies one one-thousandth of an inch from a straight line, or one one-thousandth of an inch in diameter. Winchester craftsmanship is based on fine watchmakers' standards.

Every gun or rifle that bears the name "Winchester" is fired over 50 times with excess loads for strength, smooth action, and accuracy

All Winchester barrels are finished by the Bennett Process, which gives the barrel a finish that lasts a lifetime; hard to scratch and resists rust. All the color and gloss is in the metal itself—there is no artificial coating used.

This care in manufacturing explains why more Winchesters are used by expert shooters than all other small arms combined.

Write for the Winchester Catalog

For more detailed description of these guns ask your dealer for the new 1917 Winchester catalog, or send direct to us for it.

We have prepared an interesting illustrated booklet on the Sport of Trapshooting. Your dealer can supply you with one, or we will send you a copy free upon request.

Find out about trapshooting at once. Go out to the club next Saturday and get started.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.
Dept. 14, New Haven, Conn

MODEL No. 97—Solid frame pump, take-down, repeating shotgun. Solid frame made in 12 gauge, weight about 7½ lbs., in 16 gauge, weight about 7½ lbs. The favorite with shooters who prefer a pump gun with a hammer.

MODEL No. 12—Take-down repeating shotgun. Made in 12 gauge weighs about 7½ lbs.; in 20 gauge weighs about 6 lbs. More popular with women and new shooters, because of its lightness and very slight recoil.

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In every hill-climbing contest, as well as in gruelling road races, Rajahs always outnumber any other plug. In the speediest racing airplanes, and in the United States Army and Navy fliers, Rajah Plugs are standard equipment.

The plug that meets these exceptional tests is the one you can safely rely upon to give you the best there is in your car, all the time and under all conditions.

If you cannot get Rajah Plugs without trouble, write direct to us giving make of car and we will see that you are supplied through a dealer.

Terminals are furnished so that Rajah Plugs can be used on any car

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(Continued from Page 67)

slips, and of the navigable channels and the fairways of the largest of our harbors.

But economy has not been the guiding factor in the plan for the building of the host of ships. One does not count pennies when one goes to war. And, even if it were possible and practicable to make a wooden ship of thirty thousand tons burden—which it is not—so big a ship would not be constructed; for it is a fundamental of the wooden-ship plan that there shall be many vessels and that these be of as moderate a capacity as it is efficient to build and operate. Three thousand tons was placed as an ideal size. In other words, ten of the smaller ships will carry the same amount of cargo as one big steel ship of a size that began to be popular before the beginning of the war. To sink thirty thousand tons of cargo under the new plan, the Kaiser would have to take ten shots instead of one—and his gunners would have to make every single shot true to its mark.

Here, then, is the crux of the entire situation; here is the place where the little ship, many times multiplied, may prove, in the present situation—in an hour when the fate of nations lies trembling in the balance—her great efficiency. With small wooden ships leaving the United States for Europe at intervals of from ninety minutes to two hours apart, night and day, during the first year of the operation of the plan, and at intervals of from thirty to sixty minutes every day during the second year, it must be a submarine warfare far more marvelously perfect than the present one that is going to keep our Allies overseas from their food, their fresh troops and their munitions.

"The fundamental of the plan," begins one of the men who has perfected it, "rests in the fact that it calls for a standardized ship instead of a specialized one. This makes for infinite simplicity in the construction."

You understand. Ships can and should be standardized, like automobiles and railroad freight cars, whose very parts are systematized and standardized, even to their nomenclature.

"And the wooden ships are not only to be standardized," continues your informant, "limited in their designs to two or at the most three types, but they can be built out of standard mill-length or lumberyard timber sizes; built by carpenters if necessary. For these new ships are not going to look any more like the clipper ships of half a century ago than a locomotive of to-day looks like an old-time stagecoach. These are steamships—oil-burners, in order to make for a small economical crew. Each vessel can be completely manned by a crew of from twenty-five to thirty-five men."

The Autumn Ship Crop

All of which sounds simple and is not entirely simple; for it is a really tremendous plan.

To make it effective, the Shipping Board called one of the master builders of our generation—Goethals, the man who dug the great canal at Panama. And General Goethals, at no little personal sacrifice, came to the colors and began his great task of creating yards in which, in turn, the wooden ships may be created.

We are the most mobile people in the world. Therein lies our great hope of salvation in the present war; for, as you have just now seen, our carpenters and our house erectors, our bridgebuilders and our millwrights are going to become, almost in the passing of a night, the shipbuilders who are to create within the next few months America's huge new merchant armada.

If I choose to take a late afternoon train from New York to Washington this very day I can see upon the shore of New York Harbor workmen driving the piles for a new shipyard in which ten ships will be built side by side, until from seventy-five to a hundred ships have been launched and have gone forth from it on their task of keeping the armies and the peoples of our European Allies fortified for their great struggle. In another thirty days the ways will be ready for the laying of keels of the first ten ships. In ninety days more—soon after the first of September, according to present calculations—the very first pattern ship, upon which all the others are to be modeled, will be launched. And in forty-five days more—or well before the beginning of November—this first vessel will be equipped and ready to take cargo overseas.

Thereafter the ships will come from this yard each ten days—until the war is won. Three thousand men will work continuously within the yard day and night; and, as fast as one ship is launched and freed from the ways, the work will begin of laying a keel for its successor. Raw materials will be rushed to the plant. Under the new wartime scheme for the operation of all the railroads as a unit, shipbuilding material will be preferred freight and will have the right of way over even limited passenger trains. And it is perhaps typical of the cooperative spirit in which our giant new shipbuilding task has been taken upon human shoulders that the land upon which the new yard stands was leased at a merely nominal sum from an automobile manufacturer of Detroit, who preferred to let his own plans stand aside in view of the great national crisis.

A Temporary Expedient

Other brand-new shipyards are being built to-day in the neighborhood of the larger cities and towns of the North Atlantic Seaboard, where the market for labor bids fair to remain comparatively good and where there are abundant railroad facilities for the prompt haulage of raw materials. All the way along the white rim of the Gulf of Mexico still other improvised shipyards are springing up overnight. Given a bit of shelving shore, deep enough water for the safe launching and handling of a ship three hundred feet long, forty-eight feet beam, and seventeen or eighteen feet draft, lumber either close at hand or easily transportable from a distance, and you have the opportunity for building the new wooden ships.

The Pacific Coast, because of its great virgin forests within easy distance of the sea, is well adapted for these improvised yards. It is expected that seventy per cent of the wooden merchant armada will be built there, and there loaded with grain and other cargo destined direct for Europe. The contracts awarded to a single concern in the Puget Sound country provide that it shall proceed at once to the building of twenty launchways, so that the construction of an equal number of wooden ships may always be in progress.

The Shipping Board realizes, however, that wooden ships are but a temporary expedient—a stop-gap until the hour when we can begin to multiply greatly our production of steel ships. The wooden ships, quickly fabricated and in many cases fabricated of timber none too well dried out before working, can hardly be of large service in the upbuilding of a permanent merchant marine for the United States. But at the present transatlantic rates they will pay for their moderate cost of construction in but three round trips, inside of half a year at the longest.

Steel ships spell permanence. A man writing only a few weeks ago of the shipbuilding situation called attention to the fact that, following Germany's declaration of unrestricted submarine warfare, an alien nation had placed contracts here for four hundred thousand tons of steel steamships—costing in all about one hundred million dollars—and said:

"Before the war we stood eighth or ninth on the list of maritime Powers, having something over one million tons engaged in foreign trade as against England's twenty millions and Japan's seventeen hundred thousand tons. Japan has now almost doubled her tonnage. We shall probably still be in the same position at the end of the war. We do between one-quarter and one-fifth of the entire world's tonnage trade. To handle even fifty or sixty per cent of it ourselves we should have not less than fifteen million tons of shipping. Norway owns between two and a half million and three million tons of shipping. Our exports exceed hers by about twenty-five times."

This was written before we declared war upon Germany, in the days when the Shipping Board was being ushered into a mighty strenuous sort of world. Perhaps the man who wrote it had taken a trip along the Delaware, had gone to Wilmington, to Chester, to Philadelphia, and had seen shipyard after shipyard contracted to its capacity for to-day—and for many and many a long day to come—for the turning out of tonnage to sail under alien flags. Elsewhere he must have found the same conditions. No wonder he grew pessimistic!

But remember that the Federal Shipping Board is not pessimistic. A single look at its big, upstanding chairman—William Denman, of San Francisco—would convince you that he is confident, driving and efficient. No one has ever accused General Goethals of pessimism and succeeded in getting away with it. And, on the other hand, neither these men nor their associates indulge in unwise optimism. They measure up to this big job—the biggest job that a group of Americans has had to undertake in many and many a day—with all the sagacity and counsel and experience they can call to their aid.

The question of which flag is not the great problem that confronts them in this crisis. It must be remembered that the Shipping Board is in nowise a war institution. It is a permanent institution, whose chief purpose, in the long run, is to restore the merchant marine that carries the flag of the United States. But at the present hour, like every other American institution, it is turning its best thought toward the protection of the national honor. So its immediate concern is to make new ships.

Its members, too, have found the steel-ship yards of America choked with orders—some of them orders proffered and accepted after the Shipping Board had announced its well-defined plan of multiplying tonnage with the greatest rapidity. For the unfortunate part of most of these contracts lies in the fact that they are for specialized ships instead of standardized—ships that call for care and infinite pains, fresh drawings and models and castings in each individual case. Moreover, most of these yards have been and still are being operated on a single eight-hour shift.

The board, through Congress, has moved already to end this serious condition in the steel-ship industry. It feels that the alien nations, whose ships are either upon the launchways or else are still completely in embryo, will consent gladly to the changing of their plans from specialized to standardized ships. A few hundred tons burden more or less, the moving of a funnel ten feet forward or of a bulkhead ten feet aft, are not to be, in the long run, serious operating problems. And a standardized ship, like a standardized freight car or a standardized automobile, can be built in from one-half to one-third less time than a tailor-made model.

Captains of Industry to the Fore

England at the outbreak of the war did not hesitate to seize her private shipyards and to commandeer the craft upon their ways that were building for alien nations. The United States cannot and will not be criticized for doing the very same thing—particularly when the necessities of the alien nations whose craft are upon the launchways of our yards demand the step. This done, the next thing will be to place each yard upon a three-shift, twenty-four-hours-a-day, seven-days-a-week basis. Ordinarily this would be out of the question. Labor would protest. Yet to-day labor is cooperating with every other great force in the salvation of the democracy of the world.

And as the wooden-ship yards have already begun to multiply, so are the steel-ship yards soon to increase. Iron-working concerns, which to-day would no more think of turning out a vessel than they would a pair of shoes, to-morrow are going to be building great ships.

A steel manufacturer up in the hills of Eastern Pennsylvania, whose quiet pride it is that his plant already exceeds in size the great Krupp Works at Essen, Germany, told the Shipping Board that he could turn out one hundred ten-thousand-ton ships in the next sixteen months. Up to the present time the Bethlehem Steel Company has never built a ship; but no one who knows the thoroughness of its organization doubts its ability to keep even so great a promise.

A huge steel-shipbuilding concern upon the Delaware has made an even larger offer. Despite the fact that it, too, has long-term contracts extending for many months into the future, it has offered to build a pattern ship of from seventy-five hundred to ten thousand tons in six months, and a ship a day, of the same size and pattern, for an indefinite time thereafter! And these are but two of many offers! Germany can and probably will multiply her submarines; but we can and certainly shall multiply our ships more rapidly than she can possibly build undersea fighting craft. For we have more labor, more raw material, and better railroad facilities for moving both.

(Concluded on Page 74)

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EUGENE H. SMITH, D. M. D., Dean, Boston, Mass.

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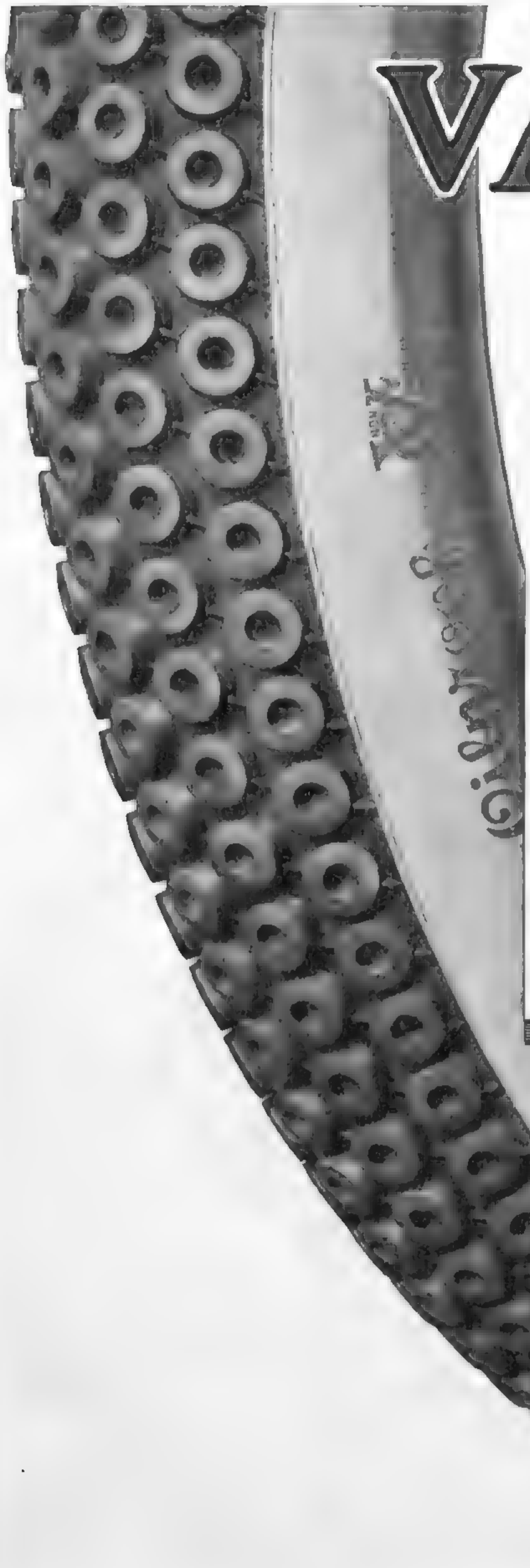

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WHEN ordering your automobile, include among the "extras" Vacuum Cup Tires to take the place of the stock tire equipment.

High in extra service and safety at nominal extra cost.

Due to the fact that the makers of Vacuum Cup Tires pursue a set policy of giving *actual user buyers* the benefit of all price concessions rather than make special large-contract prices to automobile manufacturers, Vacuum Cup Tires will *not* be found as standard equipment on new cars, with the exception of a number of very high grade makes.

However, most automobile makers will furnish Vacuum Cup Tires when specified, the additional cost, under the schedules in a majority of cases, being comparatively negligible.

Vacuum Cup Tires are sold at prices practically on a parity with those of ordinary tires sold on a 3,500 mile basis, and are *guaranteed*—per warranty tag attached to each casing—for

6,000 Miles

CUP TIRES

INSIDE the limousine, comfort, luxury, smiles and small talk.

Under the fenders, a different story—the "skidders" awaiting their chance on the slippery, wet pavement.

Possibilities—a little slide—the curb—a collapsed wheel—a shattering of glass—perhaps a pedestrian—

But not this time. For down there on the wet pavement the "skidders" are overpowered by the *suction grip* of the massive *Vacuum Cups.*

"The wetter the better!" is the battle cry of the stalwart cups, reducing to practice the *only* principle by which rubber projections can *grip* a treacherous pavement—*suction.*

Vacuum Cup Tires are the *only* tires absolutely *guaranteed* not to skid, else returnable at full purchase price, after reasonable trial.

Nor does this principle of skid-prevention have the least retarding effect on the speed. The forward rolling of the wheel automatically releases each cup by gently raising it edgewise and releasing the vacuum. The cups also increase traction on heavy roads by thrusting *deeply* below the surface.

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER COMPANY

Jeannette, Pa.

Direct factory branches and service agencies throughout the United States and Canada.

Moving Picture of Actual Vacuum Cup Non-skid Test

New York, Feb. 21, 1917.

Pennsylvania Rubber Company,
Jeannette, Pennsylvania.

Gentlemen:

On February 20, we equipped one of our 4370 pound taxicabs with four Vacuum Cup Tires, in order to test their non-skid properties on wet city streets.

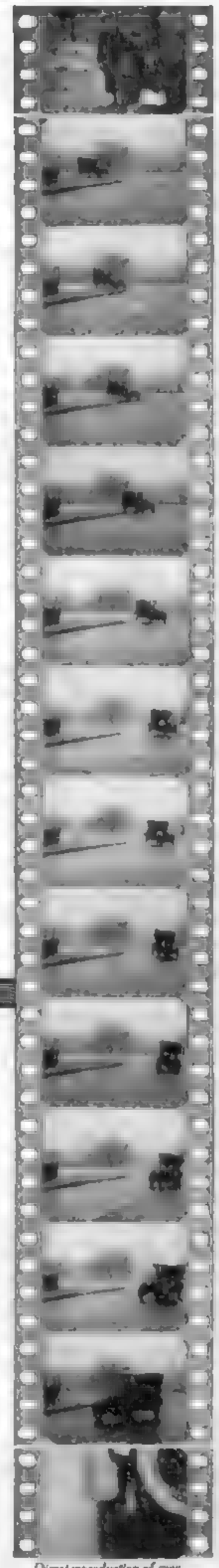
You will probably recall the rain we had on that day. The streets were in a very slippery condition and it was an ideal time to hold this test. Barney Pelletreau, our driver, renders a very satisfactory and enthusiastic report as follows:

> *"With three passengers, we drove through the wet streets, stopping, starting quickly and handling the car in traffic without the slightest skidding."*

At Seventy-sixth Street and Riverside Drive, Pelletreau rounded the sharp corner from the drive at a speed of 25 miles an hour. Even though the pavements were dangerous, and especially so at this place, neither he nor the occupants noticed the slightest tendency to skid or side-slip. An examination of the tracks on the pavement showed that the cups held strongly in the exact place where they touched the road

You can therefore imagine our surprise to learn that the Vacuum Cups do actually prevent skidding, no matter how wet the pavements may be.

Yours very truly,
TOWN TAXICAB COMPANY, Inc.
Joseph Troxell
Secretary and Treasurer



Direct reproduction of moving picture of New York taxicab rounding wet, slippery corner at 25 miles an hour.

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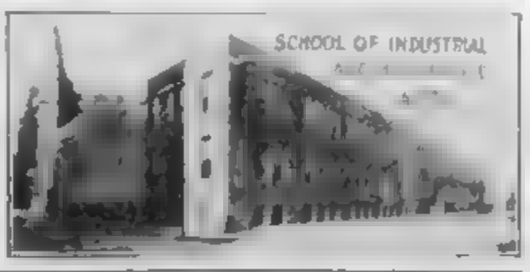

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COLONEL WM. G. KABLE, Ph. D., Principal, Staunton, Va.

(Concluded from Page 71)

A little more than a year ago a lonely sandspit jutted out into Puget Sound, not far from Seattle. Then, on a bright spring morning, men began the construction of a yard for building steel ships, out upon the sandspit. They worked rapidly. Pile drivers were succeeded by dock builders and track layers. Upon their heels came masons and machinists and carpenters. Before any of these had entirely completed his task, a slim steel keel was being fabricated upon the first of the launchways. And ten months, to the day, from the time the first of the workmen had come to the lonely sandspit, a preferred model cargo-type steamer of eighty-eight hundred tons burden left the ways and took to the water. And in the five months since then this vessel has twice completed the long and lonely round trip between Seattle and Vladivostok.

To build steel ships quickly and in great quantities requires, of course, a plentiful supply of both raw material and labor. Consider the raw material first. Of iron, of the steel which comes forth from the heart of iron, we have an inexhaustible supply. Last year the mines of a single American state supplied more than thirty million tons of the red ore; this year those same mines will give forth more than forty million tons. Then, when it seemed as if the capacity of the ship-steel production was to be limited and hampered by the rolls, which turn out the plates for hulls and decks and bulkheads, the American mill-making industry stepped forward and said that it would multiply the rolls.

If it is necessary—and probably it will be necessary—building construction in the whole land, save of the most vital and immediate nature, will be halted. The types of rolls that make I-beams and T-beams for skyscraper and bridge construction will easily make the same beams for the ribs and the deck construction of ship hulls.

And the labor that so airily fabricates the steel-frame building can easily be turned toward the fashioning of steel-frame ships; just as house carpenters, millwrights and woodworkers of every sort are going to be set at work building the great wooden armada. True it is that there are technical forms of labor necessary for the making of steel ships—ship fitters and mold-loft men chief among these; but the importance of these trades becomes relatively far less as the type of ship changes from the specialized to the standardized. And the men who this year would have been employed in building the new theater or the new hotel or the new department store in your town can and will be of infinite help in the building of the many ships that may yet prove to be the very salvation of your home community.

Fighting in the Shipyards

To gather this labor is going to be a task of the Federal Department of Labor—a task of recruiting; perhaps an opportunity for the conscription measure that has just become law. For there seems to be no reason why men who can build ships should be sent at this time to a line of battle. Our new merchant ships are as important in this crisis as whole regiments of fighting men. And the shipyard offers an immediate and profitable opportunity to the man with women or children dependent upon him, a real opportunity to any man who is in the least facile with either woodworking or iron-working tools.

A second labor problem will arise after these ships are completed and crews are being sought to man them. It will take anywhere from one hundred and fifty thousand to two hundred and fifty thousand artisans, skilled and unskilled, to build the ships; and it will require from fifty thousand to seventy-five thousand men to operate them. Each step is going to call for its individual mobilization of labor. For it is going to be as important to sail the ships as it is to build them; in fact, here is an important step for the organization of America's permanent merchant marine.

The operation of a vast fleet of from two thousand to five thousand steel and wooden ships brings a world of problems in itself. There must be dockage facilities, coal and oil supply, repair yards aplenty. And the ships must be so divided between twenty-five or thirty ports of the North Atlantic as to meet promptly the freight that the railroads lay down at those ports, and so prevent any congestion of docks or rail lines. This problem of routing and dividing the ships between ports is akin to that of a train dispatcher, or, better still, to that of a superintendent of car service, who must put freight cars of every type at the points where the traffic is awaiting them.

So far, we have merely considered the possibilities of our gaining ships by building to counteract, so far as possible, the growing canker of the submarine. There are one or two more immediate ways of adding to our tonnage. The first is the immediate adaptation to our own needs of the German merchant fleet that was interned in our then neutral harbors at the outbreak of the great war. There are a hundred and five of these ships—including fourteen of Austrian register, but more or less owned by Germans—with a gross tonnage of 662,513. Yesterday this was an impressive total; but to-day, in view of Doctor Helfferich's undisputed statement, seemingly a mere nothing.

These German ships range in size from the fifty-four-thousand-ton Vaterland, which has been gathering rust at the Hamburg-American pier in Hoboken for more than thirty months, down to the tiny Wiegand, over in the Philippines, which has a rating of but four hundred and ninety-nine tons. Most of them are sizable ships. And most of them were damaged more or less by their late owners on the very eve of Germany's declaration of ruthless submarine warfare. Yet so promptly have repairs been instituted that on the second of May one of them, loaded with supplies for the Allies, set forth for Europe from a North Atlantic port, with two others closely following in its wake.

Coastwise Ships

Another hundred thousand to two hundred and fifty thousand tons—perhaps even more—of carrying capacity may be gained at once by the diversion of certain coastwise steamers into the transatlantic service. The fine ships of the Southern Pacific fleet, plying between New York and New Orleans, already have made several transatlantic trips; there is a considerable tonnage of this sort that could be steadily devoted to this purpose throughout the period of the war, because the coastwise steamer is, in its general analysis, a competitor of the railroad; and under the scheme for the unification of the operation of all the railroads of America the competitive factor has, for the moment at least, disappeared.

Thus, it may be entirely possible for the railroads to take up the traffic that would go, in ordinary seasons, by coastwise steamers and so release the largest of them for war service. And, on the other hand, it may be better war strategy for the steamers to relieve the railroads to an even greater degree, so that the land carriers may be even more free for the haulage of munitions.

It must not be forgotten that a good many coastwise steamers are not only limited in fuel and water capacity, but they are only equipped for the carrying of package freight—and for but a comparatively limited quantity of that. That is quite as true of the great ships of the type of the Vaterland.

But when we come to send troops overseas the ships of the Vaterland type are going to be of greatest service to our land. Whole regiments, with all the appurtenances and equipment that goes with the modern fighting unit, can be moved upon a single one of them.

Yet how quickly the importance of these measures fades when you come to compare them with the results of the wholesale campaign of shipbuilding that America awake is just beginning; of tidewater shores, yesterday quiet and serene and to-morrow lined with forges and furnaces and launchways and machine shops; of nervous little switch engines bringing long trains of cars with raw materials; of men coming and men going; of new ships taking the water and sailing forth upon their maiden trips, deep-set with cargo; of industry that toils throughout the days and throbs aflame the entire night. Here comes the timber and there the steel—and here, down the river and out of all the bays and the bayous, come the ships, endless marching lines of them, like soldiers coming out of underbrush. Now they are tarrying; each is picking up his burden. And now they are scurrying off—across the blue seas, a loved banner at the taffrails, the echoes of Bon voyage! still ringing in their ears.

Paramount Proclamation

World's Greatest Stars for *all* the People

AN OFFICIAL STATEMENT FROM ADOLPH ZUKOR

AFTER August 5, 1917, you who want Paramount Pictures can have them at your favorite motion picture theatre.

You 20,000,000 people who daily patronize the motion picture theatres of America can have the *better pictures* that you have been demanding. You have only to make your wishes known.

For on the above date Paramount will inaugurate a new policy of service to the *entire* play-going public. Any theatre in America can secure Paramount Pictures and Paramount Stars, just as it chooses to book them.

The Restrictions Are Off

This announcement is made after four months of preparation. I know it to be the most important addressed to motion picture patrons since September 1, 1914, when the Paramount program was born.

It had to come. Paramount has grown too big—its appeal too broad—its following too world-wide for Paramount Pictures to be offered in any other way except through all channels.

By this plan your theatre will carry out your wishes and Paramount will be able, for the first time, to satisfy the enormous public demand.

The time has come when this can be done. There is a far higher standard in the "retailing" of motion pictures. Paramount quality is respected by all exhibitors. In return we are giving them all equal opportunity and equal rights in Paramount.

Paramount—a Public Service

So now Paramount assumes its rightful place—reaches the *total population*—as Uncle Sam's mail service does. And Paramount itself is nothing less than a public service institution—rendering National Service in paramount entertainment.

Paramount, as you know, five years ago *originated* the feature photoplay idea. Beginning with Sarah Bernhardt and James K. Hackett, we gave to the screen the famous stars of the speaking stage, with master writers, master directors, an investment of millions to lift motion pictures to their present high plane.

Paramount literally created the "art preservative of the dramatic art," and Paramount leads every forward movement in screen production.

Paramount Has the Stars

The Paramount roster includes such famous names as (Lasky Stars) Mme. Petrova, Fannie Ward, Wallace Reid, Theodore Roberts, Sessue Hayakawa; (Famous Players Stars) Marguerite Clark, Pauline Frederick, Louise Huff, Ann Pennington, Jack Pickford; (Morosco and Pallas Stars) Lenore Ulrich, Kathlyn Williams, Vivian Martin, George Beban. Also, the famous Paramount-Arbuckle two-reel comedies, the Victor Moore and Black Diamond one-reel comedies, the Paramount Bray Pictograph, weekly "Magazine on the Screen" and Burton Holmes Travel Pictures.

And all these great stars, in the greatest plays, are now as near you as your nearest theatre.

Ask for Paramount Pictures

Your theatre manager wants to please *you*. He will cheerfully book Paramount if you ask him—now that after August 5th he will be able to secure the stars he may *select*—just as he wants to book them. Tell him you want to see Paramount Stars and Paramount Pictures. **Hand in the Box Office Request Below.** He will be glad to *know* and *will follow* your wishes.

Paramount Pictures Corporation
Controlled by
FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
Adolph Zukor, President
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NEW YORK

Paramount Pictures

Box Office Request
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Address

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Make pilgrimages to her historic spots—Valley Forge, Gettysburg, Brandywine, Paoli, the scene of Braddock's defeat by the Indians, and many more, for the inspiration they give. Marvel at her titanic steel mills, her mammoth collieries and labyrinth of mine passages, her oil derricks dotting mile upon mile of her area. It is an inspiration for every true American to see and know Pennsylvania's resources, so vital at this time.

In Pennsylvania was the first discovery of Oil in the United States. Now gasoline, made from oil, drives most of her motor cars, helps to make better roads, thus promoting trade and social intercourse. Oil lubricates the machinery that produces her vast industrial output, serving countless other purposes in its many forms and by-products. Plan your tour through Pennsylvania. She offers every accessory to make your tour speedy if need be—secure, comfortable and pleasant.

Wherever you travel within her borders you will find the red pump and sign denoting the progressive garage that sells Atlantic Gasoline—the "gas" with the uniform boiling point—the "gas" that "Puts Pep in Your Motor." Here, too, you will find Atlantic Motor Oils the Big Four of Motordom—Light, Medium, Heavy and Polarine. They "Keep Upkeep DOWN." Many miles of Pennsylvania's roads are paved with Atlantic Asphalt or treated with Atlantic "Penetration," "Road Oil" or "Park Oil."

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Pennsylvania is amply equipped with excellent hostelries for the accommodation of the motorist. Write us, indicating your contemplated itinerary and we will arrange to have you supplied with descriptive folders of the places you desire to visit, and any additional information you may require.

The Atlantic Refining Company

Philadelphia Franklin Pittsburgh

ATLANTIC ASPHALT

The Rooster and the Washpot

By SARAH JOHNSON COCKE

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY WICKEY

BLESS de Lawd! I done bin born'd ergin!" rang from the mourning bench of the big negro revival in Eastwood. "Yas, my Lawd, I'm done wash'd in de blood er de Lam' an' I'm whiter'n snow, yer heah me?" And Hannah's mulatto face seemed to shade paler in the triumph of faith.

"Jes so yer heart's white, Sis Hannah, hit doan make no diffunce 'bout yer face!" intoned a loud voice from the center of the meeting-house.

"Amen!" "Dat's so!" "Bless Gawd!" groaned numberless Christians from the far corners.

"Yas," chanted Hannah, "I done bin drinkin' at de Fountain fill'd wid Blood! W-h-o-o-p! Hole me!"

Deacon Grimes sprang to receive the swaying figure which, under the highest pressure of religious fervor, began a sort of ecstatic dance accompanied by wild gesticulations and shouting.

"Hole me, I tell yer! Not you, Br'er Grimes, I wants Br'er Jessy Willums ter hole me! Yas, my Lawd, Br'er Jessy brung me out'n de miry clay an' lan' me on de rock! Hole me, Br'er Jessy, hole me!"

"Stan' Up All Dat's Willin' ter Serve de Righ'eous!"

Others affected by Hannah's conversion began to break forth in sympathetic ecstasy, and from the mourners' bench came loud wails from those still under the weight of sin. The church was a bedlam of sound. The strains of There is a Fountain Filled with Blood, rising in tremulous rhythm from more than two hundred throats, acted only as an accompaniment to the shouting of the saved and the mourning of the unsaved. In the midst of this confusion the revered figure of Mammy Caroline Bruce appeared at the door. She looked about in indecision.

"Come in, Sis Ca'line," graciously insisted Deacon Jones; "I'll git yer er seat up on de preacher's flatform."

"No, Br'er Jimmy," sadly responded the dejected old woman, "I ain' fitten ter set up 'longside de preacher—dat is, not yit."

It was with difficulty that Jimmy Jones restrained his curiosity, but Mammy Caroline's face forbade familiarity.

"Whar yer gwine set at, Sis Ca'line?" he ventured.

"I gwine set right heah on dis back bench tell de Lawd pints out whar He wants me ter go. Dat's whar I gwine set at!"

The deacon apparently returned to the duties of the meeting, but the mumblings and muttering of Mammy Caroline absorbed his attentions.

"White fokes, bless Gawd! torkin' 'bout white fokes stealin' er hunderd doll'rs! My po' li'le Miss Kathereen kin thow 'way er hunderd doll'rs er minute ef she want ter—dat she kin! Doan yer cry no mo', baby, mammy gwine ter fine dat hunderd-doll'r bill, ef she hat'r kill ev'y nigg'r in town ter do hit. She will, honey. Hole yo' haid high, baby, mammy'll ——"

Easy-going Jimmy moved to another aisle. It was unsafe to be in Mammy Caroline's vicinity now that she was in possession of the "white fokes'" scandal over the loss of the hundred-dollar bill sent to the charity club of which Miss Katherine Bruce was treasurer. To be sure, Judge Bruce replaced the money as soon as the loss was discovered, but slander ran rife in the village.

Caroline's angry murmurs rose to a soliloquy amid the babel of sounds.

She cast anathemas at the Bruce cook, Amy, who entered with the "uppish" housemaid, Maria.

"Bofe dem nigg'rs is slip'ry. I knows dey is, an' dey knows I knows hit too." She cast a side glance at Deacon Grimes strutting up the center aisle. "An' I seed Grimes m'se'f in Colonel Powers' corncrib. He knows I seed 'im! An' yit wid all dese slip'ry nigg'rs runnin' roun' heah loose, fokes is got de low-downness ter say er fus'-class-qual'ty lady stole dat hunderd-doll'r bill! Lawd er Mighty!" she agonized, falling on her knees in tearful prayer. "Bless'd Lawd, pint some way out fer po' ole Ca'line ter save her white chile!"

As though in immediate answer to her supplication, the vision of the old slavery test of The Rooster and the Washpot flashed before her. Vividly the exciting ceremony detailed itself in all the glory of supernatural wonder. It did not occur to her that this unerring system of detection, playing upon the superstitious credulity of his slaves, was but a kindly ruse of "ole marst'r's" to avoid open accusation. She saw only the occult power of the rooster, as memory revived the never-failing success of this plantation trial.

"Bless Gawd! Ef de Lawd ain' come down f'um Glory ter show Ca'line whut ter do!" She clambered back to her seat on the bench, trying to gain control of her trembling limbs and tearful exaltation. "Yas, good Lawd, I gwine do jes like you says, an' I hopes when we fines dat stealin' nigg'r, Lawd, yer'll take Ca'line 'long back ter Glory wid yer. Ca'line's tl'ed, Lawd, she's plum wo' out wid de raskality an' low-downness er dis worl'."

She rose, balancing herself against the bench. The confusion of noises, now partially abating, presented no obstacle to her purpose. With uncertain steps she made her way to the little rostrum in front of the pulpit. She was a venerable figure, with her gray hair showing round the edges of her red bandanna kerchief and courage molding every line of her dark wrinkled face. Her left arm was held by a sling, but she straightened her tall energetic frame and nodded to the preacher for permission to stop the singing. At the lifting of her hand, silence gradually prevailed.

"Br'er Willums, I ain' come heah ter give in no 'sperince. I bin givin' in 'sperinces ter de Lawd fur nigh on ter eighty year. Fur seb'nty I bin walkin' under de bann'r er Chris'."

"Amen, sist'r!" came from all parts of the church.

"I come heah ter-night 'cause I'm in tr'uble, an' I wants my people ter hep me out. All yo'all knows I nuss'd Jedge Bruce's pa, an' I nuss'd de jedge, too, an' de las' er de fam'ly I nuss'd wus li'le Miss Kathereen." Here the voice became tremulous, threatening to break into a sob. "Gawd gimme de strength ter raise 'er, an' He's givin' me de strength ter pertect 'er. Yo'all knows who 'twas brung de doct'r ter me whin I broke dis arm."

"Yas, Lawd, it wus Miss Kathereen!" was shouted from all parts, while a chorus of Amens followed.

"Well, Miss Kathereen's in tr'uble herse'f. She done loss er hunderd doll'rs, an' I wants ter know how minny uv my people'll he'p me ter fine dat money. Stan' up all dat's willin' ter serve de righ'ous!"

Every man and woman stood up, exclaiming "We'll all he'p!" All save Maria.

"Set down den an' lemme tell yer whut I wants yer ter do."

"Say on, sist'r, we'll do hit."

"I wants ev'y culard pusson dat sot eyes on Miss Kathereen las' Thursday wus er week ergo, ter come ter my house nex' Sad'day at fo' er-clock ter try de tes' uv de Rooster an' de Washpot. Hit tain't gwine ter hu't no hones' nigg'r ter try dat tes', an' dem dat doan come is got sumthin' ter hide."

"Youse right, sist'r!" "Youse spittin' out de trufe, Ca'line."

"I'm gwine count who's dar, an' I'm notice 'special who ain' dar."

"We'll all be dar!" came in a chorus.

She beckoned to her daughter, a mulatto woman, and, leaning heavily on her arm, with slow steps, this oracle of her color left the church.

The clotheslines, washpots and tubs had been removed from Mammy Caroline's yard. The little log cabin seemed out of place amid its festive surroundings of lengthy white-covered tables that groaned under the weight of luxuries pleasing to the negro palate. Large platters of baked possum, garnished with sweet potatoes, were generously distributed on each table, and the air was filled with fumes from the barbecue pits containing mutton and young pigs. In the center of the front room of the cabin, a big washpot was turned upside down to expose its smutty surface, under which an old dominecker rooster had been placed. Quilts were hung about the windows, excluding every ray of light. Uncle Ned Hunter, the Bruce coachman and senior deacon of the church, was chosen to conduct the test with the assistance of a negro detective. Uncle Ned was explaining to him that he must not begin the march round the pot until the door was closed and total darkness prevailed. The song must begin with the first step of the march, and he was to lead the line close enough to the pot so that, in passing, every one might touch it. Uncle Ned would attend to the rest.

Four o'clock arrived. Mammy Caroline, with her family grouped about her, sat under a huge tree to receive her guests. The Bruce servants were the first to arrive, next came those of the Powers' household.

"Whar yo' chillun, Amy?" said Hannah, addressing the Bruce cook.

"Lawd, dat Judy so pertic'lar 'bout haid fixin's, dey ain' no tellin' when she'll git heah. I wusn't gwine ter wait fer dat foolishness, so I come erlong. Day'll be erlong terreckly."

At this moment another relay appeared. Bill Johnson, a notedly clever chicken thief, was in the group. He exclaimed:

"Lawd er Mighty! Jes smell dat possum an' barbecue vittals. Ain' hit er shame dey got so much daylight on dis heah banquet?"

By half past four the negro population of Eastwood had gathered in Caroline's grove and in every available space surrounding it.

"Name er de Lawd, Lucindy, look at Amy Bruce's chillun," said Bill Johnson, nudging Lucindy.

Forcing their way through the crowd appeared the ten-year-old Judy with little Tildy, dragging the infant Billy between them. Billy's and Tildy's heads were carefully wrapped in strings of all colors, until the woolly little rolls, a dozen or more two inches in length, stood out from all parts of their heads. But Judy—no plaits and strings adorned her marvelous headdress. An enormous multi-colored bow was placed like a coronet upon her brow.

"I bet you stole dat ribbin an' stuff yer got on yer haid, Judy!" exclaimed Lucindy, in angry condemnation.

"I bet I nuv'r. Miss Kathereen give me dat pink piece, an' Miss Julia give me de green un, an' dem uth'rs I pick'd up out'n de scraps de white fokes throws erway."

"I doan beleef no sich er tale."

Whereupon Judy, with her nose in the air, went switching off, followed by Tildy and Billy. After going some distance, Tildy said:

"Judy, Mammy Ca'line's a torkin'!"

"I doan keer. We can't heah nuthin' she's er sayin' an' I'm gwine down heah close ter one er dese cue pits, so we kin git some vittals 'fo' dem big nigg'rs gits ter scramblin' ov'r hit." But in spite of herself Judy was arrested by Mammy Caroline's words.

"Doan be skeer'd ter tetch de pot. Dis heah rooster ain' keerin' 'bout chickin stealers, er pig stealers, nur no kind er stealer but jes de stealer er Miss Kathereen's hunderd-dollar bill. He doan keer 'bout money stealers neith'r, jes so hit wusn't

(Concluded on Page 81)

"How Come Yer Ain' Tetch'd de Pot?"

Day

The Year 'Round

GREAT as is the value of the Firestone name on a pleasure car tire, it is even more dominating in the truck tire field. On Firestone Truck Tires the wheels of big business are turning. And great fleets, in every size and type of truck are kept in constant commission with efficiency and economy possible only to Firestone builders.

Truck Tire history is a story of Firestone leadership, from the time when Firestone engineers built the first truck tire to the present time when they have to their credit all vital standardized improvements. Harness this Firestone experience and prestige to your business. See the Firestone expert today.

FIRESTONE TIRE AND RUBBER CO.
Akron, Ohio—Branches
and Dealers Everywhere

Firestone

Night Everywhere

The universal value of Firestone building is shown in bold relief in the Firestone Cord, a masterpiece of tire efficiency. The life and activity of Firestone rubber means that efficiency which saves fuel. This factor is a big incentive to thrifty buyers who are coming by thousands to this equipment.

The resiliency carries you with light yet certain swiftness, giving luxurious, restful riding.

And this powerful forward urge is sustained and made effective by the strong Firestone building, the building which, alike in Cord and Fabric Tires, has won the field for Firestone and made it the Word of Honor in tires.

FIRESTONE TIRE AND RUBBER CO.
Akron, Ohio—Branches and Dealers Everywhere

Tires

SAXON "SIX"

LOOK BACK OF THE EFFECTS OF SAXON "SIX" PERFORMANCE

Back of the efficient functioning of every part in this fine mechanism called a motor car—

Back of the smooth and pliant power-flow of the motor as it bears you on and on—

Back of the resilient dip and lift of the great springs as they turn jar and shock to easy buoyancy—

Back of all the speed and power called forth instantly by the pressure of your foot upon the accelerator—

Back of and beyond these there is a something that stirs and kindles the imagination.

And that thing is the ideal pulsing in every workman, from the executive in the office to the mechanic in the shop, welding their individual abilities into a common unity of effort to build the best they can.

Without the fusing spirit of a purpose such as this Saxon purpose, Saxon "Six" would have been far less fine a car.

Before it, capitulation to expediency and compromise to competition are ruthlessly rejected.

It holds the executive steadfast to the policy of quality, ofttime in the face of greater immediate gain through a slight cheapening in this standard or that.

It holds the mechanic true to his task, gives him pride in his handiwork, stimulates him to put forth the best of his skill.

To know that there is an ideal actuating the Saxon company is interesting in one way, because it pictures a further phase of motor car building than the outward and commercial aspect.

It is interesting, in another way, because it is the most effective guarantee and the most dependable insurance you could have that your investment in Saxon "Six" is an investment that will repay you fully in both quality and quantity of service.

Saxon Six $935, Saxon Six Chummy Roadster $945 Saxon Six Sedan $1125 Four Roadster $495 Canadian prices, Saxon Six $1260 Saxon Six Chummy Roadster $1260 Four Roadster $665 Price of special export models magneto equipped — Six $950, Four $515 All prices f. o. b. Detroit

SAXON MOTOR CAR CORPORATION · DETROIT

(86)

The Multitude Stood as One About the Door of the Cabin, Waiting to Hear the Crow of the Rooster and to See the Thief Appear. Judy Lost Not a Moment

(Concluded from Page 77)

de stealer er Miss Kathereen's money." Raising her voice to a swinging tone, "Ev'ybody tetch de pot, breddern! Ev'ybody tetch de pot, sist'rs!"

"Amen!" came from all quarters.

Again she raised her voice, but this time in the long meter chant of the test:

"Yer got ter walk in de narrer path
Dat leads ter de gate uv heb'n,
Dar's er heap er briars gwine ter tangle round yer foots
Ef yer doan step high an' eb'n.

"Step high, brudd'rs!
Step eben, sist'rs!
Ontangle de briars
An' kick erway de rocks!
De angels is singin' de halleluyer chorus
An' dey's waitin' ter car'y you home.

"Step up ter de washpot an' tech hit right!
De roost'r ain' gwine ter crow on yo',
Less'n yer stole dem missin' things,
Den he's gwine ter bus' loose sho'."

The last of the refrain was caught up by the entire throng and the tune was sent reverberating far over Eastwood.

Judy left during the singing. Dragging her small charges to a corner under the cabin, she considered the best means of obtaining their much-talked-of feast. This task proved easy beyond her most sanguine hopes, for the test was on. The multitude stood as one about the door of the cabin, waiting to hear the crow of the rooster and to see the thief appear.

Judy lost not a moment. Selecting the choicest morsels from the tables and barbecue pits, she soon returned behind the cabin with a dish of pig, possum and pie indiscriminately mingled.

Not a word was spoken; even Billy appreciated the necessity of silence. Leaning over the dish toward Tildy and Billy, whose faces like her own were smeared with the evidences of their repast, Judy whispered:

"Yo'all kin have all de res' er de vittals, but doan yer stirry er step f'um heah tell I comes fur yer."

"Whar yer gwine, Judy?" whined Tildy.

"I'm gwine up yond'r ter jine de tess."

"Lemme go, too?" besought Tildy, half crying.

"Shoo, Tildy, dey doan want no babies in de tess. Dey jes ax'd grown fokes and chilluns."

A wail broke from Tildy, whereupon Judy announced:

"G'long an' make dat fuss ef yer wants ter. Den when de fokes comes roun' heah dey'll put yer in de calliboots fur stealin' all dis vittals. Dat's right, shet up, 'cause I ain't gwine ter be gone long."

Adjusting her skirts and the gorgeous bow, the artificial flowers of which were nodding to the breeze with each movement of the saucy little head and switching body, she proceeded to wend her way by a circuitous route to the front of the cabin.

"Lawd er mussy, Bill," said Lucindy, "look at dat varmint Judy! Ef she wus my chile I'd beat de breath clean out'n her. Take head, Judy, whut yer doin' 'mongst grown fokes?"

With an aggravating air of superiority, Judy moved away from her and replied:

"I wus ax'd ter dis tess an' I gwine jine hit, too."

"Yer orter be stomp'd ter death, dat's de truf, yer sassy wretch."

"Tain't yo' bisness ter do de stompin'!" And off she flirted nearer to the cabin just as the door opened and the last participant filed out.

"Dat crowd's all right!" roared the leader. "Fetch up de nex'!"

Forcing her way at the peril of losing the waving bow, Judy found herself in the room just behind Maria, in the midst of the next group ready to march in. Timbers creaked with the heavy tread of clumsy feet. The chant had barely covered one line, not more than six had touched the pot, ere there issued from beneath this charmed vessel an awful cackling and clucking noise. Shouts rent the darkened air:

"Bless de Lawd! Halleluyer! Op'n de do'!"

The door opened, Uncle Ned and a negro detective blocked the way. Old Ned's voice was heard above the bedlam:

"Hole up bofe yer han's es yer passes out de do'."

The first came through safely, also the second, but when the third one, Maria, came in view immediately the old man accused:

"Whar dat money, 'Ria?"

"Youse er fool, I ain' got no money!"

"How come yer ain' tetch'd de pot?"

"I is tetch'd hit!" she avowed.

"Whar de smut on yer han' den?"

Maria's face became pitiful to see.

"I tell yer I done tetch'd hit. De smut's rubb'd off," she persisted, looking in the crowd for a sympathetic face. "I 'clar 'fo' de Lawd I wusn't skeer'd ter tetch de pot, an' I ain' got de money neith'r." Then, glancing behind her in the cabin, her eyes fell on Judy. "Yond'r de rogue!" she cried in exultation. "Look at dem ribbins on her head! Eve'y one uv 'em come out'n my trunk."

Judy trembled from head to foot. Her triumphal coronet lowered across one eye, her face ashen in color, she stood the incarnation of fearful surprise.

"Whar dat money, Judy?" asked the leader.

"I ain' got no money!"

"Lawd, liss'n ter dat lie!" called Lucindy Lucas. "An' look at all dat greese an' vittals on her mouf! She done bin stealin' vittals, too! Come heah, Br'er Willums, come heah!"

Accordingly the way was made for the preacher.

"Judy," spoke preacher Williams, in a terrible voice, "whar'd yer git all dat vittals on yer mouf?"

"I got hit off'n de tables an' out'n de 'cue pits," confessed the child unsteadily.

"Lawd a'Mighty! Whoop 'er Br'er Willums! Whoop 'er!" shouted Lucindy.

At this moment, fighting her way through the crowd, came Amy, the mother of the culprit.

"Who dat tromp'in' on my chile's feelin's?"

The preacher turned a warning glance to her:

"Stop dat torkin', Sis Powers; yo' gal's done fell in de miry clay."

Whereupon Amy fell to weeping:

"Dese heah nigg'rs jes mad 'caus' Judy's finer'n dey is. De chile ain' stole no money."

"No, I ain'!" wailed Judy.

"Er gal dat'll steal vittals er'll steal money too!" came from the crowd.

"No, dey won't," wept Amy, wildly gesticulating. "I bet dey ain' er nigg'r de Lawd ev'r made dat won't steal vittals."

This thrust proved too much for the excited accusers.

Mutiny was impending when the negro detective rapped for silence, and authoritatively yelled:

"Order! Ef yer don't git quiet purty quick, I'll send fer de poleese!"

This produced the desired calm and the detective continued:

"Judy, yer done already stole yer supp'r, ain' yer?"

"Yas, suh," she meekly responded.

"An' yer stole dat money, too, ain' yer?"

"No, suh, I ain'. I ain' nuv'r seed de money yit."

"Tell de truf, Judy, git de hunderd doll'rs whar yer hid hit."

Judy impatiently pushed the bow from her eye and looked with undoubted honesty into his face.

"Mist'r, I'm gwine tell yer de truf. I stole dat barbecue vittals an' pies, 'cause I know'd us chilluns wudn't git none att'r de grown fokes starts in on hit. But I ain' nuv'r seed no money yer torkin' 'bout, an' I ain' nuv'r heah 'bout no hunderd doll'rs tell Miss Kathereen loss dat un."

An angry murmur swept over the room.

"Sarch 'er, Mist'r 'Tective," insisted Lucindy, "an' ef yer don't fine de money, yer kin fine de fine close what de money bought."

"Amen; sis'r," agreed Bill Johnson, who had many times been searched and always found with chickens in his pockets; "s'archin' is er powerful jedge."

"Dat's de truf, Br'er Johnson," spoke preacher Williams. "De Bible say 'spec'ally ter s'arch fer de truf, an' dat's whut we mus' do now, s'arch fur de truf er dat money."

Amy's protests were in vain. The law was spoken. The negro detective and the preacher proceeded at once to the task.

Excitement was at white heat.

"S'arch dat bow! Git on ter dat bow! Yer fergittin' dat bow, Br'er Willums!" came from all parts of the room and was taken up by those outside of the cabin. "Git on ter de bow!"

Already fostering the deadliest of grudges against the bow, not to speak of the many against the saucy Judy, Lucindy could control her hands no longer.

Suddenly snatching the offending ribbons from Judy's head, she screamed and jumped in fiendish glee, applauded by the crowd. Suddenly she ceased her savagelike dance.

"Gawd er Mighty! Look at dis, Mist'r 'Tective," she exclaimed, pointing to a piece of paper that was twisted within the multiplicity of colors.

The negro detective's surprise was as complete as that of the dumb-stricken negroes about him, who, though insisting on a search, did not dream of finding the money actually on Judy's person.

"What's dis?" asked he, drawing out a crisp hundred-dollar bill

"Dat's de stiff'nin' ter hole de green ribbins up," simpered Judy.

"Whar'd yer git hit?"

Judy looked at Maria, whose expression caused the child to burst into a terrified wail. Every eye turned on Maria. Trembling, though still defiant, she stood a veritable demon incarnate.

"Tell de truf, Judy! I won't let none uv 'em hurt yer," coaxed the detective.

Thus assured Judy peeped at Maria with one eye, while she gouged the other with her fist.

"Go on, Judy," urged the man; "I'll take keer uv yer."

"I tak'n hit out'n 'Ria's box when I got dese heah ribbins."

Then, falling against the detective's shoulder, she wailed piteously:

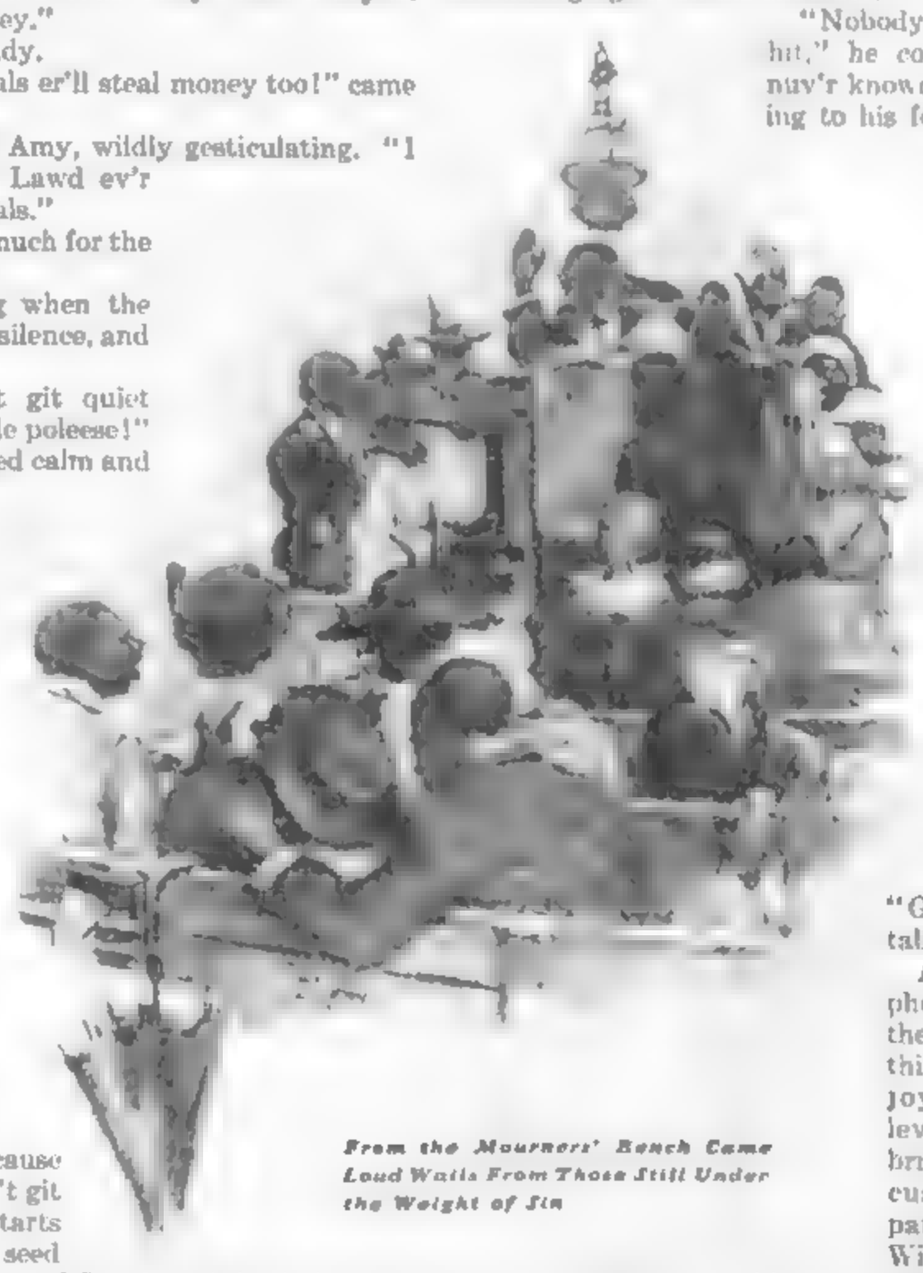
"Doan let her kill me!"

He raised her gently in front of him.

"Judy, dat stiff'nin' in yo' bow is er hunderd-dollar bill!"

Her eyes almost burst their bounds; and she fell screaming again on his shoulder.

"Nobody can't say yer stole hit," he comforted, "'cause yer nuv'r know'd whut hit wus." Rising to his feet and pocketing the money, he elbowed himself to Maria, who had gradually worked her way to the door. With the assistance of Uncle Ned he persuaded her to leave quietly with them, calling back as he left: "Don't nobody hurt Judy, 'cause she ain' nuthin' but er baby nohow."



From the Mourners' Bench Came Loud Wails From Those Still Under the Weight of Sin

Alas, poor Judy! Angry disputants, with razors waving in the air, might have brought on a battle, if not sudden death, had not a horn sounded and with it a voice:

"Git yer places at de tables!"

A rush followed. The phenomenal rooster and the culprit Judy were things of the past. The joys of the banquet leveled all differences, bringing accused and accusers into jolly companionship. Preacher Williams had raised his hands to pronounce a blessing worthy of the feast, when old Caroline broke upon the stillness:

"Brudders an' sist'rs, liss'n ter me! Don't nuv'r turn yo' noses up at slav'ry-day doin's ergin, an' don't nuv'r fergit dis, too:

"Ev'r sense de Lawd let dat roost'r tell on Pet'r, roost'rs is had er knowin' speerit in 'em. Dey jes nachally knows er rogue 'dout lookin' at 'em; wheth'r hit's er po' white stealer er nigg'r stealer, de roost'r an' de washpot ketches 'em bofe de same, fur de speerit er Pet'r's roost'r watches ev'y tess uv dis game."

Westinghouse

AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC RANGES

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

"I have an invisible servant,

"'Dinner at six' I say as I put the meat and vegetables in the oven of my Westinghouse Automatic Electric Range. When I get home at six, everything's just right to serve, no matter if I've been gone all day.

"The time-clock turns on the electric current at the hour I set. The thermometer turns it off at the temperature I decide upon. Then the range acts as a fireless cooker, using no more electricity, but cooking my meal just as I want it.

"Since I have made electricity my invisible servant my afternoons are free and I know exactly when my food will be cooked and how. *And it saves food.*"

* * * * *

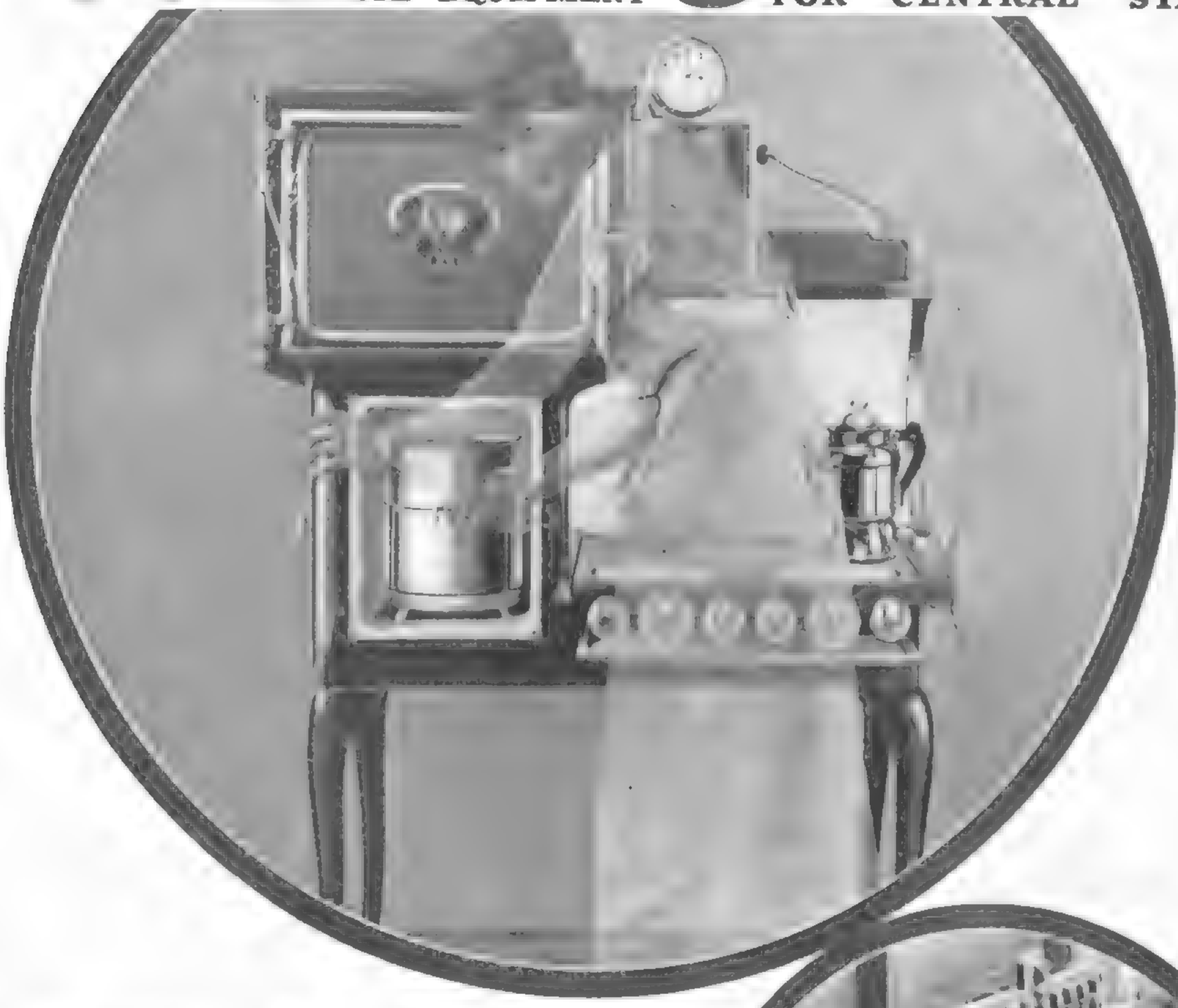
The perfection of the Westinghouse Automatic Electric Range revolutionizes cooking. It is a full size range, large enough for a whole family, yet economical even when cooking for two.

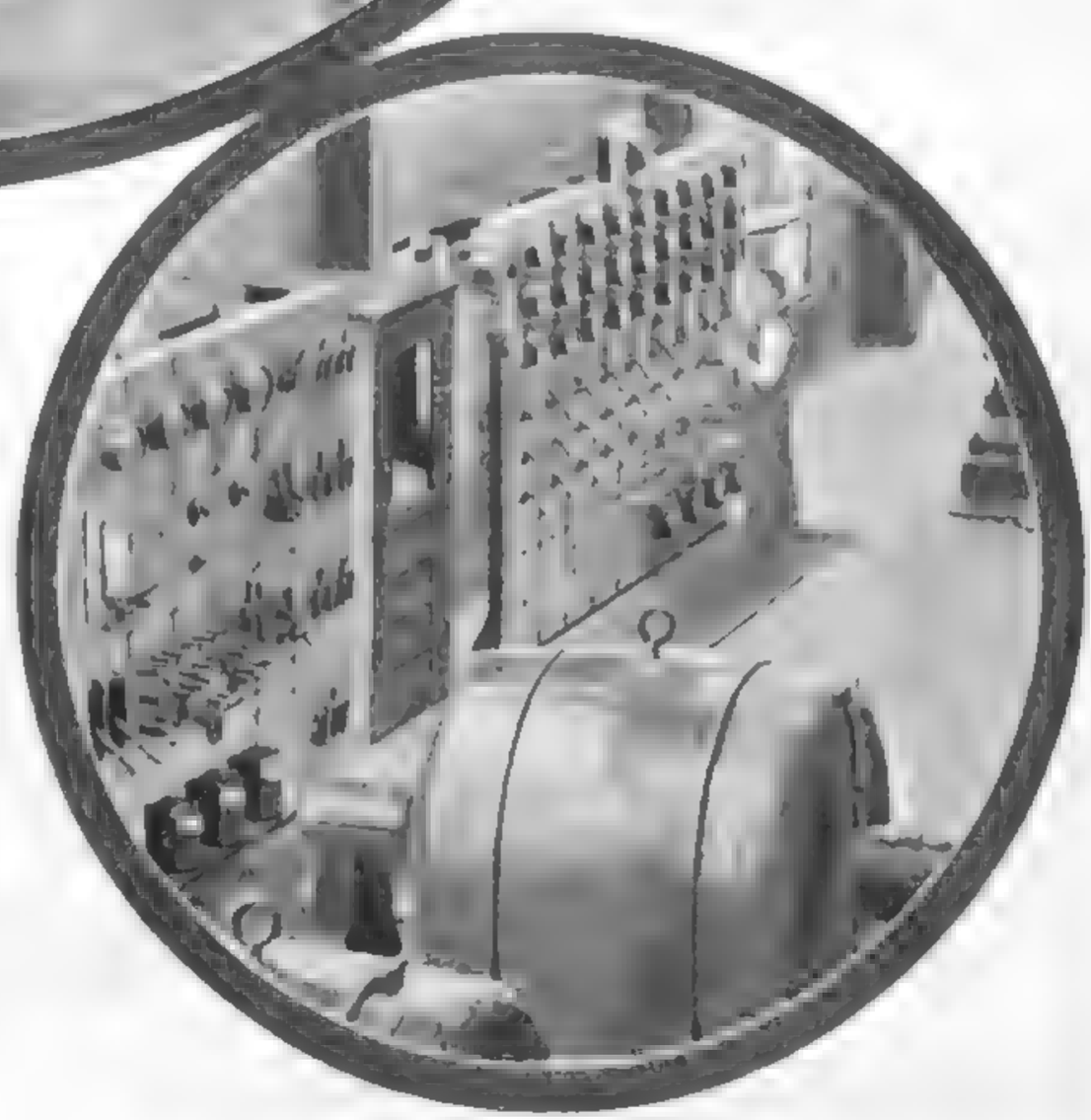
Results once attained can be exactly duplicated—no guess-work.

Cooking by wire is clean, because there is no soot or ashes. It is sanitary because every corner of a Westinghouse Range can be scoured. It is economical, because there is less shrinkage of food in the fireless cooker and none is spoiled.

Westinghouse

COMPLETE EQUIPMENT FOR CENTRAL STATIONS





who saves me time and money"

The oven of a Westinghouse Range will cook a whole meal—meat and vegetables—at the same time, so full advantage can be taken of the fireless cooker feature. Put them in when you leave and they will be done when you return, without watching.

When you put your dinner to cook in your Westinghouse Automatic Range or use your Westinghouse Iron or Toaster-Stove or Sew-Motor, you probably rely not alone upon these appliances that you can see but upon other Westinghouse apparatus you never see—

Upon Westinghouse Turbo-Generators for central stations, that create electric current;

Upon Westinghouse Switchboards to direct that current into the proper channel;

Upon Westinghouse Transformers to make possible its far transmission;

Upon Westinghouse Meters to see that you get what you pay for;

Upon countless other Westinghouse products—regulators, circuit-breakers, fuses, lightning-arresters and many more—that make certain and safe the production and distribution of the mighty force of electricity and apply it to your use.

Send for range booklet

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING CO.
East Pittsburgh, Pa.

Will People Starve Because You Own "Slacker" Land?

There Are More Than 200,000,000 Acres of "Slacker" Land—Like This—In the United States! It Will Feed All the Allied Armies!

YOUR land must "do its bit" this year! Are any of your acres "slackers"? Citizens! Patriots! This year—and next—every foot of producing ground in America must yield a big crop!

Big interests are pounding the farmers to produce, produce, produce. And that is right. And the farmer *is* producing. The farmers of this country have spent a million dollars with me personally on stump pullers.

What about those acres of "cut-over" or stump brush land you own or control? They should weigh heavy on your heart until you have them cleared of stumps and sown to crops for the hungry fighters.

You who own that ground owe a duty to this nation! Clear off that part of your land that is stump fields—"slacker acres" of the worst type.

200,000,000 of the acres now waste studded with stumps, *can* be made to give forth bounteous crops. Those crops from waste land alone would feed the world at war—our nation and every nation "at grips" in this titanic conflict. What *right* have you to allow these stump acres to remain idle?

Reclaim them—every one of them! Set them to work for the sake of the nation for your own sake!

The Hercules Land Clearing Service Department

Ready—eager to help you FREE OF CHARGE. Let me solve your land clearing problem for you

Now, the Question Is, Can I Help You?

I have established a department [illegible] the work of stump pulling away [illegible] acres of [illegible] stump land. We work with the individual on a small tract or the land company on a great scale. Write for further details here. [illegible] to you or it hasn't. The thing appeals to your patriotism, your pride and your purse, or it doesn't.

If it does appeal, I am here to help, honestly, sincerely, I give you my word.

Be a Patriot! Enlist Your Acres!

The earth beneath your stumps is virgin soil—the best land that ever was ever stuck onto. A Hercules will clear that waste land in a hurry. A man can clear 10 acres a day with a Hercules. Leave the rest and trust to the plow with every [illegible] out all your "slacker" acres cleared off [illegible]. Thus you add on those productive acres to your holdings—just as surely as if you paid $200 an acre for an extra piece of land. You *know* how land is going up—up—up in price.

The profit will be yours—also the satisfaction of adding your "bit" to Uncle Sam's agricultural resources.

GET THE FACTS! WRITE ME AT ONCE! Give yourself the opportunity to know the facts about how other land owners have profited through use of a Hercules. Besides that, I want to save you big money on the cost. I'm making a brand **New Special War Price Offer** now. A new low price to encourage greater land reclamation.

Don't Put this Off—Write Me Today

B. A. FULLER, President

Hercules Manufacturing Company

Also manufacturers of the Hercules All-Steel Roller Bearing Mine Car Wheels

2602 25th St., Centerville, Iowa

THE BOOK AND THE BELIEVERS

(Continued from Page 13)

Such a ranch as he desired would cost, with cattle to stock it, perhaps twenty thousand. Four thousand dollars! It seemed far too small to bridge the gulf between him and his desire.

"Genuine belief in the thing in hand makes mightily for success in the contact with others."

He had read this precept many times and had always been content to accept its literal meaning.

Somehow the words stayed in his mind this night.

"—— in the contact with others!"

"We are always in contact with others," he reasoned.

"Genuine belief in the thing in hand —"

A quaint thought came to him: He himself was the proposition he had in hand! And a "genuine belief ——"

He thought of Knox. He remembered how he had come—nerve-wrecked and broken; stripped of everything but his passionate belief in himself. He remembered how he had gone—assured and confident—to wrest one hundred per cent money from the money getters of a great city. He recalled his parting words:

"If you believe and will to attain—one hundred per cent, three hundred, five hundred—what difference does it make?"

The light of a great understanding dawned in his eyes. This was the secret of the purple book!

Four thousand dollars! Ten thousand! Twenty thousand! What difference did it make? Somewhere in the West lay the ranch of his desire.

It was a man transformed who visited the real-estate and transportation offices of Kansas City a few days later, a big man, primitive in his directness, powerful in his perceptions; commanding as by natural right. He was in the market for a certain ranch, a ranch that he described with photographic detail. The big men he met listened to him attentively. Little men deferred to him instinctively.

Acting upon the information he received, he traveled through the Southwest. District after district he visited. Ranch after ranch he saw, appraised, rejected.

Then he drifted north, through Utah and Nevada. From Nevada he traveled by auto stages through southern and central Oregon. Here, he decided, was the country and climate he had been seeking.

With one of the banks in a little town some ten miles from the railroad he deposited three thousand dollars.

"I want to buy a ranch of six or seven hundred acres," he told the banker. "It must be adjacent to the open range. At least half of the land must be tillable. There must be living springs in the pasture. The air drainage must be such as will insure comparative freedom from frost."

"It is Dale Saunders' place you are describing," the banker told him. "You'll most likely find Dale leaning against the sunny side of the livery barn, with a whittlestick in his hand."

On the sunny side of the livery barn he found him. "Is this Mr. Saunders?"

The man appraised Johnson shrewdly, noting the well-cared-for hands, the clear, aggressive eyes, the fineness of his apparel.

"That is what they call me," he admitted with seeming indifference.

"I understand you have a ranch you want to sell," Johnson told him.

Saunders put aside his whittling and got to his feet with surprising agility.

"Come with me," he invited. "We'll get the car and run right out and look at it."

From the river, where the town lay, the car climbed to the plain above and turned west, through the sage, toward a magnificent timbered butte. Between two of the great ribs of this butte the ranch lay.

"It consists of eight hundred and twenty acres," Saunders told him. "About five hundred acres is fenced with woven wire. The rest is inclosed with four strands of barbed wire."

"How about summer range?" Johnson asked.

Saunders pointed across to the foothills of the Cascades.

"Only eighteen miles to the Forest Reserve ranges," he assured him.

Johnson went over the entire ranch. Every detail was included in his careful appraisal. He accepted Saunders' statement that there were three hundred acres in cultivation, and that another hundred could be cleared and plowed. Then they began to bargain.

"Some years you have made interest on the place and some years you've been lucky if you made the taxes," Johnson suggested.

"I made a stake while I was farming the place myself," Saunders countered.

"I don't doubt it," Johnson conceded; "but I'm talking about the place since you began to crop-rent it."

Saunders hesitated, wavering between his acquired shrewdness and his natural honesty.

"You're right," he finally admitted. "The place isn't paying decent interest; that is why I want to sell."

Johnson had three thousand dollars in the bank and something over three hundred in cash with him. To run the place for a year he knew he should have to hire a married couple. This would mean about six hundred dollars for wages. He should need an additional six hundred for provisions. Extra help would require approximately three hundred and sixty dollars more. Seed would cost him at least two hundred dollars.

He intended to keep a reserve of three hundred dollars to deal on. Three hundred dollars compounded at one hundred per cent for ten years—three hundred and seven thousand two hundred dollars. Call it a quarter of a million! The idea had become a fetish with him.

Subtracting this three hundred dollars and his expenses for a year from his present capital left him only twelve hundred dollars. With this amount he intended to secure control of the place.

"You have about four hundred acres of tillable land, worth about thirty dollars an acre," he told Saunders. "Five dollars an acre for the rest of the land is a liberal figure. The buildings are practically of no value. Call it an even fourteen thousand dollars for the ranch."

With remarkable accuracy he enumerated and described the various items of machinery and livestock:

"The eight horses would bring an average of about seventy-five dollars in the open market. The two cows are worth about fifty dollars each. The pigs would bring about one hundred dollars. Four hundred dollars is a fair figure for the machinery. That makes twelve hundred dollars for the equipment and stock—fifteen thousand two hundred dollars for the outfit."

"I was aiming to ask eighteen thousand," Saunders objected plaintively.

"If I should pay you all cash you would have to hunt round quite a bit before you could put it out on interest with safe security," Johnson suggested.

Saunders nodded an affirmative.

"Fourteen thousand dollars at six per cent," mused Johnson—"eight hundred and forty dollars cash every year."

Unconsciously Saunders repeated the figures and they tasted good in his old mouth.

"Then all you want is the interest," Johnson told him. "I want the place. I will pay you twelve hundred dollars in cash for the machinery and livestock, and pay you eight hundred and forty dollars interest every year, if you will sell me the land for fourteen thousand dollars on a ten-year contract, giving me the privilege of paying any part or all of the principal at any time during the ten years."

Saunders looked dubious and somewhat puzzled.

"Shall I have to give you a deed to the place?" he asked.

"Not until I pay you the fourteen thousand dollars," Johnson assured him.

"And you will pay twelve hundred in cash for the stock and equipment?"

"That is my offer."

Saunders scratched an inoffensive shin with the heel of his heavy boot. Twelve hundred dollars cash! Eight hundred and forty dollars each year! Seizing Johnson by the arm, he started for the car.

"Let's get to town and have a lawyer put that down on paper," he urged.

Johnson took possession of the ranch the first week in September. He gathered together a crew of men, hired two extra gang-plow outfits, and started to work. Every indication led him to believe that the following year the price of wheat would reach unusually high levels.

In November, when the first hard freeze came, his grain drills registered over four hundred acres—all sown to clean, hard

Frantz Premier

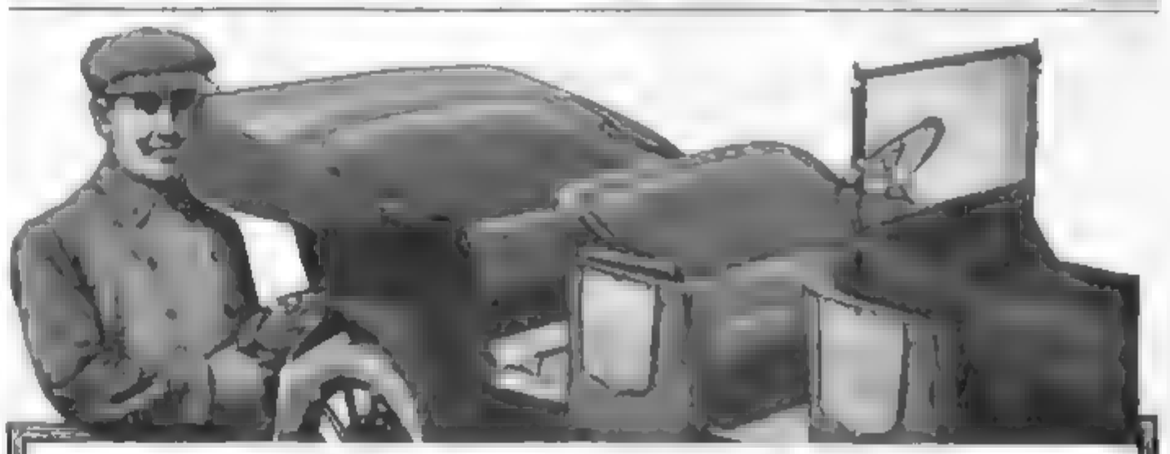
ELECTRIC CLEANER

MEN are quick to adopt the latest time and labor saving devices in business. The modern woman has an equal right to employ in her home Invention's most popular electric cleaner: the Frantz Premier. Over two hundred fifty thousand are in use.

Nine Pounds of Sterling Quality!

We have branches and dealers nearly everywhere. Our price is modest—time payments if desired. Booklet on request

The Frantz Premier Co.
Cleveland, Ohio



Come! Ride on These Clean Cushions

Sink right back and forget there's any dust, mud or grease in all the world.

Certainly there is none here, and when your drive is over there will be none on your clothes—for these are bright, clean

GORDON Seat Covers

—the last word in Auto-elegance and motor-tog protection.

Gordon Seat Covers make you proud of your motor car. Give it "class," distinction—that air of *individual* elegance that accords so well with personal tastes and wishes.

Gordon Seat Covers are easily put on. Do not bulge, wrinkle or wear slippery. You'll call them "great."

There are Gordon Covers for every American-made motor car cushion—seat back, doors and top, all "tailored to fit" and certain to do so. See your accessory dealer about them soon. Also write us for a free booklet, printed in actual shades of brown, tan and grey, describing Gordon Covers in 26 distinctive fabrics and giving the price of seat covers for your motor car in any of these fabrics.

Gordon Easy On Tire Covers

are responsible for saving many costly tires. If your spare tires are protected by these strong, good looking covers your tire bill will grow beautifully less. Try it and see.

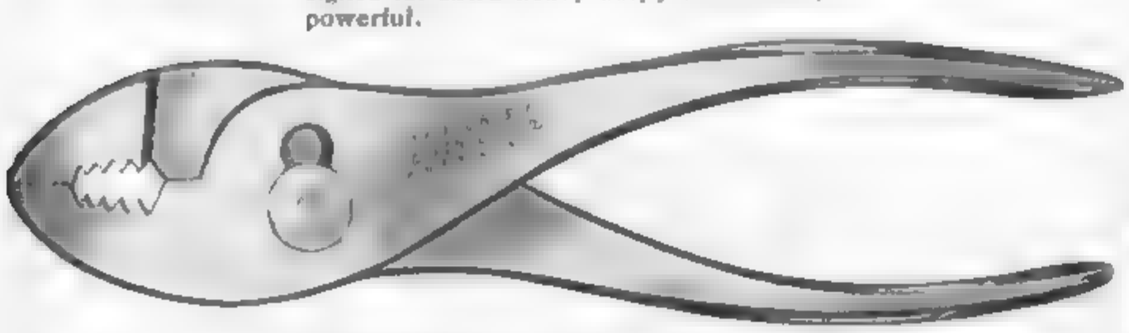
The J. P. Gordon Company
404 North Fourth St. Columbus, Ohio

Maximum Service Tools

THE tools illustrated below are only a few of the many manufactured by the Billings & Spencer Company. They are drop forged throughout from selected steel scientifically treated with the most scrupulous care. In workmanship, material and design they represent the highest development of tool construction. They are strong, dependable, susceptible of accurate adjustment and are convenient to handle. Each tool is a leader in its particular line for each tool bears the famous triangle trademark of the pioneer dropforgers of America.

Model G. The jaws of this wrench are unusually thin, adapted for use in narrow spaces. They are made according to an exclusive Billings & Spencer process and unlike other wrenches they are *dropforged*.

Model I. An adjustable end wrench designed for extra heavy duty; convenient, powerful.



Model M. This company were the original manufacturers of this type of plier. It has always been the recognized standard of quality and is universally used.

THESE tools are unconditionally guaranteed and can be purchased from hardware and motor accessory stores everywhere.

THE BILLINGS & SPENCER CO.
HARTFORD, CONN. U. S. A.

winter wheat. Then he saddled a horse and, with three hundred dollars in his pocketbook, started through the county buying cattle.

Late one afternoon in the following October one of his men, returning from town, handed him two letters. One was from the company that had bought his wheat. It contained a check for fourteen thousand four hundred dollars, and represented nine thousand bushels at one dollar and sixty cents a bushel. The other letter bore the return address of the Opportunity Trading Company, Chicago. Johnson opened it curiously and read:

"*Dear Friend:* Our Oregon Opportunity man writes that there is a cattle buyer in the central part of that state who deals on the basis of one hundred per cent—or *more*—a year.

"I wonder in which part of the Book you found the secret?

"Several one-hundred-per-cent—or better—men I have met here have read our Book. The remarkable thing is that no two have found its secret in the same precept.

"Wealth! Fame! Love! What a choice of pursuits is open to us!

"A quarter of a million in ten years? I was too conservative. I shall pass that mark next year. And when the pursuit of Wealth loses its pleasure the avenues of Fame and Love are still open to us.

"Fame! Who knows the worth of it!

"But the other! Ah, this is something we cannot figure in terms of percentage or time! It is absolute—eternal!

"Come, when you can, to the home my lady and I are building, and let us renew our friendship. KNOX."

Johnson folded the letter slowly and stood gazing over the valley below him.

Far up the river he could see faintly the level fields of a once prosperous ranch. The present owner had tried unsuccessfully to manage it from a distant city. A few days before Johnson had offered to buy the place on a ten-year contract, and the lawyers were already drawing up the necessary papers. In another week he should take possession.

Down the river, toward the town, he could see the red roofs of Jed Wilson's barns. Somehow Wilson could never get a good stand of alfalfa in his fields. He blamed the weeds and the weather. And he was always unlucky with his stock. The mortgages would take the place in another year—so the whisper ran. Johnson had spoken to his bankers, and they were willing to finance him when the place came on the market.

Farther down the river, between the town and the railroad, the windows of Dan Morgan's pretentious house gleamed like burnished copper in the level rays of the evening sun. Morgan had come down from the Yukon, his pockets filled with yellow gold; and he had made his ranch the show place of the county. But Johnson knew that, with all his imported show stock and fine buildings, each year made a heavier drain on his reserve capital; and each year showed a larger balance charged in red against the ranch.

"Three years more," he mused—"perhaps four! I'll need one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to swing it—maybe two-hundred thousand. What difference!" he thought. "What difference!"

He saw only the completed chain of ranches, the operations of each adjusted perfectly to the operations of the others.

Wealth! It was so easy! Suppose he should tire of it!

Fame! He did not know much about that.

But the other! Here was something he must study over.

TUBAL CAIN

(Continued from Page 23)

now on the edge of calamity, was still more potent, more persuasive, than the concrete and definite promises of safety, prosperity, the implied threat, of the established power before him.

He had an objective comprehension of the peril of his position, his negligible funds and decreasing credit, the men with accounts clamoring for settlement; he thought absurdly of a tessellated floor he had lately laid in his vestibule, the mingled aggression and uncertainty on every hand; but his subjective self rose up and dominated him. Louder than any warning was the cry the necessity, for the vindication of the triumphant Alexander Hulings, perpetually beyond, higher. To surrender his iron now, to enter, a mere individual, however elevated, into a corporation, was to confess himself defeated, to tear down all the radiant images from which he had derived his reason for being.

Hulings thought momentarily of Gisela; he had, it might be, no right to involve her blindly in a downfall of the extent that now confronted him. However, he relentlessly repressed that consideration, together with a vague idea of discussing with her their—his—position. His was the judgment, the responsibility, that sustained them; she was only an ornament, the singer of little airs in the evening; the decoration, in embroidery and gilt flowers, of his table.

He thanked the speaker adequately and firmly voiced his refusal of the offer.

"I am an iron man," he stated in partial explanation; "as that I must sink or swim."

"Iron," another commented dryly, "is not noted for its floating properties."

"I am disappointed, Hulings," the first speaker acknowledged; "yes, and surprised. Of course we are not ignorant of the condition here; and you must also know that the company would like to control your furnaces. We have offered you the palm, and you must be willing to meet the consequences of your refusal. As I said, we'd like to have you too—energetic and capable; for, as the Bible reads, 'He that is not for me ——'"

When they had gone, driving in a local surrey back to the canal, Alexander Hulings secured his hat and, dismissing his carriage, walked slowly down to Tubal Cain Forge. An increasing clamor and uprush of sooty smoke and sparks marked the activity within; the water poured dripping over the water wheel, through the channel he had cleared, those long years back, with bleeding hands; strange men stood at the shed opening; but the stream and its banks were exactly as he had first seen them.

His life seemed to have swung in a circle from that former day to now—from dilemma to dilemma. What, after all, did he have, except an increasing weariness of years, that he had lacked then? He thought, with a grim smile, that he might find in his safe nine hundred dollars. All his other possessions suddenly took on an unsubstantial aspect; they were his; they existed; yet they eluded his realization, brought him none of the satisfaction of an object, a fact, solidly grasped.

His name, as he had planned, had grown considerable in men's ears; its murmur rose like an incense to his pride; yet, underneath, it gave him no satisfaction. It gave him no satisfaction because it carried no conviction of security, no personal corroboration of the mere sound.

What, he now saw, he had struggled to establish was a good opinion in his own eyes; that actually he was a strong man; the outer response, upon which he had been intent, was unimportant compared with the other. And in the latter he had not moved forward a step; if he had widened his sphere he had tacitly accepted heavier responsibilities—undischarged. A flicker hammered on a resonant limb, just as it had long age. How vast, eternal, life was! Conrad Wishon, with his great arched chest and knotted arms, had gone into the obliterating earth.

Death was preferable to ruin, to the concerted gibes of little men, the forgetfulness of big; once, looking at his graying countenance in a mirror, he had realized that it would be easier for him to die than fail. Then, with a sudden twisting of his thoughts, his mind rested on Gisela, his wife. He told himself, with justifiable pride, that she had been content with him; Gisela was not an ordinary woman, she had not married him for a cheap and material reason, and whatever admiration she had had in the beginning he had been able to preserve. Alexander Hulings was certain of that; he saw it in a hundred little acts of her daily living. She thought he was a big man, a successful man; he had not permitted a whisper of his difficulties to fret her serenity; and, by heaven! he thought with a sharp return of his native vigor, she never should hear of them; he would stifle them quietly, alone, one by one.

(Continued on Page 89)

186,697 MARVEL JRS. Sold in 2 Weeks

4,425,000 MARVEL Patches Welded to Tubes last Season

Never before has this phenomenal sales record been equaled! Never before has any accessory been so universally demanded by *all* motor car owners! Never before has one leaped into popular favor with the speed of the Marvel Jr.

In every corner of the country, automobile owners now are welding patches onto inner tubes with this wonderfully efficient vulcanizer. In nearly two out of every three tool boxes you will find a Marvel Jr. More than 4,000,000 tube punctures were repaired with Marvel Patches last year.

The Marvel Jr. is the original of this type of vulcanizer. It is the one you want and need every day you drive your car.

It is the one you can buy from practically every accessory dealer and garage in the whole country.

MARVEL JR. VULCANIZER

Manufactured under our own Patents No. 1181085, and No. 1180437

700,000 Now in Use

Nearly three-quarters of a million motor car owners have found the Marvel Jr. way of welding patches on inner tubes the quickest, surest and most satisfactory method of tube repair—would no more start on a trip without this little tire service station in their tool box than without gas or oil.

Safe to Use—Save Time and Money

No gas or alcohol is needed with Marvel Jr. Vulcanizer. Chemicalized discs furnish just the right amount of heat at exactly the right place for perfect repairs. Merely touch this disc with a lighted match or cigar and in 5 minutes the patch is welded on forever. No flame to blow out in the wind or scorch your tube. Heat directed only to patch—none whatever to tube surrounding it.

Money-Back Guarantee

Weld on 3 patches with Marvel Jr. If you aren't fully convinced that it is worth more than your money—that it is indispensable to you—return the outfit to us with the unused patches and we will gladly refund the purchase price.

Outfit Furnished Complete

Six chemicalized discs and 6 Marvel Patches are packed with Marvel Jr. All you need to make 6 tube repairs is the material furnished and a match. These repairs alone are worth more in actual money than the outfit. And the vulcanizer is yours for years of use. Further supplies of Marvel Patches cost but $1.00 per dozen.

MARVEL ACCESSORIES MFG. CO.

7237 St. Clair Ave., Cleveland, O.

Marvel Sr. for Casing Repairs

Marvel Sr. Vulcanizer works on the same principle as the Marvel Jr.—will cut 50% off your casing expense. Repairs sand blisters, casing cuts and such injuries without taking the tire off the rim. Outfit complete costs but $2.00.

FREE Material for 6 Extra Repairs

Until June 15th your dealer will cash this coupon here for 50c worth of Marvel Patches if presented to him when you buy a Marvel Jr. outfit.

Buy Marvel Jr. Today

Ask your dealer to show you Marvel Jr. today—show you how easy it is to weld patches on your tubes. Prepare now for punctures that are bound to come. Cash this coupon at your dealer's or pin a dollar bill to it and mail to us. Read the money-back guarantee. Then act—now—today!

Dealers! Please redeem this coupon by giving the car owner who presents it to you a half doren Marvel Patches, until June 15th only. When filled out with name of purchaser and cut of Marvel Jr. torn from carton and returned to us, we will immediately forward you these patches.

DEALERS: Enter Our $5000 Prize Contest Now!

No cost—no obligation—you don't have to buy a single thing. Send for details—let us tell you how we help you double and re-double your sales—how you can win a $500.00 prize—prove your ability and get the cash for it. Write your name here.

Address_____

Jobber's Name_____

Address_____

Mail This Coupon NOW—or Cash it at Your Dealer's

Marvel Accessories Mfg. Co.,
7237 St. Clair Ave., Cleveland, O.

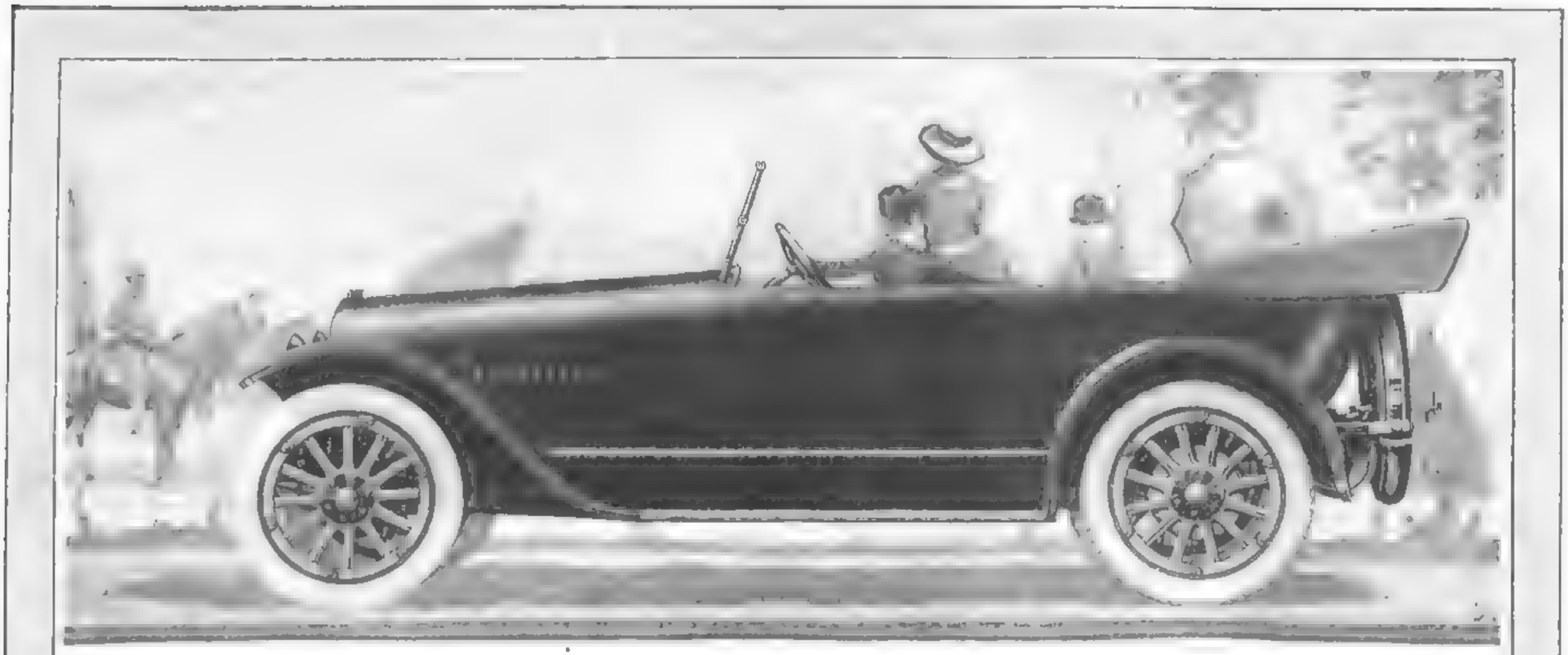
According to your money-back guarantee send me one Marvel Jr. Vulcanizer outfit all charges prepaid. I enclose $1.00 herewith.

Name_____

Address_____

Dealer's Name_____

Address_____



What Further Extras

Shall We Add to Mitchell Cars?

We intend the Mitchell to include every wanted feature. The average buyer should find this car complete. There are now a hundred extras, compared with most like-class cars. On this year's output they will cost us about $4,000,000. But, if anything seems lacking, tell your Mitchell dealer. And if many seem to want it, it will soon be on the car.

The Present Extras

In the latest Mitchells there are 31 features which nearly all cars omit.

These include a power tire pump, a dashboard engine primer, reversible headlights, a ball-bearing steering gear, Bate shock absorbing springs, etc.

In luxury and beauty these cars excel most rivals by some 24 per cent.

The finish is wondrously enduring. The leather is extra-grade. The upholstery is plaited, the cushion springs are deep. There are handles for entering, a light in the tonneau, a locked compartment for valuables, etc. We examined 257 models to combine in these Mitchells all the known attractions.

The present Mitchell standard for all important parts is 100 per cent over-strength.

All safety parts are vastly oversize. Over 440 parts are built of toughened steel. Parts which get a major strain are built of Chrome-Vanadium. Gears are tested for 50,000 pounds per tooth. And in two years not one rear spring has broken. Yet Mitchell owners never buy shock absorbers to assist the riding qualities.

For Lifetime Cars

Our chiefest extra, and most costly, is this 100 per cent over-strength. Nobody asked for that. But three years ago, of our own volition, we started to double our margins of safety. The trend toward lightness, in our opinion, had sacrificed endurance.

The result, we believe, is a lifetime car. And experts agree with us. Many famous engineers have purchased the Mitchell since this standard was adopted. Our dealer will show you a list of them.

No Extra Cost

Note that Mitchell prices—on either size—are below most comparable cars. It is evident that Mitchell extras mean no extra price. That is due to this model factory, built and equipped by John W. Bate. It now covers 45 acres. The chassis and the bodies are built here under modern efficiency methods. Under Mr. Bate, our factory cost has been cut in two. And those yearly savings—amounting to millions—pay for these Mitchell extras.

Go see these new models. See the extra features, the added luxury and the over-strength. See our new-size Six—Mitchell Junior—which sells for $265 less than its larger counterpart.

You will find the style you want, the size and price you want. And all in Bate-built cars. Their values are resistless.

MITCHELL MOTORS COMPANY, Inc.
Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

Mitchell SIXES

TWO SIZES

Mitchell—a roomy, 7-passenger Six, with 127-inch wheelbase and a highly-developed 48-horsepower motor.

$1460 F. o. b. Racine

Also a new Club Roadster.

Mitchell Junior—a 5-passenger Six on similar lines, with 120-inch wheelbase and a 40-horsepower motor—¼-inch smaller bore.

$1195 F. o. b. Racine

Also six styles of enclosed and convertible bodies.

(Continued from Page 86)

The idea of death, self-inflicted, a flaccid surrender, receded before the flood of his returning pride, confidence. Age, he exulted, had not impaired him; if his importance was now but a shell, he would fill it with the iron of actuality; he would place himself and Gisela forever beyond the threats of accident and circumstance.

XIV

GISELA had been to Philadelphia, and she was unusually gay, communicative; she was dressed in lavender-and-rose net, with black velvet; and about her throat she wore a sparkling pendant that he had never before noticed.

"I hope you'll like it," she said, fingering the diamonds; "the shape was so graceful that I couldn't resist. And you are so generous, Alexander!"

He was always glad, he told her briefly, to see her in new and fine adornments. He repressed an involuntary grimace at the thought of the probable cost of the ornament. She could hardly have chosen a worse time in which to buy jewels. Not only his own situation but the whole time was one for retrenchment. The impulse to tell her this was speedily lost in his pride of her really splendid appearance. He himself had commanded her to purchase whatever she fancied; he had explained that that—the domain of beauty—was exclusively hers; and it was imposible to complain at her first considerable essay.

Here his feeling was rooted in the deepest part of his being—he was, after all, twenty-five years older than Gisela; and, as if in a species of reparation for the discrepancy, he owed her all the luxury possible. This he had promised her—and himself; and an inability to provide gowns and necklaces and gewgaws was a most humiliating confession of failure, a failure unendurable to him on every plane. Alexander, too, had told her finally that she had no place in his affairs of business; and after that he could not very well burden her with the details of a stupid—and momentary—need for economy.

"I got a bouquet holder," she continued—"sweet, in chased gold, with garnets. And a new prayer book; you must see that—bound in carved ivory, from Paris." He listened with a stolid face to her recital, vaguely wondering how much she had spent; how long the jeweler would wait for settlement. "And there was a wonderful Swiss watch I thought of for you; it rang the hours and ——"

"That," he said hastily, "I don't need. I have two excellent watches."

"But you were always complaining!" she returned, mildly surprised. "I didn't get it, but only told the man to put it aside. I'll write if you don't want it."

"Do!"

Suddenly he felt weary; a twinge of sciatica shot through his hip; he must keep out of the damp cast houses, with their expanses of wet sand. But actually he was as good as he had ever been; better, for he now saw clearly what he must accomplish, satisfy. The present national crisis would lift; there was already a talk of the resumption of gold payment by the state banks; and the collapse of a firm associated with him in a rolling mill had thrown its control into his hands. Steam power had already been connected, and he could supply the railroad corporation with a certain number of finished rails direct, adding slightly to his profit.

The smallest gain was important, a scrap of wood to keep him temporarily afloat on disturbed waters; he saw before him, close by, solid land. But meantime more than one metaphorical wave swept over his head, leaving him shaken. The Columbus people returned a shipment of iron, with the complaint that it was below the grade useful for their purpose. He inspected the rejected bars with his head forgeman, and they were unable to discover the deficiency.

"That's good puddled iron," the forgeman asserted. "I saw the pig myself, and it could have been wrought on a cold anvil. Do they expect blister steel?"

Alexander Hulings kept to himself the knowledge that this was the beginning of an assault upon his integrity, his name and possessions. At court he could have established the quality of his iron, forced the railroad to accept it within their contract. But he had no money to expend on tedious legal processes; and they knew that in the city.

"We can get a better price for it than theirs," he commented.

The difficulty lay in supplying a stated amount. The forgeman profanely explained something of his troubles with labor:

"I get my own anvils busy, and perhaps the furnaces running out the metal, when the damn] charcoal burners lay down. That's the hardest crowd of niggers and drunken Dutch that ever cut wood! It's hardly a week but one is shot or has his throat cut; and some of the coal they send down looks like pine ash."

At their home he found Gisela with the draperies of the dining room in a silken pile on the carpet.

"I'm tired of this room," she announced; "it's too heavy. Those plum-colored curtains almost made me weep. Now what do you think of this? A white marble mantel in place of that black, and a mirror with wreaths of colored gilt. An apple green carpet, with pink satin at the windows, draped with India muslin, and gold cords, and Spanish mahogany furniture—that's so much lighter than this." She studied the interior seriously. "Less ormolu and more crystal," Gisela decided.

He said nothing; he had given her the house—it was her world, to do with as she pleased. The decorating of the dining room had cost over three thousand dollars. "And a big Chinese cage, full of finches and rollers." He got a certain grim entertainment from the accumulating details of her planning. Certainly it would be impossible to find anywhere a wife more unconscious of the sordid details of commerce. Gisela was his ideal of elegance and propriety.

Nevertheless, he felt an odd, illogical loneliness fastening on him here, where he had thought to be most completely at ease. His mind, filled with the practical difficulties of to-morrow, rebelled against the restriction placed on it; he wanted to unburden himself of his troubles, to lighten them with discussion, give them the support of another's belief in his ability, his destiny; but, with Cryble gone, and his wife dedicated to purely æsthetic considerations, there was no one to whom he dared confess his growing predicament.

Marriage, he even thought, was something of a failure—burdensome. Gisela, in the exclusive rôle of a finch in an elaborate cage, annoyed him now by her continual chirping song. He thought disparagingly of all women; light creatures fashioned of silks and perfume, extravagant. After supper he went directly into his office room.

There, conversely, he was irritated with the accounts spread perpetually before him, the announcements of fresh failures, depreciated money and bonds. He tramped back and across the limited space, longing to share Gisela's tranquility. In a manner he had been unjust to her; he had seen, noted, other women; his own was vastly superior. Particularly she was truthful; there was no subterfuge, pretense, about her; and she had courage—but—John Wooddrop's daughter—she would have. Alexander Hulings thought of the old man with reluctant admiration; he was strong; though he, Hulings, was stronger. He would, he calculated brutally, last longer; and in the end he would, must win.

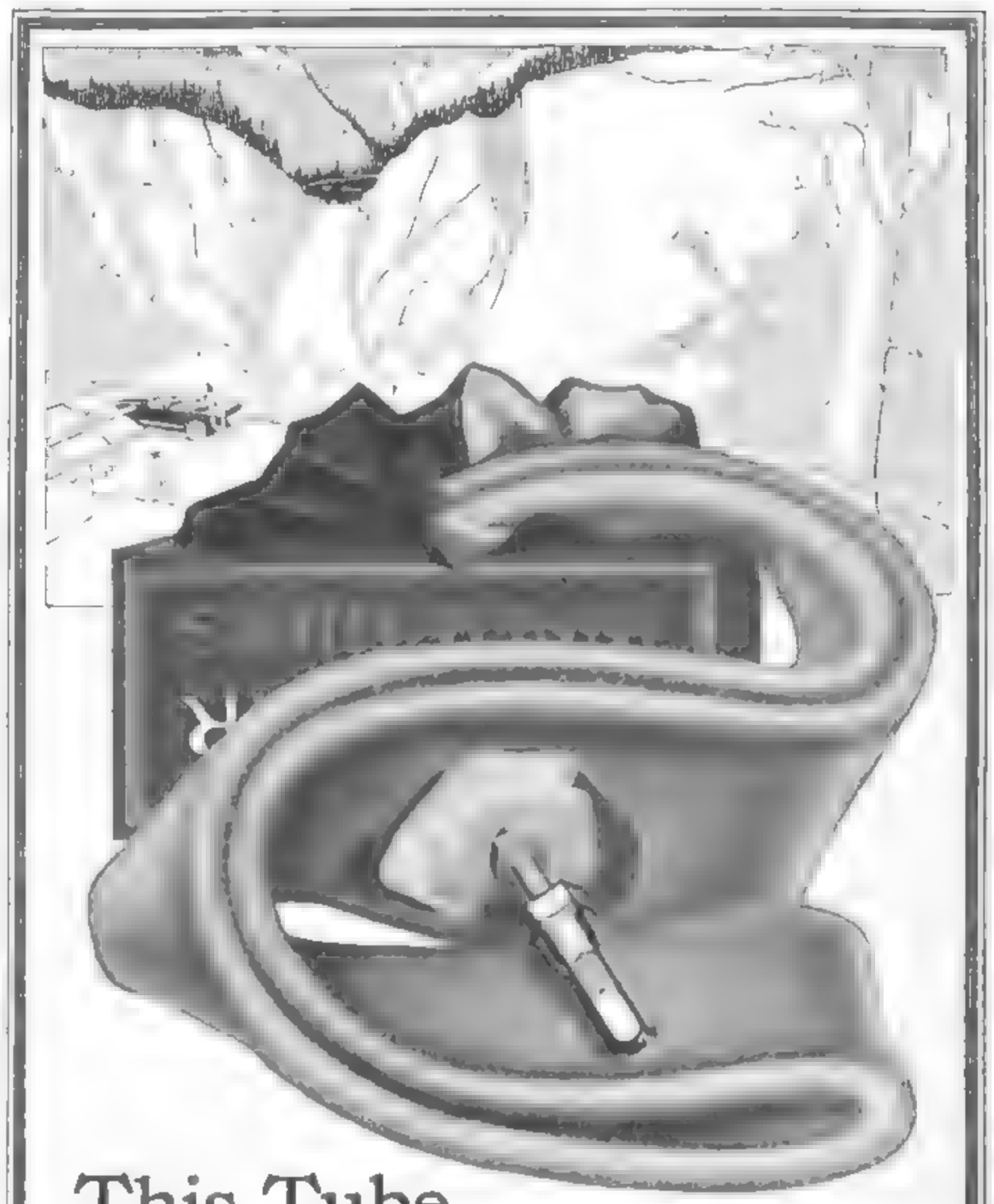
XV

YET adverse circumstances closed about him like the stone walls of a cell. The slightest error or miscalculation would bring ruin crashing about his pretensions. It was now principally his commanding interest in the rolling mill that kept him going; his forges and furnaces, short of workmen, were steadily losing ground. And, though summer was at an end, Gisela chose this time to divert the labor of a considerable shift to the setting of new masoned flower beds. He watched the operation somberly from the entrance of the conservatory attached, like a parti-colored fantastic glass bubble, to his house.

"It won't take them over four or five days," Gisela said at his shoulder.

He positively struggled to condemn her foolish waste, but not a word escaped the barrier of his pride. Once started, he would have to explain the entire precarious situation to her—the labor shortage, the dangerous tension of his credit, the inimical powers anxious to absorb his industry, the fact that he was a potential failure. He wished, at any sacrifice, to keep the last from his wife, convinced as she was of his success.

Surely in a few months the sky would clear and he should triumph—this time solidly, beyond all assault. He rehearsed this without his usual conviction; the letters from the Columbus System were



This Tube for Economical Service

THE relation of the inner tube to true tire economy is so close and important that it cannot safely be disregarded.

The casing to a far greater extent than the average motorist conceives, depends for its life and its usefulness upon the tube inside it.

If the tube is sound and strong and efficient—if it holds air without loss and keeps pressure to the mark—the casing is supported properly in its work, and can deliver the final mile built into it.

But if the tube fails—if it suffers air leakage and permits underinflation—the casing is doomed to early ruin.

Motorists who desire full and economical service from their casings should use Goodyear Tubes.

They are sound, strong and efficient tubes, *thicker* than the rule—they do not leak, seep or creep.

They are built up from many paper-thin sheets of fine rubber, laid layer upon layer and vulcanized into a perfect air-retaining unit.

They *hold* air—even their valve-patches are vulcanized *in*, not stuck *on*.

For particularly severe and sustained service we recommend the Heavy Tourist type. They are especially thick and vigorous, slightly higher-priced than other tubes—and *better*.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.

GOODYEAR
AKRON

Smooth Flows My Pen Again

My secretary brought a batch of letters —I dipped my trusty pen in ink and johnhancocked my signature to Number One.

What's that!—that wobbly "y"—that shaky "t"—from *my* good pen?

At once I guessed—my smoking needed regulating, plainly.

Now ROBERT BURNS soothingly ministers to my smoker's hunger—his tang of flavory Havana tempered to a welcome mildness. He leaves me clear of brain—my hand is steady now—sweet sleep o' nights is mine again.

* * * * *

If *your* smoke diet needs looking after, try ROBERT BURNS, the easy-drawing mild cigar for moderate—and modern—men.

The secret of his goodness is summed up in two words, *blend* and *curing*.

His Havana filler gives him fine flavor. Our own special curing gives that Havana rare mildness. The neutral Sumatra wrapper *helps* that mildness.

So, reflecting faithfully the progressive spirit of our modern time, good ROBERT BURNS is better, more companionable, today, than ever.

Have you tried one lately?

Remember that Little Bobbie is a pocket edition of ROBERT BURNS himself. Price 5c straight.

Rob't Burns 10¢

Little Bobbie 5¢ straight

ROBT BURNS
Invincible 10¢
(Exact Size)

GENERAL CIGAR CO., INC.
119 WEST 40TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

growing more dictatorial; he had received a covertly insolent communication from an insignificant tool works.

The Columbus Railroad had written that they were now able to secure a rail, satisfactory for their purpose and tests, at a considerably lower figure than he furnished. This puzzled him; knowing intimately the whole iron situation, he realized that it was impossible for any firm to make a legitimate profit at a smaller price than his. When he learned that the new contracts were being met by John Wooddrop his face was ugly — the older man, at a sacrifice, was deliberately, coldly hastening his downfall. But he abandoned this unpleasant thought when, later, in a circuitous manner, he learned that the Wooddrop Rolling Mills, situated ten miles south of the valleys, were running on a new, secret and vastly economical system.

He looked up, his brow scored, from his desk. Conrad Wishon's son, a huge bulk, was looking out through a window, completely blocking off the light. Alexander Hulings said:

"I'd give a thousand dollars to know something of that process!"

The second Wishon turned on his heel.

"What's that?" he demanded.

Alexander told him. The other was thoughtful.

"I wouldn't have a chance hereabouts," he pronounced; "but I'm not so well known at the South Mills. Perhaps ——"

Hulings repeated moodily:

"A thousand dollars!"

He was skeptical of Wishon's ability to learn anything of the new milling. It had to do obscurely with the return of the bars through the rollers without having to be constantly re-fed. Such a scheme would cut forty men from the pay books.

A black depression settled over him, as tangible as soot; he felt physically weary, sick. Alexander fingered an accumulation of bills; one, he saw, was from the Philadelphia jeweler—a fresh extravagance of Gisela's. But glancing hastily at its items, he was puzzled—"Resetting diamond necklace in pendant, fifty-five dollars." It was addressed to Gisela; its presence here, on his desk, was an error. After a momentary, fretful conjecturing he dismissed it from his thoughts; women were beyond comprehension.

He had now, from the sciatica, a permanent limp; a cane had ceased to be merely ornamental. A hundred small details, falling wrongly, rubbed on the raw of his dejection. The feeling of loneliness deepened about him. As the sun sank, throwing up over the world a last dripping bath of red-gold light, he returned slowly to his house. Each window, facing him, flashed in a broad sheet of blinding radiance, a callous illumination. A peacock, another of Gisela's late extravagances, spread a burnished metallic plumage, with a grating cry.

But the hall was pleasantly still, dim. He stood for a long minute, resting, drawing deep breaths of quietude. Every light was lit in the reception room, where he found his wife, seated, in burnt-orange satin and bare powdered shoulders, amid a glitter of glass prisms, ormolu and marble. Her very brilliance, her gay, careless smile, added to his fatigue. Suddenly he thought—I am an old man with a young wife! His dejection changed to bitterness. Gisela said:

"I hope you like my dress; it came from Vienna, and was wickedly expensive. Really I ought to wear sapphires with it; I rather think I'll get them. Diamonds look like glass with orange."

Her words were lost in a confused blurring of his mind. He swayed slightly. Suddenly the whole circumstance of his living, of Gisela's babbling, became unendurable. His pride, his conception of a wife set in luxury above the facts of existence, a mere symbol of his importance and wealth, crumbled, stripping him of all pretense. He raised a thin, darkly veined and trembling hand.

"Sapphires!" he cried shrilly. "Why, next week we'll be lucky if we can buy bread! I am practically smashed—smashed at fifty and more. This house that you fix up and fix up, that dress and the diamonds and clocks, and—and —— They are not real; in no time they'll go, fade away like smoke, leave me—us—bare. For five years I have been fighting for my life; and now I'm losing; everything is slipping out of my hands. While you talk of sapphires; you build bedamned gardens with the men I need to keep us alive; and peacocks and ——"

He stopped as abruptly as he had commenced, flooded with shame at the fact that he stood before her self-condemned; that she, Gisela, saw in him a sham. He miserably avoided her gaze, and was surprised when she spoke, in an unperturbed warm voice:

"Sit down, Alexander; you are tired and excited." She rose and, with a steady hand, forced him into a chair. "I am glad that, at last, you told me this," she continued evenly; "for now we can face it, arrange, together. It can't be so bad as you suppose. Naturally you are worn; but you are a very strong man; I have great faith in you."

He gazed at her in growing wonderment; here was an entirely different woman from the Gisela who had chattered about Viennese gowns. He noted, with a renewed sense of security, the firmness of her lips, her level, unfaltering gaze. He had had an unformulated conviction that in crises women wrung their hands, fainted. She gesticulated toward the elaborate furnishings, including her satin array:

"However it may have seemed, I don't care a bawbee about these things! I never did; and it always annoyed father as it annoyed you. I am sorry, if you like. But at last we understand each other. We can live, fight, intelligently."

Gisela knew; regret, pretense, were useless now; and curiously in that knowledge she seemed to come closer to him; he had a new sense of her actuality. Yet that evening she not only refused to listen to any serious statements, but played and sang the most frothy Italian songs.

XVI

ON THE day following he felt generally uplifted. His old sense of power, of domination, his contempt for petty men and competitions, returned. He determined to go to Pittsburgh himself and study the labor conditions; perhaps secure a fresh, advantageous connection. He was planning the details of this when a man he knew only slightly, by sight, as connected with the coaling, swung unceremoniously into his office.

"Mr. Hulings, sir," he stammered, "Wishon has been shot—killed."

"Impossible!" he ejaculated.

But instantly Alexander Hulings was convinced that it was true. His momentary confidence, vigor, receded before the piling adversities, bent apparently upon his destruction.

"Yes; his body is coming up now. All we know is, a watchman saw him standing at a window of the Wooddrop Mills after hours, and shot him for trespassing—spying on their secret process."

Alexander's first thought was not of the man just killed, but of old Conrad, longer dead. He had been a faithful, an invaluable assistant; without him Hulings would never have risen. And now he had been the cause of his son's death! A sharp regret seized him; but he grew rapidly calm before the excitement of the inferior before him.

"Keep this quiet for the moment," he commanded.

"Quiet!" the other cried. "It's already known all over the mountains. Wishon's workmen have all quit coaling. They swear they will get Wooddrop's superintendent and hang him."

"Where are they?" Hulings demanded.

The other became sullen, uncommunicative.

"We want to pay them for this," he muttered. "No better man lived than Wishon."

Alexander at once told his wife of the accident. She was still surprisingly contained, though pale.

"Our men must be controlled," she asserted. "No further horrors!"

Her attitude, he thought, was exactly right; it was neither callous nor hysterical. He was willing to assume the burden of his responsibilities. It was an ugly, a regrettable occurrence; but men had been killed in his employ before—not a week passed without an accident; and if he lost his head in a welter of sentimentality he might as well shut down at once. Some men lived, struggled upward. It was a primary part of the business of success to keep alive.

Gisela had correctly found the real danger of their position—the thing must go no further. The sky had clouded and a cold rain commenced to fall. He could, however, pay no attention to the weather; he rose from a partial dinner and departed on a score of complicated and difficult errands. But his main concern, to locate and dominate the mobbing charcoal burners, evaded

(Concluded on Page 93)

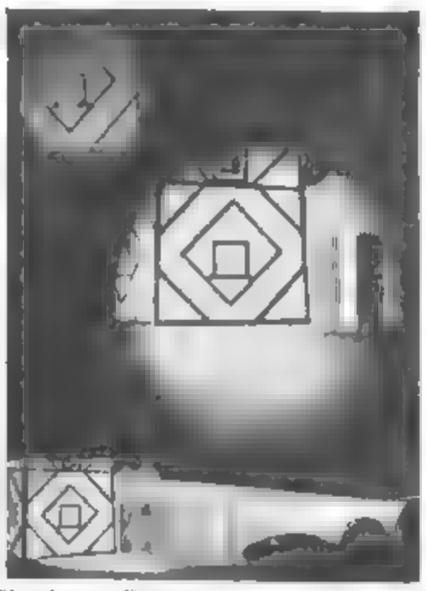
Perfect ELECTRIC LIGHT for Fords

100% Brilliancy
100% Legal Dim
Right Side Ditchlight
Provision for Spotlight

$7.50 can be installed in 15 min.

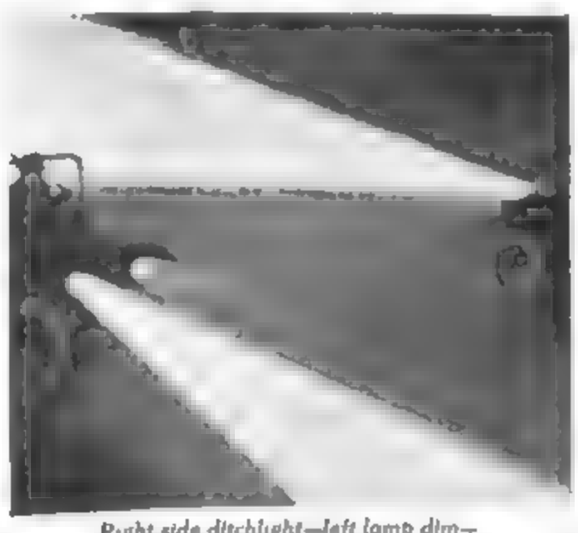
Money Back in 30 Days if not Satisfied

Safety-Convenience-Courtesy-Compliance with Law



The large illustration above shows brilliancy of Savidge Light Control as Ford engine idles the small illustration shows dimness of Ford lights under same conditions of motor speed Lower illustration shows actual lighting from Savidge Light Control under same conditions—Safety.

Provision for Spotlight, assuring convenience in reading road signs or locating house numbers—Convenience.



Right side ditchlight—left lamp dim—for passing cars—Courtesy

A Bright White Driving Light All Over the Road, at All Speeds

Get the efficiency of storage battery lighting for your Ford—a steady, even, bright white light all over the road at all engine speeds. Install Savidge Light Control. When the engine is idling or turning over at low speed, Savidge Light Control automatically transforms the current to full white brilliancy in the right or ditch side headlight, at the same time providing a diminished light in the left headlight. As the engine speed increases, the intensity of the left headlight automatically increases until, at a car speed of 14 to 16 miles an hour, you get full brilliancy from both lights.

Driving through mud, over sandy roads, down steep hills with the engine idling, Savidge Light Control gives you the bright lighting you need for safety—illuminates the road brilliantly and clearly for a long distance ahead. It gives the same efficiency for driving light that you would get from expensive storage batteries, and it costs only $7.50.

Legal Dim For Cities

To meet the requirements of legal lighting in the city, Savidge Light Control is equipped with legal dimmer switch right under the driver's thumb on the steering column. This cuts the light down to city requirements at all engine speeds.

Change from full brilliancy to legal dim or back to full brilliancy made by easy pressure of the switch button.

Courtesy Light For Country Roads

For passing approaching cars in country driving, Savidge Light Control produces a dim left light but keeps full brilliancy in the right headlight, giving a safe ditchlight. This is road courtesy, to keep the glare out of the eyes of the approaching driver and yet keeping the side of the road lighted with a brilliancy that your own eyes are accustomed to and that helps the driver of the approaching car.

Uniform Driving Light At All Car Speeds From Ford Magneto

Legal Dim Courtesy Light Full Brilliancy All From One Simple Control

Spotlight Advantage

Savidge Light Control provides a current for spotlight equipment for reading signs, picking up door numbers, etc. A simple switch on the control box throws the brilliant light from the right headlight into the spotlight, leaving the left headlight dim.

The spotlight control is located in the same convenient position as the control of legal dim lights, right under your thumb on the steering column.

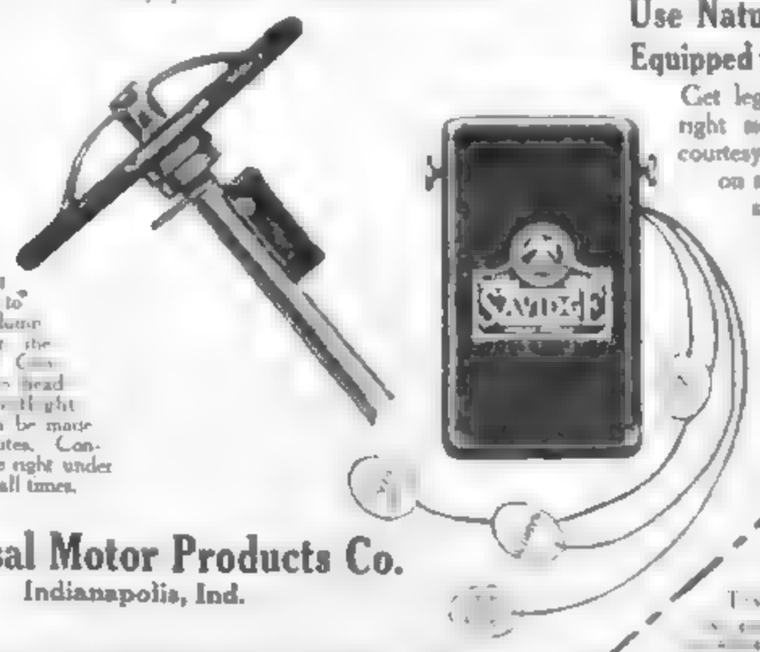
Protection Against Burned Out Bulbs

With your present Ford equipment when the bulb in one of the headlights goes out, the other goes out too, leaving you entirely in the dark. You cannot use either of the two lights until the burned out bulb is replaced.

Savidge Light Control gives you three lights—two headlights and a spotlight. The burning out of any one of these three does not affect the lighting efficiency of the other two.

Thirty Day Money Back Guarantee

If within thirty days you feel you can do without Savidge Light Control, send it back. If it does not give you the best lighting you have ever had for your Ford car, we will refund every penny of your purchase price. Send coupon today.



Savidge Light Control straps to the steering column directly under the steering wheel. Connects to magneto, head lights and spotlight. Installation can be made in fifteen minutes. Control buttons are right under your thumb at all times.

Use Naturalite Control If Your Car Is Equipped with Storage Battery for Lighting

Get legal dim, full two lamp brilliancy or right side ditchlight, left light dim, for courtesy, all from simple button control on steering column. Big current saving when headlights are dim. Perfect light control under all driving conditions. Price —$5.00.

Universal Motor Products Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.

Gentlemen: Enclosed I am sending $ [illegible] which send me your Savidge Light Control for my Ford car

Year

Enclosed I am sending $5.00 for which [illegible] Naturalite Control for my battery equipped car

Make Model

Name

Street

Town State

Universal Motor Products Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.

One of the Troy Trailers operated by Ford Motor Co., Detroit

The Ford Company writes: "Since putting into operation the two Troy Trailers, we have been able to do the work with three trucks that formerly required five. There is no question but what Trailers are a great saving."

Another concern found that their 2-ton truck handled daily 8 tons over a stretch of 30 miles at a cost of $1.06 a ton. They bought a Troy Trailer and now deliver daily 16½ tons over this same 30 miles at a cost of only 47c a ton—LESS THAN HALF.

Any good truck can CARRY its full rated capacity, and also PULL as much again, or MORE, at the SAME TIME!

The Saxon Motor Company had been using a 3½-ton G. M. C. Truck. They bought a 5-ton Troy Trailer and of the truck and trailer they say: "Our Troy Trailer has greatly cut down our Trucking costs. The average daily truck load was 3,150 pounds. With truck and Trailer it is 17,421 pounds. The only additional expense is 6 per cent more gasoline. We find it a very cheap way to reduce the cost of freight hauling."

Riker-Hegeman, New York, say: "We made a very close investigation, with result that we delivered 10 tons of freight to various stores in the city with same motor power, and practically without any additional expense at all.

"We figure that our Troy Trailer saves us one automobile, which means somewhere about $100 a week. We expect to put on another Trailer and do away with another automobile. In our estimation the Troy Trailer is the coming means of transportation so far as economy is concerned."

Troy Trailers

They don't pile boxes and barrels on a locomotive. Neither do they use a locomotive to haul a single freight car. They know that the strength of a locomotive is its "draw-bar" pull—its power to PULL, which is so many times greater than it can possibly carry, no matter how high you might pile on the load. Trucks possess this same "draw-bar" pull, and under ideal conditions and on a properly constructed vehicle like the Troy Trailer, a truck can haul as high as 4 TIMES its rated capacity and carry its full load at the same time.

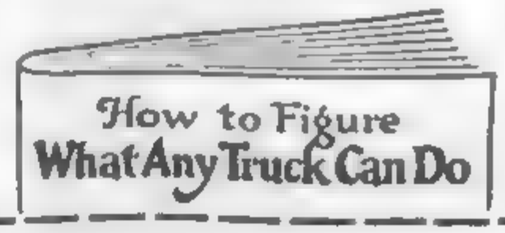
One of the principal losses in truck operation is the time lost in loading and unloading. By employing Troy Trailers this loss can be almost eliminated. One of the trailers is always traveling with the truck, while the other is being loaded or unloaded.

Troy Trailers are made in capacities of 1 to 5 tons and with any type of body. They are built for use as a single trailer or in trailer trains. They are reversible, and therefore can be backed up to any loading platform, or backed into any alley, as easily as if they were being moved forward. They can be coupled to the truck at either end, thus providing great flexibility.

Troy Wagon Works Company
TROY, OHIO
Branches or Distributors in all Principal Cities

We also build a line of Troy Juniors to be operated with smaller trucks and pleasure cars.

Write us today what your hauling problems are. If you are not yet using trucks, we can show you how it is NOW profitable for you to use trucks IN CONNECTION WITH TRAILERS, as the cost of truck and trailer operation is, in most cases, one-half what truck transportation alone will cost you. The information we give you puts you under no obligation.



S. E. P. 6-2-'17

Date _____

TROY WAGON WORKS CO.,

Dear Sirs:—I shall be glad to receive a copy of "How to Figure What Any Truck Can Do."

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Some of the hundreds of Troy Trailer users, and the Trucks operated with them.

Allis-Chalmers Mfg. Co., Allis-Chalmers
American Dock Co., Mack.
Armstrong Cork Co., Jeffery.
Armour Fertilizer Works, Saurer.
Bell Telephone Co., Packard.
Berghoff Brewing Assn., Gramm
Bethlehem Steel Co., Packard.
Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co., Jeffery.
Briscoe Mfg. Co., Federal.
CadillacMotorCar Co.,Reliance.
Cities of—
Binghamton, White.
Detroit, Packard.
Dist. of Col., Alco.
Duluth, Interstate.
Minneapolis, Velie.
Salt Lake, Kissel.
St. Paul, Velie.
Coca-Cola Bottling Co., Republic.
Continental Motors Co., Standard.
Davis Sewing Machine Co., White.
Detroit Pressed Steel Co., Denby.
Eastman Kodak Co., G. V. Electric.
Firestone Tire & Rubber Co., Packard.
Fisher Body Corp., G. M. C.
Ford Motor Co., Kelly-Springfield.
H. H. Franklin Mfg. Co., White.
Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Mercury Bulley.
Hendee Mfg. Co., Knox.
The Maxwell Motor Co., Federal
N. Y. State Highway, Packard.
N. Y. State Railways, White.
Pabst Brewing Co., Sterling.
Patton Paint Co., Packard.
Parke, Davis & Co., Detroit-Electric.
Prest-O-Lite Co., Reo.
Riker-Hegeman Co., Packard.
Jacob Ruppert, Inc., Mercedes.
Saxon Motor Co., G. M. C.
Sparks-Withington Co., Packard
Studebaker Corp., Studebaker.
Swift & Co., Federal.
Trussed Concrete Steel Co., Packard
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U. S. Army—42 Troy Trailers used with different makes of trucks.
U. S. Navy Yard, G. V. Electric.
Victor Talking Machine Co., Pierce-Arrow.
R. Wallace & Sons Mfg. Co., Pierce-Arrow.
Warner Bros. Co., Locomobile.
Wells Fargo, Garford
S. S. White Dental Mfg. Co., G. M. C.
Winchester Repeating Arms Co., Pierce-Arrow.

(Concluded from Page 90)

his straining efforts. He caught rumors, echoed threats; once he almost overtook them; yet, with scouts placed, they avoided him.

He sent an urgent message to John Wooddrop, and, uncertain of its delivery, himself drove in search of the former; but Wooddrop was out somewhere in his wide holdings; the superintendent could not be located. A sense of an implacable fatality hung over him; every chance turned against him, mocked the insecurity of his boasted position, deepened the abyss waiting for his inevitable fall.

He returned finally, baffled and weary, to his house; yet still tense with the spirit of angry combat. A species of fatalism now enveloped him in the conviction that he had reached the zenith of his misfortunes; if he could survive the present day —— A stableman met him at the veranda.

"Mrs. Hulings has gone," the servant told him. "A man came looking for you. It seems they had Wooddrop's manager back in the Mills tract and were going to string him up. But you couldn't be found. Mrs. Hulings, she went to stop it."

An inky cloud floated nauseously before his eyes—not himself alone, but Gisela dragged into the dark whirlpool gathered about his destiny! He was momentarily stunned, with twitching hands and a riven, haggard face, remembering the sodden brutality of the men he had seen in the smoke of charring, isolated stacks; and then a sharp energy seized him.

"How long back?" Hulings demanded.

"An hour or more; perhaps a couple."

Alexander raged at the mischance that had sent Gisela on such an errand. Nothing, he felt, with Wooddrop's manager secured, would halt the charcoal burners' revenge of Wishon's death. The rain now beat down in a heavy diagonal pour and twilight was gathering.

"We must go at once for Mrs. Hulings," he said. Then he saw Gisela approaching, accompanied by a small knot of men.

She walked directly up to him, her crinoline soggy with rain, her hair plastered on her brow; but her deathly pallor drove all else from his observation. She shuddered slowly, her skirt dripping ceaselessly about her on the sod.

"I was too late!" she said in a dull voice. "They had done it!" She covered her eyes, moved back from the men beside her, from him. "Swinging a little . . . all alone! So sudden—there, before me!" A violent shivering seized her.

"Come," Alexander Hulings said hoarsely; "you must get out of the wet. Warm things. Immediately!"

He called imperatively for Gisela's maid, and together they assisted her up to their room. There Gisela had a long, violent chill; and he sent a wagon for the doctor at Harmony.

The doctor arrived, disappeared above; but, half an hour later, he would say little. Alexander Hulings commanded him to remain in the house. The lines deepened momentarily on the former's countenance; he saw himself unexpectedly in a shadowy pier glass, and stood for a long while half unconsciously surveying the lean, grizzled countenance that followed his gaze out of the immaterial depths. "Alexander Hulings," he said aloud, in a tormented mockery; "the master of—of life!"

He was busy with the local marshal when the doctor summoned him from the office.

"Your wife," the other curtly informed him, "has developed pneumonia."

Hulings steadied himself with a hand against a wall.

"Pneumonia!" he repeated, to no one in particular. "Send again for John Wooddrop."

He was seated, a narrow, rigid figure, waiting for the older man, in the midst of gorgeous upholstery. Two facts hammered with equal persistence on his numbed brain—one that all his projects, his dream of power, of iron, now approached ruin; and the other that Gisela had pneumonia. It was a dreadful thing that she had come on in the Mills tract! The Columbus System must triumphantly absorb all that he had, that he was to be. Gisela had been chilled to the bone; pneumonia! It became difficult and then impossible to distinguish one from the other—Gisela and the iron were inexplicably welded in the poised catastrophe of his ambition.

Alexander Hulings rose, his thin lips pinched, his eyes mere sparks, his body tense, as if he was confronting the embodied force that had checked him. He stood upright, so still that he might have been cast in the metal that had formed his vision of power, holding an unquailing mien. His inextinguishable pride cloaked him in a final contempt for all that life, that fate might do. Then his rigidity was assaulted by John Wooddrop's heavy and hurried entrance into the room.

Hulings briefly repeated the doctor's pronouncement. Wooddrop's face was darkly pouched, his unremoved hat a mere wet film, and he left muddy exact footprints wherever he stepped on the velvet carpet.

"By heaven!" he quavered, his arms upraised. "If between us we have killed her ——" His voice abruptly expired.

As Alexander Hulings watched him the old man's countenance grew livid, his jaw dropped; he was at the point of falling. He gasped, his hands beating the air; then the unnatural color receded; words became distinguishable:

"Gisela! . . . I'd never forgive! Hellish!"

It was as if Death had touched John Wooddrop on the shoulder, dragging a scarifying hand across his face, and then briefly, capriciously withdrew.

"Hulings! Hulings," he articulated, sinking weakly on a chair, "we must save her. And, anyhow, God knows we were blind!" He peered out of suffused rheumy eyes at Alexander, appalling in his sudden disintegration under shock and the weight of his years. "I'm done!" he said tremulously. "And there's a good bit to see to—patent lawyer to-morrow, and English shipments. Swore I'd keep you from it," he held out a hand; "but there's Gisela, brought down between us now, and—and iron's colder than a daughter, a wife. We'd best cover up the past quick's we can!"

At the instant of grasping John Wooddrop's hand Alexander Hulings' inchoate emotion shifted to a vast realization, blotting out all else from his mind. In the control of the immense Wooddrop resources he was beyond, above all competition, all danger. What he had fought for, persistently dreamed, had at last come about—he was the greatest Ironmaster of the state!

(THE END)

Mule Futures

AN OFFICER of the regular army, on duty on the Mexican border in Texas, recently forwarded to the Department in Washington the following letter with a request for instructions:

"——, Tex. Feb. 7, 1917.

"QUARTERMISTER

"*Dear Sir:* In reply to your letter of Feb. 5, I will have to state I don't know the name of the officer that was in charge of the stable last Sept. to whom I delivered the mule. But it is a sinch that he was lost by the Machine Gun company that went South at that time.

"As to who said he would pay me the $3.00 I know him not, only so far as a sargint who was hunting for him said that I would be paid for catching and bringing the said mule to Town. And as I figured it worth $3.00 a day for my time and trouble to bring Mr. Mule to town and catching him beforehand.

"Then, too, the cussing which I got for being in possession of Government stuff is worth something to me too.

"However, if this is not paid and any more bailums get aloose in my pasture it will take a dam sight longer to find them and the price will be more, as the high cost of living and War has caused the delivery of mules to go up.

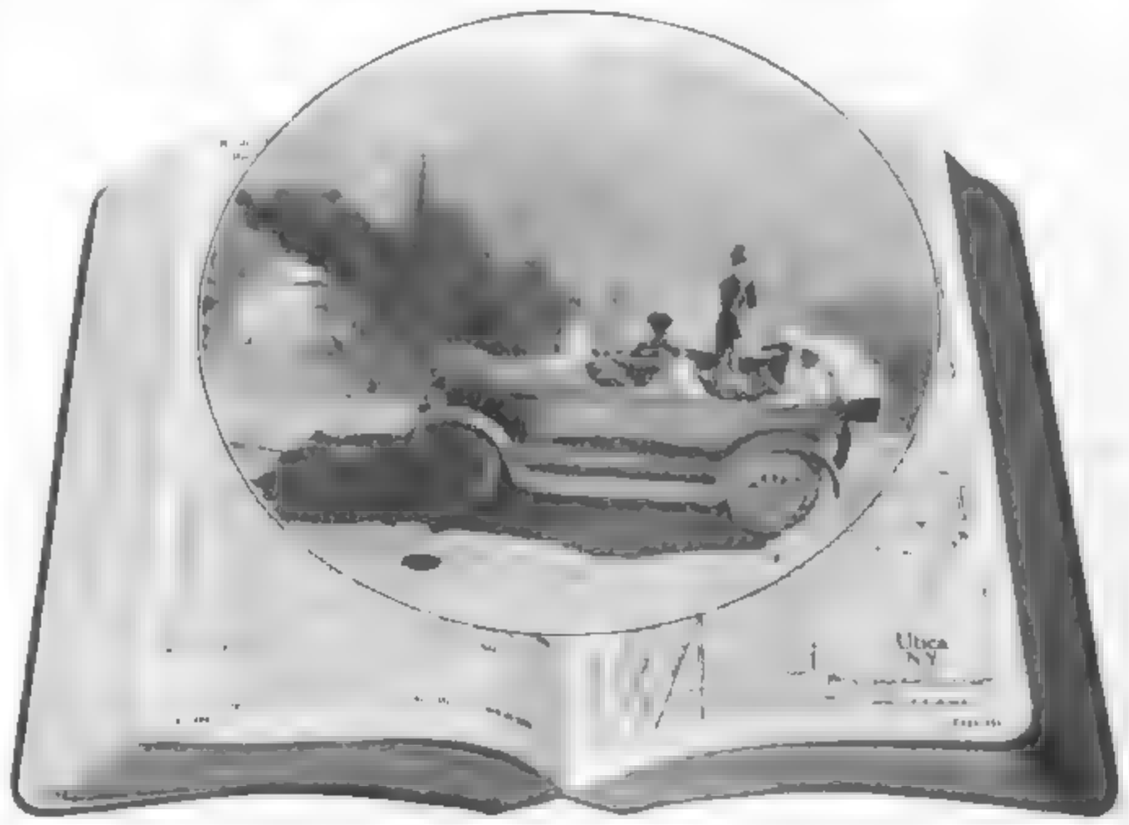
"Yours Truly,

"——— ———."

The New 1917

AUTOMOBILE BLUE BOOK

Opens Up a New World



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in the country have been charted and described for you in detail in the New 1917 Automobile Blue Book, for sixteen years the standard road guide of America.

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Vol. 3—N. J., Pa., Del., Md., D. C., W. Va.
Vol. 4—Mich., Ind., Ohio and Ky.
Vol. 5—Minn., Wis., Iowa, Ill. and Mo.
Vol. 6—The Southeastern States.
Vol. 7—Mont., Wyo., Colo., N. M., Texas, No. and So. Dakota, Neb., Kan., Okla., and La.
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JOHNS-MANVILLE SERVICE
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THE HIGH HEART

Continued from Page 20

I might fight for existence during all the rest of my life, and yet I should still have the bliss of remembering that someone was willing to fight for me.

He released me at last, since there might be people in Newport as indifferent to weather as ourselves.

"What happened?" he asked then, with an eagerness which almost choked the question in its utterance. "Was it awful?"

I was too nearly hysterical to enter on anything like a recital.

"It might have been worse," I half laughed and half sobbed, trying to recover my breath and dry my eyes.

His spirit seemed to leap at the answer.

"Do you mean to say you got concessions from him—or anything like that?"

I couldn't help clinging to the edge of his raincoat.

"Did you expect me to?"

"I didn't know but what, when he saw you ——"

"Oh, but he didn't see me. That was part of the difficulty. He looked where I was—but he didn't find anything there."

He laughed, with a hint of disappointment.

"I know what you mean; but you mustn't be surprised. He'll see you yet." He clasped me again. "I didn't see you at first, little girl; I swear I didn't. You're like that. A fellow must look at you twice before he knows that you're there; but when he begins to take notice ——" I struggled out of his embrace, while he continued: "It's the same with all the great things—with pictures and mountains and cathedrals, and so on. Often thought about it when we've been abroad. See something once and pass it by. Next time you look at it a little. Third time it begins to grow on you. Fourth time you've found a wonder. You're a wonder, little Alix, do you know it?"

"Oh, no, I'm not. I must warn you, Hugh, darling, that I'm very prosaic and practical and ordinary. You mustn't put me on a pedestal ——"

"Put you on a pedestal? You were born on a pedestal. You're the woman I've seen in hopes and dreams ——"

We began to walk on, coming to a little hollow that dipped near enough to the shore to allow of our scrambling over the rocks to where we could sit down among them. As we were here below the thickest belt of the fog line I could see him in a way that had been impossible on the bluff.

If he was good looking it was only in the handsome-ugly sense. Mrs. Rossiter often said he was the one member of the family who inherited from the Brews of Boston, a statement I could verify from the first Mrs. Brokenshire's portrait by Carolus-Duran. Hugh's features were not ill-formed so much as they were out of proportion to each other, becoming thus a mere jumble of organs. The blue eyes were too small and too wide apart; the forehead was too broad for its height; the nose, which started at the same fine angle as his father's, changed in midcourse to a knob; the upper lip was intended to be long, but halfway in its descent took a notion to curve upward, making a hollow for a tender, youthful, fair mustache that didn't quite meet in the center and might have been applied with a camel's-hair brush; the lower lip turned outward with a little fullness that spilled over in a little fall, giving to the whole expression something lovably good-natured.

Because the sea boiled over the ledges and scraped on the pebbles with a screechy sound we were obliged to sit close together in order to make ourselves heard. His arm about me was amazingly protective. I felt safe.

The account of his interview with his father was too incoherent to give me more than the idea that they had talked somewhat at cross-purposes. To Hugh's statement that he wished to marry Miss Adare, the little nursery governess at Ethel's, his father had responded by reading a letter from Lord Goldborough, inviting Hugh to his place in Scotland for the shooting.

"It would be well for you to accep.," the father commented as he folded the letter. "I've cabled to Goldborough to say you'd sail on ——"

"But father, how can I sail when I've asked Miss Adare to marry me?"

To this the reply was the mention of the steamer and the date. He went on to say, however:

"If you've asked anyone to marry you it's absurd, of course. But I'll take care of that. If you go by that boat you'll reach London in plenty of time to fit out at your tailor's and still be at Strath-na-Cloid

(Continued on Page 97)

Libby Jaynes Was Apparently Received at Newport Like Anybody Else

Mends Punctures in 5 Minutes

THINK, Mr. Motorist, of permanently repairing your inner-tube punctures in 5 minutes—without cement, gasoline, acid or flame! That's what you can do with the Shaler 5-Minute Vulcanizer—anywhere on the road, any time—in wind, rain, cold, heat or storm. Anybody can use this wonderful little vulcanizer. It's as simple as lighting a cigar. Thousands of Shaler 5-Minute Vulcanizers are in use throughout the country. Over 100,000 sold in 60 days! Motorists delighted. A permanent repair in less time than a temporary patch can be stuck on. All you need is a match.

SHALER 5-Minute Vulcanizer

(Low and Miles Patents)

A Clamp—with 12 Patch and Heat Units neatly boxed—that's all there is to a complete outfit. Each unit is complete in itself, consisting of a metal container holding a combustible disc which furnishes the heat, and a piece of quick-vulcanizing Para rubber on the other side. We control the Basic Patents.

You simply clamp the unit over the puncture and light the combustible disc with a match, a lighted cigar or cigarette. It creates just the right amount of heat to vulcanize the rubber firmly to the tube, making a perfect permanent repair in five minutes. It's a wonderful money, time and worry saver.

Complete Outfit Only $1.50

Neatly packed to carry right in your tool box for $1.50. When you have used up the dozen patches and heat units you can purchase more at 75c per dozen. Besides the Shaler 5-Minute Vulcanizer at $1.50 there are other Shaler models for mending casings and tubes for Motorists and Garages, from $1.75 up, as well as complete plants for public repair shops.

Can't Burn the Tube

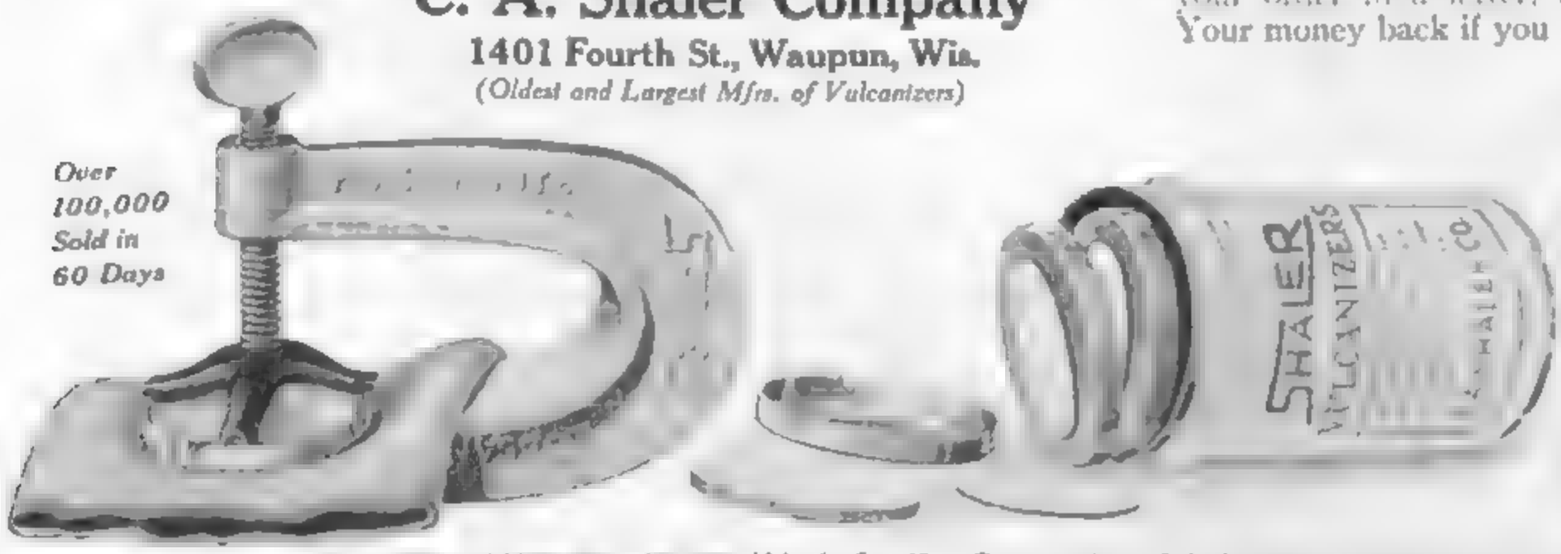
Positively no danger of ever burning the tube. No heat absolutely none reaches the tube surrounding the patch. There is no flame—no blaze.

10 Days' Free Trial—Order Today

If your dealer or garage is not able to supply you, use the coupon attached for your convenience in ordering direct from us—or write your order in a letter, enclosing $1.50 (check or money order). Your money back if you are not delighted. Order today.

C. A. Shaler Company
1401 Fourth St., Waupun, Wis.
(Oldest and Largest Mfrs. of Vulcanizers)

Over 100,000 Sold in 60 Days



DEALERS! The Sensation of Modern Times—100,000 sold in the first 60 days. It's one of the biggest winners in the history of automobile accessories. Our big National Advertising Campaign will create a great demand for this quick seller. Get your share of the business. Your jobber has the Shaler 5-Minute Vulcanizer in stock. Order today and get the Shaler Display Stand and other advertising matter we furnish Free to Dealers.

Money Back Coupon

C. A. Shaler Co., 1401 Fourth St., Waupun, Wis.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find $1.50 for which you will send me [illegible] 12 heat units [illegible] patches. I am to have the privilege of returning the Vulcanizer within 10 days and getting my money back if I am not satisfied.

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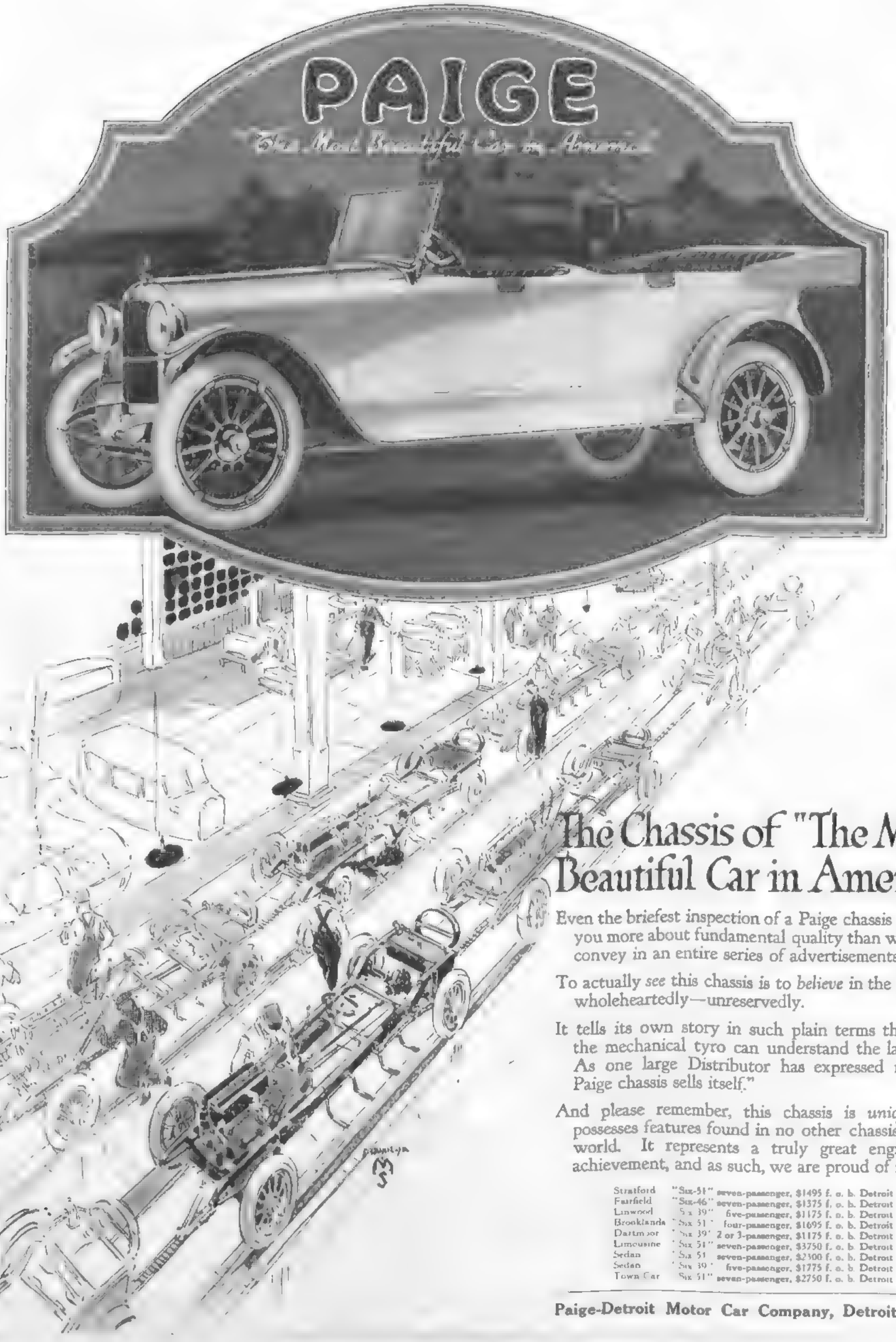
City _____

My Dealer's Name or Garage _____



The Chassis of "The Most Beautiful Car in America"

Even the briefest inspection of a Paige chassis will tell you more about fundamental quality than we could convey in an entire series of advertisements.

To actually *see* this chassis is to *believe* in the Paige—wholeheartedly—unreservedly.

It tells its own story in such plain terms that even the mechanical tyro can understand the language. As one large Distributor has expressed it, "The Paige chassis sells itself."

And please remember, this chassis is *unique*. It possesses features found in no other chassis in the world. It represents a truly great engineering achievement, and as such, we are proud of it.

Stratford	"Six-51"	seven-passenger, $1495 f. o. b. Detroit
Fairfield	"Six-46"	seven-passenger, $1375 f. o. b. Detroit
Linwood	"Six 39"	five-passenger, $1175 f. o. b. Detroit
Brooklands	"Six 51"	four-passenger, $1695 f. o. b. Detroit
Dartmoor	"Six 39"	2 or 3-passenger, $1175 f. o. b. Detroit
Limousine	"Six 51"	seven-passenger, $3750 f. o. b. Detroit
Sedan	"Six 51"	seven-passenger, $2300 f. o. b. Detroit
Sedan	"Six 39"	five-passenger, $1775 f. o. b. Detroit
Town Car	"Six 51"	seven-passenger, $2750 f. o. b. Detroit

Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company, Detroit, Mich.

(Continued from Page 54)

by the twelfth. In case you're short of money ——"

Apparently they got no further than that. To Hugh's assertions and objections his father had but one response. It was a response, as I understood, which confronted the younger man like a wall he had neither the force to break down nor the agility to climb over, and left him staring at a blank.

There followed another outburst which to my unaccustomed ear was as wild sweet music. It wasn't merely that he loved me, he adored me; it wasn't merely that I was young and pretty and captivating with a sly, unobtrusive fascination that held you enchanted when it held you at all, I was mistress of the wisdom of the ages. Among the nice expensively dressed young girls with whom he danced and rode and swam and flirted, Hugh had never seen anyone who could "hold a candle" to me in knowledge of human nature and the world. It wasn't that I had seen more than they, or done more than they; it was that I had a mind through which every impression filtered and came out as something of my own. It was what he had always been looking for in a woman, and had given up the hope of finding. He spoke as if he was forty. He was serious himself, he averred; he had reflected, and held original convictions. Though a rich man's son, with corresponding prospects, his heart was with the masses and he labeled himself a Socialist.

It was not the same thing to be a Socialist now, he explained to me, as it had been twenty years before, since so many men of education and position had adopted this system of opinion. In fact, his own conversion had been partly due to young Lord Ernest Hayes, of the British Embassy, who had spent the preceding summer at Newport, though his inclinations had gone in this direction ever since he had begun to think. It was because I was so open-eyed and so sincere that he had been drawn to me as soon as he had started in to notice me. It was true that he had noticed me first of all because I was in a subordinate position and alone, but having done so he had found a queen disguised as a working girl. I was a queen of the vital things in life, a queen of intelligence, of sympathy, of the defiance of convention, of everything that was great. I was the woman a Socialist could love, of whom a Socialist could make his star.

"If father would only give me credit for being twenty-six and a man," the dear boy went on earnestly, "with a man's responsibility to society and the human race! But he doesn't. He thinks I ought to quit being a Socialist because he tells me to—or else he doesn't think at all. Nine times out of ten, when I begin to say what I believe, he talks of something else—just as he did last night in bringing up the Goldboroughs."

I found the opportunity for which I had been looking during his impassioned rhapsody. The mention of the Goldboroughs gave me that kind of chill about the heart which the mist imparted to the hands and face. "You know them all very well," I said, when I found an opening in which I could speak.

"Oh, yes," he admitted indifferently. "Known them all my life. Father represented Meek & Brokenshire in England till my grandfather died. Goldborough used to be an impecunious chap, land poor, till he and father began to pull together. Father's been able to give him tips on the market, and he's given father —— Well, dad's always had a taste for English swells. Never could stand the Continental kind—gilt gingerbread he's called 'em—and so, well, you can see."

I admitted that I could see, going on to ask what the Goldborough family consisted of.

There was Lord Leatherhead, the eldest son; then there were two younger sons, one in the army and one preparing for the Church; and there were three girls.

"Any of the daughters married?" I ventured timidly.

There was nothing forced in the indifference with which he made his explanations. Laura was married to a banker named Bell; Janet, he thought he had heard, was engaged to a chap in the Inverness Rangers; Cecilia—Cissie they usually called her—was to the best of his knowledge still wholly free, but the best of his knowledge did not go far.

I pumped up my courage again.

"Is she—nice?"

"Oh, nice enough." He really didn't know much about her. She was generally away at school when he had been at Goldborough Castle. When she was there he hadn't seen more than a long-legged gawky girl, rather good at tennis, with red hair hanging down her back.

Satisfied with these replies, I went on to tell him of my interview with his father an hour or two before. Of this he seized on one point with some ecstasy.

"So you told him you'd take me! Oh, Alix—gosh!"

The exclamation was a sigh of relief as well as of rapture. I could smile at it because it was so boyish and American, especially as he clasped me again and held me in a way that almost stopped my breath. When I freed myself, however, I said with a show of firmness:

"Yes, Hugh; it's what I said to him; but it's not what I'm going to repeat to you."

"Not what you're going to repeat to me? But if you said it to him ——"

"I'm still not obliged to accept you—to-day."

"But if you mean to accept me at all ——"

"Yes, I mean to accept you—if all goes well."

"But what do you mean by that?"

"I mean—if your family should want me."

I could feel his clasp relax as he said:

"Oh, if you're going to wait for that!"

"Hugh, darling, how can I not wait for it? I told him I couldn't stop to consider a family; but—but I see I must."

"Oh, but why? We shall lose everything if you do that. To wait for my family to want you to marry me ——"

I detached myself altogether from his embrace, pretending to arrange my skirts about my feet. He leaned forward, his fingers interlocked, his elbows on his knees, his kind young face disconsolate.

"When I talked to your father," I tried to explain, "I saw chiefly the individual's side of the question of marriage. There is that side; but there's another. Marriage doesn't concern a man and a woman alone; it concerns a family—sometimes two."

His cry came out with the explosive force of a slowly gathering groan.

"Oh, rot, Alix!" He went on to expostulate: "Can't you see? If we were to go now and buy a license—and be married by the first clergyman we met—the family couldn't say a word."

"Exactly; it's just what I do see. Since you want it I could force myself on them—the word is your father's—and they'd have no choice but to accept me."

"Well, then?"

"Hugh, dear, I—I can't do it that way."

"Then what way could you do it?"

"I'm not sure yet. I haven't thought of it. I only know in advance that even if I told you I'd marry you against—against all their wishes, I couldn't keep my promise in the end."

"That is," he said bitterly, "you think more of them than you do of me."

I put my hand on his clasped fingers.

"Nonsense. I—I love you. Don't you see I do? How could I help loving you when you've been so kind to me? But marriage is always a serious thing to a woman; and when it comes to marriage into a family that would look on me as a great misfortune—Hugh, darling, I don't see how I could ever face it."

"I do," he declared promptly. "It isn't so bad as you think. Families come round. There was Tracy Allen. Married a manicure. The Allens kicked up a row at first—wouldn't see Tracy and all that; but now ——"

"Yes, but, Hugh, I'm not a manicure."

"You're a nursery governess."

"By accident—and a little by misfortune. I wasn't a nursery governess when I first knew your sister."

"But what difference does that make?"

"It makes this difference: that a manicure would probably not think of herself as your equal. She'd expect coldness at first, and be prepared for it."

"Well, couldn't you?"

"No, because, you see, I'm your equal."

He hunched his big shoulders impatiently.

"Oh, Alix, I don't go into that. I'm a Socialist. I don't care what you are."

"But you see I do. I don't want to expose myself to being looked down upon, and perhaps despised, for the rest of my life, because my family is quite as good as your own."

He turned slowly from peering into the fog bank to fix on me a look of which the tenderness and pity and incredulity seemed to stab me. I felt the helplessness of a sane

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97% Owners' Choice Based on Experience

WHAT a car owner learns about tires from real experience he never forgets. If the tires the manufacturer supplies him with his car are wanting—he turns to something better. He finds the best—and sticks to it. And that's how Ajax Tires are bought.

They are 97% Owners' Choice—97% of all Ajax sales volume—*picked out* to take the place of former different tires because *proved out* in real experience.

So when you see a car with Ajax Tires on every wheel, it's safe to say one Ajax first proved what this tire would do. The others followed.

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Thousands are learning in this way, through pitting Ajax against other tires, new tire-efficiency. They are finding Ajax Tires gluttons for punishment—full of buoyant life—rugged endurance. They're finding that, without petting or babying, Ajax stands up—delivers its guarantee of 5000 miles—often far more.

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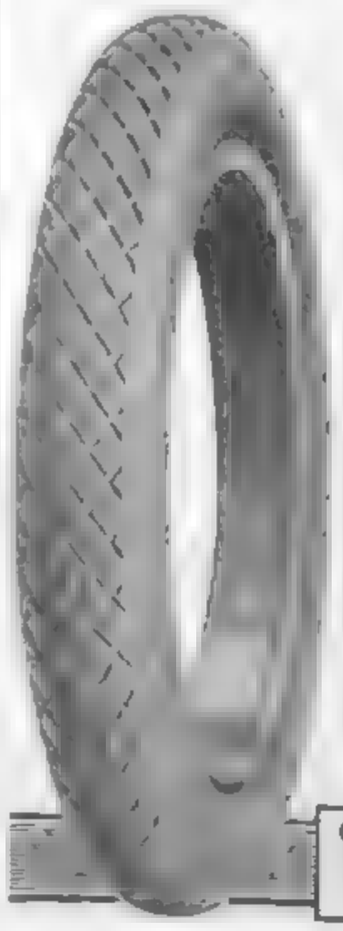

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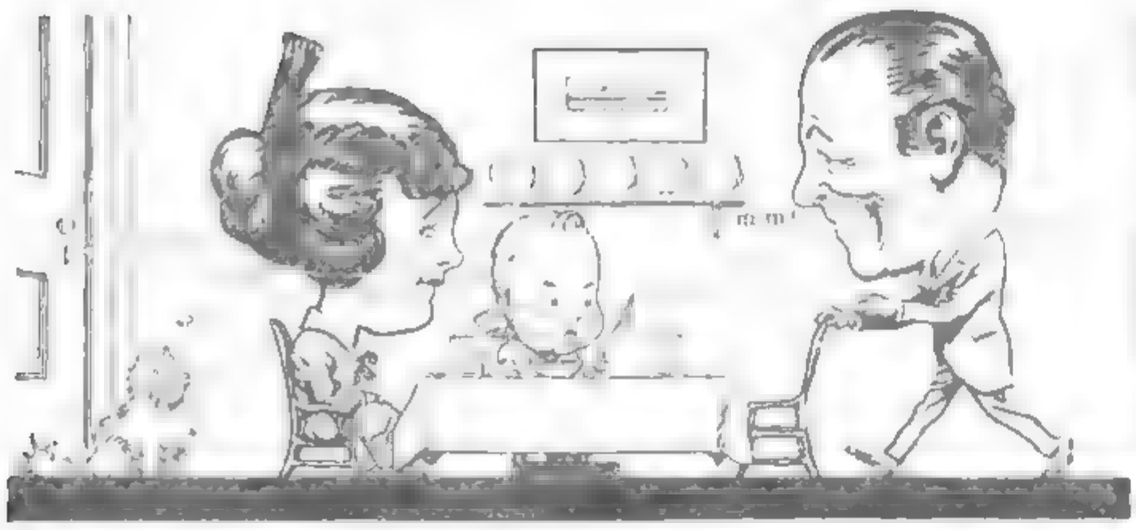


HOW do you know the cook is still on the job?

"Your Nose Knows"

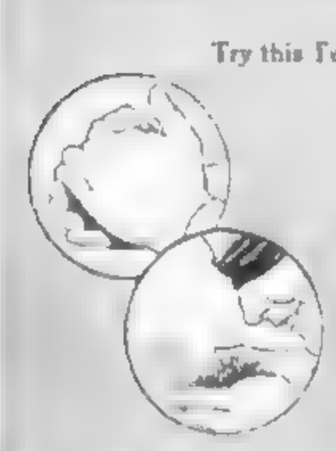
There is no imitating the dishes mother cooks—and you hardly find fault with your wife's culinary attainments; but for the *pure appealing fragrance* that can be gotten into a dinner, commend you to the trained, experienced cook. Anything with an appealing *fragrance* commends itself. It needs no argument—"Your Nose Knows." Just so, it's the *pure fragrance* of a good tobacco that guarantees personal satisfaction in your smoking.

Such a guarantee you have in

Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco

Blue grass sunshine and the soil of Old Kentucky give the blended Burley leaves of Tuxedo a rich, *pure fragrance* that is all its own—that cannot be imitated—"Your Nose Knows."



Try this Test:—Rub a little Tuxedo briskly in the palm of your hand to bring out its full aroma. Then smell it deep—its delicious, *pure fragrance* will convince you. Try this test with any other tobacco and we will let Tuxedo stand or fall on your judgment.

"Your Nose Knows"

person insisting on his sanity to someone who believes him mad.

"Don't let us talk about those things, darling little Alix," he begged gently. "Let's do the thing in style, like Tracy Allen, without any flummery or fluff. What's family—once you get away from the idea? When I sink it I should think that you could afford to do it too. If I take you as Tracy Allen took Libby Jaynes—that was her name, I remember now—not a very pretty girl—but if I take you as he took her, and you take me as she took him ——"

"But, Hugh, I can't. If I was Libby Jaynes, it's possible I could; but as it is ——"

And in the end he came round to my point of view. That is to say, he appreciated my unwillingness to reward Mrs. Rossiter's kindness to me by creating a scandal, and he was not without some admiration for what he called my "magnanimity toward his old man" in hesitating to drive him to extremes.

And yet it was Hugh himself who drove him to extremes, over questions which I hardly raised. That was some ten days later, when Hugh refused point-blank to sail on the steamer his father had selected to take him on the way to Strath-na-Cloid. I was, of course, not present at the interview, but having heard of it from Hugh, and got his account corroborated by Ethel Rossiter, I can describe it much as it took place.

I may say here, perhaps, that I still remained with Mrs. Rossiter. My marching orders, expected from hour to hour, didn't come. Mrs. Rossiter herself explained this delay to me some four days after that scene in the breakfast loggia which had left me in a state of curiosity and suspense.

"Father seems to think that if he insisted on your leaving it would make Hugh's asking you to marry him too much a matter of importance."

"And doesn't he himself consider it a matter of importance?"

Mrs. Rossiter patted a tress of her brown hair into place.

"No, I don't think he does."

Perhaps nothing from the beginning had made me more inwardly indignant than the simplicity of this reply. I had imagined him raging against me in his heart and forming deep dark plans to destroy me.

"It would be a matter of importance to most people," I said, trying not to betray my feeling of offense.

"Most people aren't father," Mrs. Rossiter contented herself with replying, still occupied with her tress of hair.

It was the confidential hour of the morning in her big chintzy room. The maid having departed, I had been answering notes and was still sitting at the desk. It was the first time she had broached the subject in the four days which had been to me a period of so much restlessness. Wondering at this detachment I had the boldness to question her.

"Doesn't it seem important to you?"

She threw me a glance over her shoulder, turning back to the mirror at once.

"What have I got to do with it? It's father's affair—and Hugh's."

"And mine, too, I suppose?" I hazarded interrogatively.

To this she said nothing. Her silence gave me to understand what so many other little things impressed upon me—that I didn't count. What Hugh did or didn't do was a matter for the Brokenshires to feel and for J. Howard Brokenshire to deal with. Ethel Rossiter herself was neither for me nor against me. I was her nursery governess, and useful as an unofficial companion-secretary. As long as it was not forbidden she would keep me in that capacity; when the order came she would send me away. As for anything I had to suffer, that was my own lookout. Hugh would be managed by his father, and from that fate there was no appeal. There was nothing, therefore, to worry Mrs. Rossiter. She could dismiss the whole matter, as she presently did, to discuss her troubles over the rival attentions of Mr. Millinger and Mr. Scott, and to protest against their making her so conspicuous. She had the kindness to say, however, just as she was leaving the house for Bailey's Beach:

"I don't talk to you about this affair of Hugh's, because I really don't see much of father. It's his business, you see, and nothing for me to interfere with. With that woman there I hardly ever go to their house, and he doesn't often come here. Her mother's with them, too, just now—that's old Mrs. Billing—a harpy if ever there was one—and with all the things people are saying! If father only knew! But, of course, he'll be the last one to hear it."

She was getting into her car by this time and I seized no more; but at lunch I had a few minutes in which to bring my searchings of heart before Larry Strangways.

It was not often we took this repast alone with the children, but it had to happen sometimes. Mrs. Rossiter had telephoned from Bailey's that she had accepted the invitation of some friends and we were not to expect her. We should lunch, however, she informed me, in the breakfast loggia, where the open air would act as chaperon and insure the necessary measure of propriety.

So long as Broke and Gladys were present we were as demure as if we had met by chance in the restaurant car of a train. With the coffee the children begged to be allowed to play with the dogs on the grass, which left us for a few minutes as man and woman.

"How is everything?" he asked at once, taking on that smile which seemed to put him outside the sphere of my interests.

I shrugged my shoulders and looked down at the spoon with which I was dabbling in my cup.

"Oh, just the same," I glanced up to say. "Tell me. Have people in this country no other measure of your standing but that of money?"

"Have they any such measure in any country?"

I was beginning with the words "Why, yes," when he interrupted me.

"Think."

"I am thinking," I insisted. "In England and Canada and the British Empire generally ——"

"You attach some importance to birth. Yes; so do we here—when it goes with money. Without the basis of that support neither you nor we give what is so deliciously called birth the honor of a second thought."

"Oh, yes, we do ——"

"When it's your only asset—yes; but you do it alone. No one else pays it any attention."

I colored. "That's rather cruel ——"

"It's not a bit more cruel than the fact. Take your case and mine as an illustration. As the estimate of birth goes in this country, I'm as well born as the majority. My ancestors were New Englanders, country doctors and lawyers and ministers—especially the ministers. But as long as I haven't the cash I'm only a tutor, and eat at the second table. Jim Rossiter's forbears were much the same as mine; but the fact that he has a hundred thousand dollars a year and I've hardly got two is the only thing that would be taken into consideration by anyone in either the United Kingdom or the United States. It would be the same if I descended from Crusaders. If I've got nothing but that and my character to recommend me ——" He raised his hand and snapped his fingers with a scornful laugh. "Take your case," he hurried on as I was about to speak: "You're probably like me, sprung of a line of professional men ——"

"And soldiers," I interrupted proudly. "The first of my family to settle in Canada was a General Adare in the middle of the seventeen hundreds. He'd been in the garrison at Halifax and chose to remain in Nova Scotia." Perhaps there was some boastfulness in my tone as I added: "He came of the famous Fighting Adares of the county Limerick."

"And all that isn't worth a row of pins—except to yourself. If you were the daughter of a miner who'd struck it rich, you'd be a candidate for the British peerage. You'd be received in the best houses in London; you could marry a duke and no one would say you nay. As it is ——"

"As it is," I said tremulously, "I'm just a nursery governess, and there's no getting away from the fact."

"Not until you get away from the condition."

"So that when I told Hugh Brokenshire the other day that in point of family I was his equal ——"

"He probably didn't believe you."

The memory of Hugh's look still rankled in me.

"No, I don't think he did."

"Of course he didn't. As the world counts—as we all count—no poor family, however noble, is the equal of any rich family, however base." There was that transformation of his smile from something sunny to something hard which I had noticed once before, as he went on to add: "If you want to marry Hugh Brokenshire ——"

(Continued on Page 101)

Peerless
"All that the name implies"

The Joy of Big Power
without the Burden of Big Expense

Two Power Ranges

Make the Eighty Horsepower Peerless Eight
Inexpensive to Operate

ALL THE WORLD now knows the Peerless for a car of the most remarkable contrast and variety of performance.

The fascination of its performance has dwarfed the importance of that other great virtue of two power ranges—economy.

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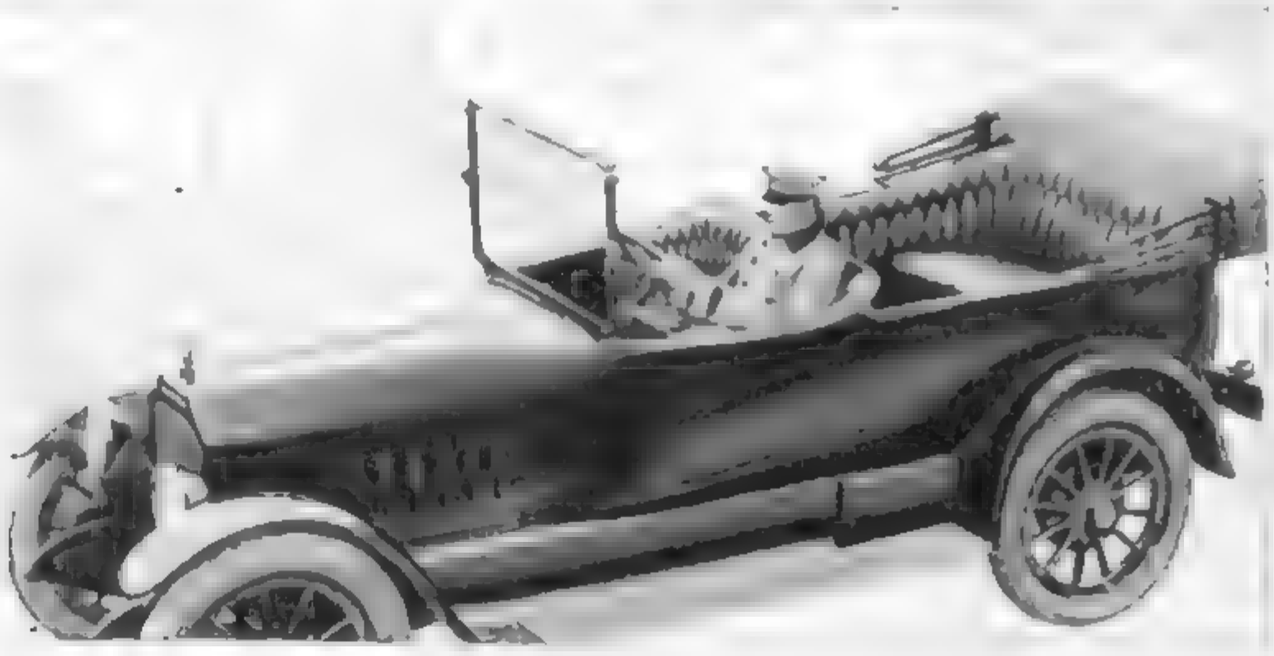
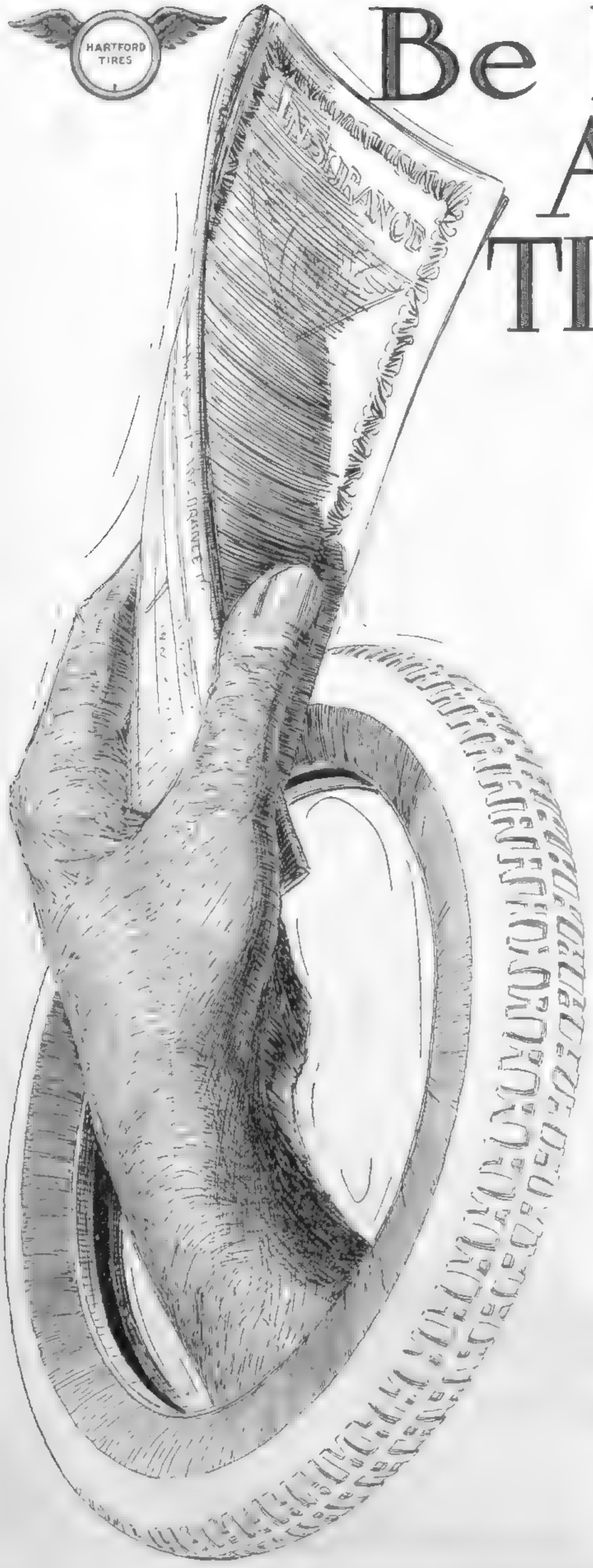
The Peerless Motor Car Company, Cleveland, Ohio

Peerless Eight





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Hartford Tires are tire insurance,

—insurance of rugged strength to withstand the wear and tear of travel, whatever the road or weather conditions,

—insurance of greater durability, greater stoutness and greater mileage,

—insurance of lower final cost,

—as testified to by thousands of satisfied Hartford Tire users everywhere.

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Hartford Tires are safety insurance,

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—insurance of your comfort every hour.

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Hartford Tires are value insurance,

—insurance that nothing but the highest quality of raw material *plus* the most scientific manufacturing and finishing processes are employed,

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* * * * *

Therefore, be assured of the best tire service possible by equipping your machine with Hartford Tires,

—*the tires of insurance.*

Hartford Rubber Works Co.

1790 Broadway New York

(Continued from Page 98)

"Which I do," I interposed defiantly.

"Then you must enter into his game as he enters into it himself. He thinks of himself as doing the big romantic thing. He's marrying a poor girl, who has nothing but herself as guaranty. That your great-grandfather was a general and one of the—what did you call them?—Fighting Adares of the County Cork would mean no more to him than if you said you were descended from the Lacedæmonians and the dragon's teeth. As far as that goes, you might as well be an immigrant girl from Sweden; you might as well be a cook. He's stooping to pick up his diamond from the mire, instead of buying it from a jeweler's window. Very well then, you must let him stoop. You mustn't try to underestimate his condescension. You mustn't tell him you were once in a jeweler's window, and only fell into the mire by chance ——"

"Because," I smiled, "the mire is where I belong, until I'm taken out of it."

"We belong," he stated judicially, "where the world puts us. If we're wise we'll stay there—till we can meet the world's own terms for getting out."

V

I COME at last to Hugh's defiance of his father. It took place not only without my incitement, but without my knowledge. No one could have been more sick with misgiving than I when I learned that the boy had left his father's house and gone to a hotel. If I was to blame at all it was in mentioning from time to time his condition of dependence.

"You haven't the right to defy your father's wishes," I said to him, "so long as you're living on his money. What it comes to is that he pays you to do as he tells you. If you don't do as he tells you, you're not earning your allowance honestly."

The point of view was new to him.

"But if I was making a living of my own?"

"Ah, that would be different."

"You'd marry me then?"

I considered this.

"It would still have to depend," I was obliged to say at last.

"Depend on what?"

"On the degree to which you made yourself your own master."

"I should be my own master if I earned a good income."

I admitted this.

"Very well," he declared with decision. "I shall earn it."

I didn't question his power to do that. I had heard so much of the American man's ability to make money that I took it for granted, as I did a bird's capacity for flight. As far as Hugh was concerned, it seemed to me more a matter of intention than of opportunity. I reasoned that if he made up his mind to be independent, independent he would be. It would rest with him. It was not of the future I was thinking so much as of the present; and in the present I was chiefly dodging his plea that we settle the matter by taking the law into our own hands.

"It won't be as bad as you think," he kept urging. "Father would be sure to come round to you if you were my wife. He never quarrels with the accomplished fact. That's been part of the secret of his success. He'll fight a thing as long as he can; but when it's carried over his head no one knows better than he how to make the best of it."

"But, Hugh, I don't want to have him make the best of it that way—at least, so long as you're not your own master."

One day at the Casino he pointed out Libby Jaynes to me. I was there in charge of the children, and he managed to slip over from the tennis he was playing for a word.

"There she is—that girl with the orange silk sweater."

The point of his remark was that Libby Jaynes was one of a group of half a dozen people, and was apparently received at Newport like anybody else. The men were in flannels; the women in the short skirts and easy attitudes developed by a sporting life. The silk sweater in its brilliant hues was to the Casino grounds as the parrot to Brazilian woods. Libby Jaynes wasn't pretty; her lips were too widely parted and her teeth too big; but her figure was adapted to the costume of the day, and her head to the slouching panama. She wore both with a decided chic. She was the orange spot where there was another of purple and another of pink and another of bright emerald green. As far as I could see no one remembered that she had ever rubbed men's finger nails in the barber's room of a hotel, and she certainly betrayed no sign of it. It was what Hugh begged me to observe. If I liked I could within a year be a member of this privileged troop instead of an outsider looking on. "You'd be just as good as she is," he declared with a naiveté I couldn't help taking with a smile.

I was about to say "But I don't feel inferior to her as it is," when I recalled the queer look of incredulity he had given me on the beach.

And then one morning I heard he had quarreled with his father. It was Hugh who told me first, but Mrs. Rossiter gave me all the details within an hour afterward.

It appeared that they had had a dinner-party in honor of old Mrs. Billing which had gone off with some success. The guests having left, the family had gathered in Mildred's sitting room to give the invalid an account of the entertainment. It was one of those domestic reunions on which the household god insisted from time to time, so that his wife should seem to have that support from his children which both he and she knew she didn't have. The Jack Brokenshires were there, and Hugh, and Ethel Rossiter.

It was exactly the scene for a tragi-comedy, and had the kind of setting theatrical producers liked before the new scene painters set the note of allegorical simplicity. Mildred had the best corner room upstairs, though, like the rest of the house, her surroundings suffered from her father's taste for the Italianate and over-rich. Heavy dark cabinets, heavy dark chairs, gilt candelabra, and splendidly brocaded stuffs threw the girl's wan face and weak figure into prominence. I think she often sighed for pretty papers and cretonnes, for Sèvres and colored prints, but she took her tapestries and old masters and majolica as decreed by a power she couldn't question. When everything was done for her comfort the poor thing had nothing to do for herself.

The room had the further resemblance to a scene on the stage since, as I was given to understand, no one felt the reality of the friendliness enacted. To all J. Howard's children it was odious that he should worship a woman who was younger than Mildred and very little older than Ethel. They had loved their mother, who had been plain. They resented the fact that their father had got hold of her money for himself, had made her unhappy, and had forgotten her. That he should have become infatuated with a girl who was their own contemporary would have been a humiliation to them in any case; but when the story of his fight for her became public property, when it was the joke of the Stock Exchange and the subject of leading articles in the press, they could only hold their heads high and carry the situation with bravado. It was a proof of his grip on New York that he could put Editha Billing where he wished to see her, and find no authority social or financial bold enough to question him; it was equally a proof of his dominance in his family that neither son nor daughter could treat his new wife with anything but deference. She was the *maîtresse en titre* to whom even the princes and princesses had to bow.

They were bowing on this evening by treating old Mrs. Billing as if they liked her and counted her one of themselves. As the mother of the favorite she could reasonably claim this homage, and no one refused it but poor Hugh. He turned his back on it. Mildred being obliged to lie on a couch, he put himself at her feet, refusing thus to be witness of what he called a flattering hypocrisy that sickened him. That went on in the dimly, richly lighted room behind him, where the others sat about pretending to be gay.

Then the match went into the gunpowder all at once.

"I'm the more glad the evening has been pleasant," J. Howard observed blandly, "since we may consider it a farewell to Hugh. He's sailing on ——"

Hugh merely said over his shoulder:

"No, father; I'm not."

The startled silence was just long enough to be noticed before the father went on as if he had not been interrupted:

"He's sailing on ——"

"No, father; I'm not."

There was no change in Hugh's tone any more than in his parent's. I gathered from Mrs. Rossiter that all present held their breaths as if in expectation that this blasphemer would be struck dead. Mentally they stood off, too, like the chorus in an

Night-travel luxury depends on Gould Quality

Every great railroad in the United States uses Gould Storage Batteries for train-lighting—a service that demands the utmost dependability. Among railroad men, Gould quality is traditional, and the Gould Starting-Lighting Battery, built in the same plant under the same conditions, lives up to that tradition.

Battery-building is a highly-specialized, complex industry. To build good batteries requires more than capital, plant and men. Experience is almost indispensable. In the great Gould works—**grown** great from humble beginnings—are men who grew with it: men with experience, a generation of it, in building batteries to meet severe requirements. These men developed the famous Gould Super-Hard Plates and are building them into a Starting-Lighting Battery you can depend on for power and long life.

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Over 1000 Gould Service Stations are equipped to give expert battery service.

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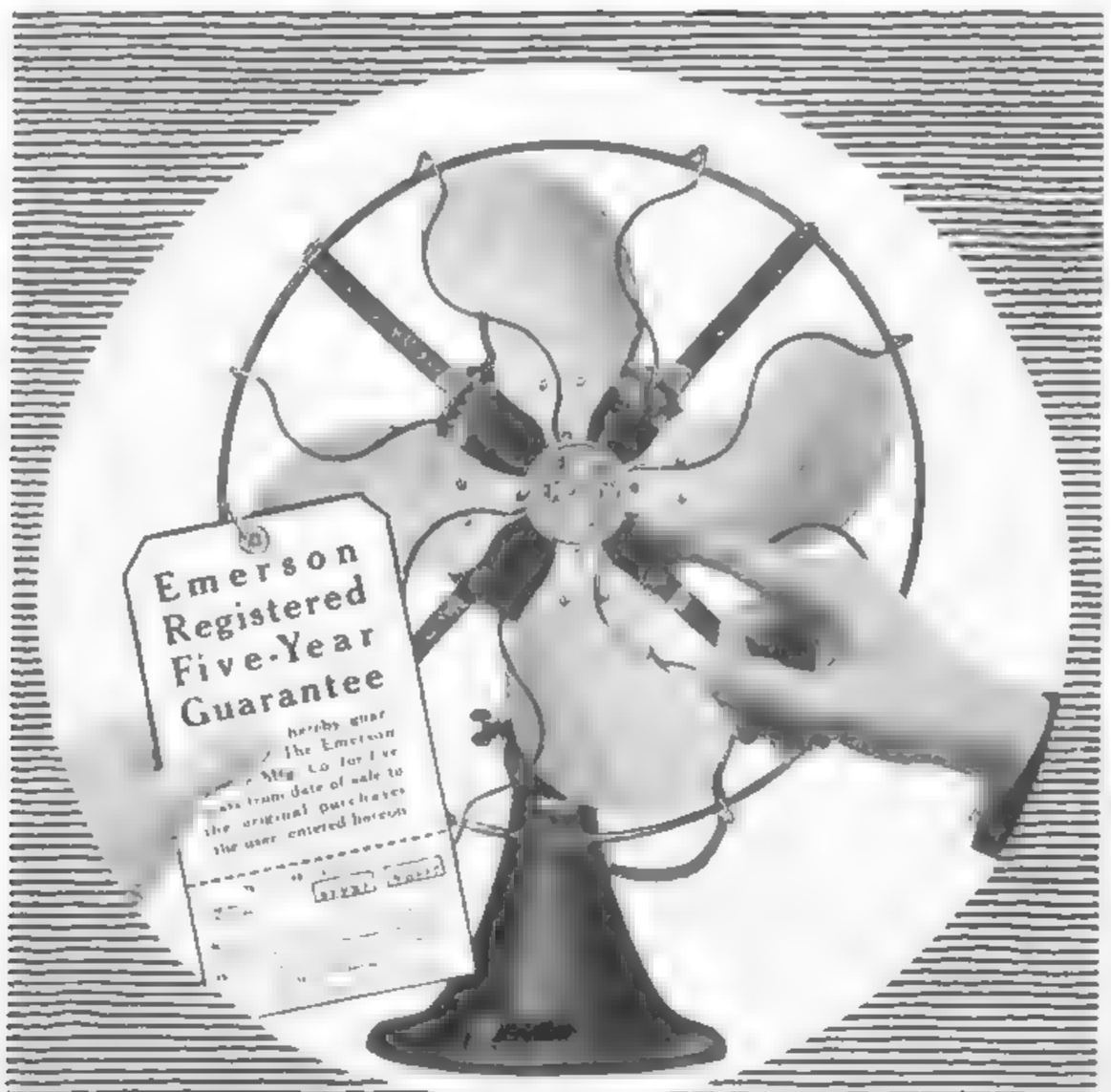

The Two Things to Look For

Before buying electric fans, ask about the *guarantee* back of them. Compare it with the Emerson Guarantee. If a defect is found in an Emerson Fan within *five years*, the fan will be repaired or the defective part replaced by the manufacturers *without charge*. This unusual guarantee indicates the unusual quality of

Emerson Fans

Look for two things on the fan-guard—the name EMERSON and the Five-Year Guarantee Coupon. Have your local Emerson Dealer demonstrate these ultra-quiet, efficient fans—so *economical* in current consumption. His name and our catalog sent on request.

Emerson products include a complete line of ceiling fans—and small motors up to 2 h. p.

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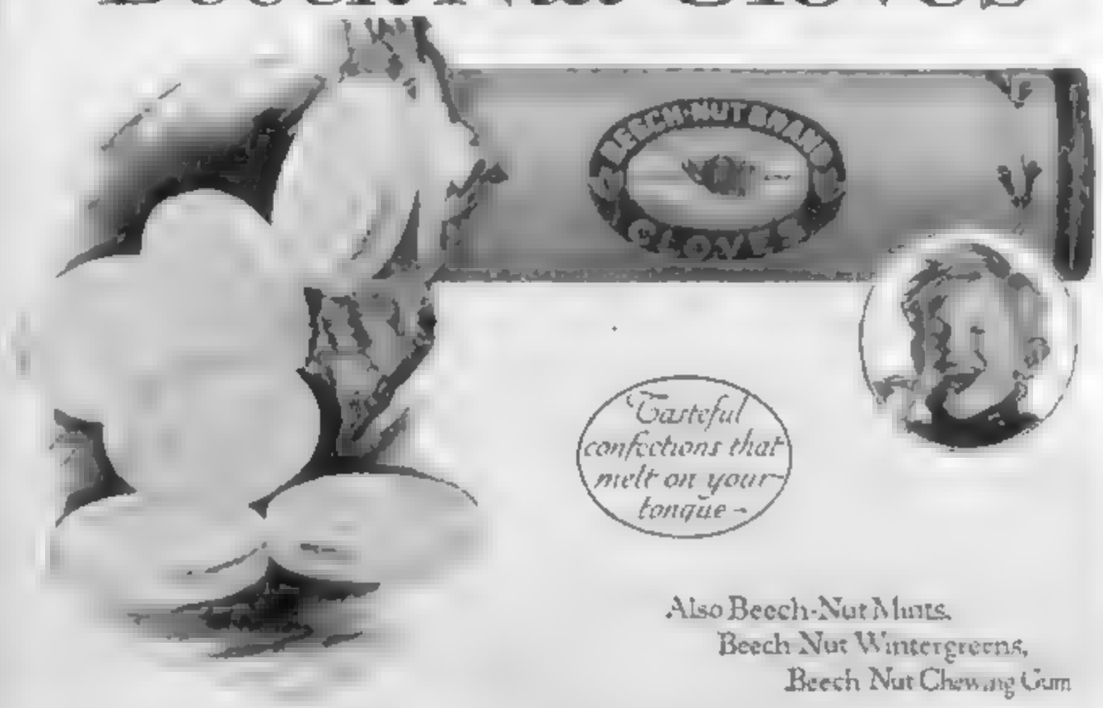
The Only Fans with a Five-Year Factory Guarantee

A Candied Perfection
Beech-Nut Cloves



Tasteful confections that melt on your tongue—

Also Beech-Nut Mints,
Beech Nut Wintergreens,
Beech Nut Chewing Gum

opera, to see the great tragedy acted to the end without interference of their own. Jack Brokenshire, who was fingering an extinct cigar, twiddled it nervously at his lips. Pauline clasped her hands and leaned forward in excitement. Mrs. Brokenshire affected to hear nothing and arranged her five rows of pearls. Mrs. Billing, whom Mrs. Rossiter described as a condor with lace on her head and diamonds round her shrunken neck, looked from one to another through her lorgnette which she fixed at last on her son-in-law. Ethel Rossiter kept herself detached. Knowing that Hugh had been riding for a fall, she expected him now to come his cropper.

It caused some surprise to the lookers-on that Mr. Brokenshire should merely press the electric bell.

"Tell Mr. Spellman to come here," he said quietly to the footman who answered his ring.

Mr. Spellman appeared, a smooth-shaven man of indefinite age, with dark shadows in the face, and cadaverous. His master instructed him with a word or two. There was silence during the minute that followed the man's withdrawal, a silence ominous with expectation. When Spellman had returned and handed a long envelope to his employer and withdrawn again, the suspended action was renewed.

Hugh, who was playing in seeming unconcern with the tassel of Mildred's dressing gown, had given no attention to the small drama going on behind him.

"Hugh, here's father," Mildred whispered.

Her white face was drawn; she was fond of Hugh; she seemed to scent the catastrophe. Hugh continued to play with the tassel without glancing upward.

It was not J. Howard's practice to raise his voice or to speak with emphasis except when the occasion demanded it. He was very gentle now, as his hand slipped over Hugh's shoulder.

"Hugh, here's your ticket and your letter of credit. I asked Spellman to see to them when he was in New York."

The young man barely turned his head.

"Thank you, father; but I don't want them. I can't go over—because I'm going to marry Miss Adare."

As it was no time for the chorus of an opera to intervene, all waited for what would happen next. Old Mrs. Billing turning her lorgnette on the rebellious boy saw nothing but the back of his head. The father's hand wavered for a minute over the son's shoulder and let the envelope fall. Hugh continued to play with the tassel.

For once Howard Brokenshire was disconcerted. Having stepped back a pace or two, he said in his quiet voice:

"What did you say, Hugh?"

The answer was quite distinct.

"I said I was going to marry Miss Adare."

"Who's that?"

"You know perfectly well, father. She's Ethel's nursery governess. You've been to see her, and she's told you she's going to marry me."

"Oh, but I thought that was over and done with."

"No, you didn't, father. Please don't try to come that. I told you nearly a fortnight ago that I was perfectly serious—and I am."

"Oh, are you? Well, so am I. The Goldboroughs are expecting you for the twelfth ——"

"The Goldboroughs can go to ——"

"Hugh!" It was Mildred who cut him short with a cry that was almost a petition.

"All right, Milly," he assured her under his breath. "I'm not going to make a scene."

That J. Howard expected to become the principal in a duel, under the eyes of excited witnesses, I do not think. If he had chosen to speak when witnesses were present, it was because of his assumption that Hugh's submission would be thus more easily secured. As it was his policy never to enter into a conflict of authorities, or of will against will, he was for the moment nonplused. I have an idea that he would have retired gracefully, waiting for a more convenient opportunity, had it not been for old Mrs. Billing's lorgnette.

It will, perhaps, not interrupt my narrative too much if I say here that of all the important women he knew he was most afraid of her. She had coached him when he was a beginner in life and she an established young woman of the world. She must then have had a certain *beauté du diable* and that nameless thing which men find exciting in women. I have been told that she was an example of the modern Helen of Troy, over whom men fight while she holds the stakes, and I can believe it. Her history was said to be full of dramatic episodes, though I never knew what they were. Even at sixty, which was the age at which I saw her, she had that kind of presence which challenges and dares. She was ugly and hook-nosed and withered; but she couldn't be overlooked. To me she suggested that Madame Poisson who so carefully prepared her daughter to become the Marquise de Pompadour. Stacy Grainger, I believe, was the Louis XV of her earlier plans, though like a born strategist she changed her methods when reasons arose for doing so. I shall return to this later in my story. At present I only want to say that I do not believe that Mr. Brokenshire would have pushed things to an issue that night had her lorgnette not been there to provoke him.

"Has it occurred to you, Hugh," he asked in his softest tones, on reaching a stand before the chimney which was filled with dwarfed potted palms, "that I pay you an allowance of six thousand dollars a year?"

Hugh continued to play with the tassel of Mildred's gown.

"Yes, father; and as a Socialist I don't think it right. I've been coming to the decision that ——"

"You'll spare us your poses and let the Socialist nonsense drop. I simply want to remind you ——"

"I can't let the Socialist nonsense drop, father, because ——"

The tartness of the tone betrayed a rising irritation.

"Be good enough to turn round this way. I don't understand what you're saying. Perhaps you'll take a chair, and leave poor Mildred alone."

Mildred whispered:

"Oh, Hugh, be careful. I'll do anything for you if you won't get him worked up. It'll hurt his face—and his poor eye."

Hugh slouched—the word is Mrs. Rossiter's—to a near-by chair, where he sat down in a hunched position, his hands in his trousers' pockets and his feet thrust out before him. The attitude was neither graceful nor respectful to the company.

"It's no use talking, father," he declared sulkily, "because I've said my last word."

"Oh, no, you haven't, for I haven't said my first."

In the tone in which Hugh cried out there must have been something of the plea of a little boy before he is punished:

"Please don't give me any orders, father, because I shan't be able to obey them."

"Hugh, your expression 'shan't be able to obey' is not in the vocabulary with which I'm familiar."

"But it's in the one with which I am."

"Then you've probably learnt it from Ethel's little servant—I've forgotten the name ——"

Hugh spoke with spirit.

"She's not a servant; and her name is Alexandra Adare. Please, dad, try to fix it in your memory. You'll find you'll have a lot of use for it."

"Don't be impertinent."

"I'm not impertinent. I'm stating a fact. I ask everyone here to remember that name ——"

"We needn't bring anyone else into this foolish business. It's between you and me. Even so I wish to have no argument."

"Nor I."

"Then in that case we understand each other. You'll be with the Goldboroughs for the twelfth ——"

Hugh spoke very distinctly:

"Father—I'm—not—going."

In the silence that followed one could hear the ticking of the mantelpiece clock.

"Then may I ask where you are going?"

Hugh raised himself from his sprawling attitude, holding his bulky young figure erect.

"I'm going to earn a living"

Someone, perhaps old Mrs. Billing, laughed. The father continued to speak with great if dangerous courtesy.

"Ah? Indeed! That's interesting. And may I ask at what?"

"At what I can find."

"That's more interesting still. Earning a living in New York is like the proverbial looking for the needle in the haystack. The needle is there, but it takes ——"

"Very good eyesight to detect it. All right, dad. I shall be on the job."

"Good! And when do you propose to begin?"

(Continued on Page 105)

The parting gift—

A Vest Pocket Kodak.

It is monotony, not bullets that our soldier boys dread. No fear, when the time comes, they will uphold bravely the traditions that are dear to every loyal American heart. But in the training camps and during the months of forced inaction there are going to be some tedious, home-sick days—days the Kodak can make more cheerful.

Pictures of comrades and camp life, pictures of the thousand and one things that can be photographed without endangering any military secret will interest them, and will doubly interest the friends at home. Tens of thousands of brave lads in the camps and trenches of France are keeping their own Kodak story of the war—a story that will always be intense to them because it is *history* from their view-point. And when peace comes it will make more vivid, more real *their story of their war* as they tell it again and again to mother and sister and wife and little ones.

The nation has a big job on its hands. It's only a little part, perhaps, but a genuine part of that job to keep up the cheerfulness of camp life, to keep tight the bonds between camp and home. Pictures from home to the camp and from camp to the home can do their part.

There's room for a little Vest Pocket Kodak in every soldier's and sailor's kit. The expense is small, six dollars. The cheerfulness it may bring is great. They are on sale by Kodak dealers everywhere.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

$3300.00 in 707 Cash Prizes

For merely writing a letter. Open to all present or prospective Car and Truck owners and drivers. First Prize, $1000 Cash

WE want to know how many car users realize the serious damage that is done to their motor, such as burned-out cylinders, distorted pistons, etc., which practically means a ruined engine—if the car is run when the cooling system is not operating properly.

We want to find out how many motor car owners realize how much gas they are wasting, producing excessive carbon with all of its bad effects, together with entirely upsetting their lubrication, when their pump circulated motor is **over-cooled.**

Garage men, and automobile and accessory dealers all know these things. Go to at least two accessory dealers or garage men and ask them the answers to the questions below. They will gladly give you the information. Then write your letter to us.

The prize winners' names will be published in the S. E. Post.

List of Prizes

1st Prize	$1000 Cash
2nd Prize	300 Cash
3rd Prize	100 Cash
4th Prize	50 Cash
5th Prize	25 Cash
6th Prize	15 Cash
7th Prize	10 Cash
8th to 207th Prize (each $5)	1000 Cash
208th to 407th Prize (each $2.50)	500 Cash
408th to 707th Prize (each $1)	300 Cash
707 CASH PRIZES	$3300

Baltimore, Md., May 7, 1917.

"The Motor Cooling Systems Company has on deposit at this bank $3300.00 subject to decision of the judges in the above contest.

"(Signed) The National Bank of Baltimore"

Conditions of Contest

This Contest is open to any present or prospective car or truck owner or driver. Send the coupon at the bottom of this page (or, simply write a letter) and secure entry blank in Prize Contest. Letters entered in Contest need not be over 200 words long. Give the names and addresses of two dealers or garage men of whom you have asked advice in preparing your letter. All letters in this Contest must be post-marked not later than July 15, 1917. The Prizes will be awarded as soon after that date as it is possible for the judges to determine the prize winners. The decision of the judges will be final. In case of a tie of any prize, the full prize money will be paid to all contestants so tying.

These are the Questions

1—What serious damage is done to an automobile motor when the water in the cooling system has boiled over, and the car is run with an overheated motor?

2—To what conditions (both while running or otherwise), is due the excessive heat that causes a motor to overheat?

3—What provision can be made to prevent a motor from being either over*heated* or over*cooled?*

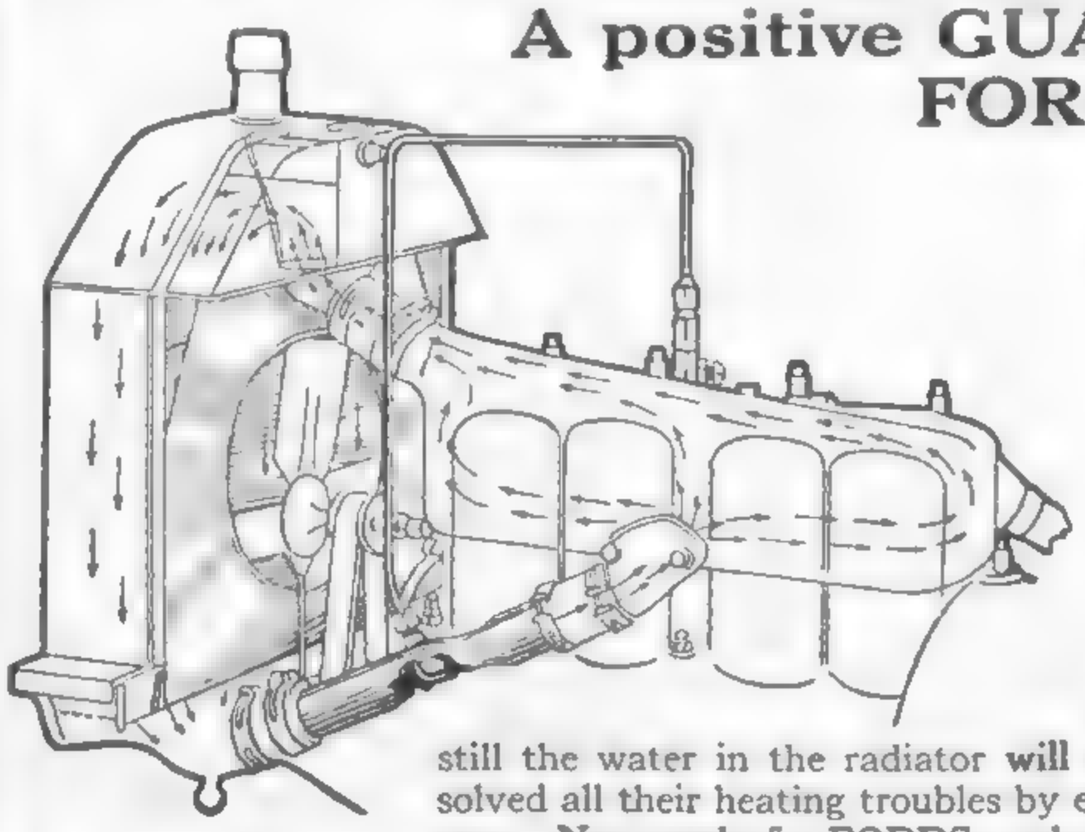
4—Which is the best cooling system for an automobile motor, and why?

5—Give the worst experience you (or any of your friends) have ever had due to an overheated motor?

In sending Entry Blank, ask for booklet on what happens to ANY motor when the Cooling System fails to work, together with suggestions to contestants that will help them to write their letter.

A positive GUARANTEE you can't make a FORD overheat, if equipt with a

Perfection Water Circulator



You can put your car through the hardest kind of work—mud, sand, steep hills, continued running on low gear—and still the water in the radiator **will not boil.** Mak-a-Tractor and Mak-a-Truck owners have solved all their heating troubles by equipping with this system. Larger radiators are not necessary. Now ready for FORDS, and soon for all thermo-syphon cooled cars.

Send this Coupon Today

Motor Cooling Systems Co.,
1317 Conway Building
Chicago, Illinois

Please send me entry blank in your Prize Contest, also copy of your booklet, "Motor Cooling Systems."

Name ...

Address ...

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Installed in Fifteen Minutes

It takes 15 minutes to install the Perfection Water Circulator. Simply replace the ordinary connection from the radiator to the motor with a similar connection in which is located the Perfection Nozzle; tap the exhaust manifold and connect this to the replaced connecting tube. There are no moving parts—nothing to get out of order or wear out—the Perfection Water Circulator will last as long as the car itself

A 3-Time Guarantee

We absolutely guarantee that when properly installed, you can not MAKE your Ford car boil under running conditions. Even with fan removed it won't overheat. We further absolutely guarantee a saving of gasoline. No test has ever shown less than 9%, and from that up to 45%. We further absolutely guarantee a saving of from ⅓ to ½ lubricating oil.

A Remarkable Test

A Ford car, equipped with a Perfection Water Circulator, and a thermometer, was tested in a closed garage. The thermometer showed a temperature of the water in the water jackets of 190 degrees. The spark was then FULLY RETARDED and the motor run at 1200 r. p. m. for 30 MINUTES. At this point the exhaust manifold got RED HOT, which means around 1500 degrees, and no better evidence could there be that there was excessive heat being generated in the motor. But during this time, and in spite of the tremendous heat being generated, the temperature of the water **dropped from 190 to 160 degrees.** This was because of the increased flow of water which the Perfection Circulator produced, and which takes place just as soon as a heavy "load" is put on the motor. It wasn't a question of the Ford radiator not being large enough, but only a matter of carrying or forcing the heated water to the cooling surface **fast enough.**

30 Days' Trial

If it does not give the most efficient cooling you have ever had, send it back, and we will refund entire purchase price. Sent anywhere in U. S. prepaid.

$7.50

Complete Literature SENT FREE

Dealers Wanted

We want the livest concern in every territory to handle this proposition, as also the other accessories marketed by us. Tremendous sales possibilities, backed by an extensive advertising campaign.

(Continued from Page 102

It had not been Hugh's intention to begin at any time in particular, but thus challenged he said boldly:

"To-morrow."

"That's excellent. But why put it off so long? I should think you'd start out—to-night."

Mrs. Billing's "Ha-a!" subdued and prolonged, was like that tense exclamation which the spectators utter at some exciting moment of a game. It took no sides, but it did justice to a sporting situation. As Hugh told me the story on the following day he confessed that more than any other occurrence it put the next move "up to him." According to Ethel Rossiter he lumbered heavily to his feet and crossed the room toward his father. He began to speak as he neared the architectural chimney piece, merely throwing the words at J. Howard as he passed.

"All right, father. Since you wish it ——"

"Oh, no. My wishes are out of it. As you defy those I've expressed there's no more to be said."

Hugh paused in his walk, his hands in the pockets of his dinner-jacket, and eyed his father obliquely.

"I don't defy your wishes, dad. I only claim the right, as a man of twenty-six, to live my own life. If you wouldn't make yourself God ——"

The handsome hand went up.

"We'll not talk about that, if you please. I'd no intention of discussing the matter any longer. I merely thought that if I were in the situation in which you've placed yourself, I should be—getting busy. Still, if you want to stay the night ——"

"Oh, not in the least." Hugh was as nonchalant as he had the power to make himself. "Thanks awfully, father, all the same." He looked round on the circle where each of the chorus sat with an appropriate expression of horror—that is, with the exception of the old lady Billing, who, with her lorgnette still to her eyes, nodded approval of so much spirit. "Good-night, everyone," Hugh continued coolly, and made his way toward the door.

He had nearly reached it when Mildred cried out:

"Hugh! Hughie! You're not going away like that!"

He retraced his steps to the couch, where he stooped, pressed his sister's thin fingers, and kissed her. In doing so he was able to whisper:

"Don't worry, Milly dear. Going to be all right. Shall be a man now. See you soon again."

Having raised himself he nodded once more. "Good-night, everyone."

Mrs. Rossiter said that he was so much like a young fellow going to his execution that she couldn't respond by a word. Hugh then marched up to his father and held out his hand. "Good-night, dad. We needn't have any ill-feeling even if we don't agree."

But the Great Dispenser didn't see him. An imposing figure standing with his hands behind his back, he kept his fingers clasped. Looking through his son as if he was no more than air, he remarked to the company in general:

"I don't think I've ever seen Daisy Barke appear better than she did to-night. She's usually so badly dressed." He turned with a little deferential stoop to where Mrs. Brokenshire—whom Ethel Rossiter described as a rigid, exquisite thing staring off into vacancy—sat on a small upright chair. "What do you think, darling?"

Hugh could hear the family trying to rally to the hint that had thus been given them, and doing their best to discuss the merits and demerits of Daisy Burke, as he stood in the big square hall outside, wondering where he should seek shelter.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE EYES OF ASIA

(Continued from Page 9)

long as that friend faces them. In his absence they extol his deeds. They are of cheerful countenance. When they jest, they respect honor. It is so also with their women. The Nurses in the Hospital of my Baharanee, where I resort for society, jest with me as daughters with a father. They say that they will be stricken with grief if I return to India. They call me Dada, which is "father" also in their tongue. Though I am utterly useless, they are unwearied of me. They themselves hasten to restore me my crutches when I let them fall. None of these women lament their dead openly. The eldest son of my Baharanee, at the English Hospital where I am made welcome, has been slain in battle. The next morning after the news my Baharanee let loose the plate-pianos [turned on the gramophones] for the delectation of the wounded. It comes into my mind to suggest to you that our women are unable to stand by themselves. When the Badshah commanded me to his palace to receive the medal I saw all the wonders and entertainments of the city of London. There was neither trouble nor expense. My Baharanee gave orders I should inhabit her house in that city. It was in reality a palace filled with carpets, gilt furniture, marbles, mirrors, silks, velvets, carvings, etc., etc. Hot water ran in silver pipes to my very bedside. The perfumed baths were perpetually renewed. When it rained daily I walked in a glass pavilion filled with scented flowers. I inhabited here ten days. Though I was utterly useless, they were unwearied of me. A companion was found me. He was a Risaldar of Dekani Horse, a man of family, wounded in the arms. We two received our medals together. We saw the King's Palace, and the custom of the Guard Mount in the mornings daily. Their drill is like stone walls, but the nature of the English music is without any meaning. We two saw the great temple, Seyn Pol, where their dead are. It is as a country inclosed in a house. My companion ascended to the very roof top and saw all the city. We are nothing beside these people. We two saw the Bird Garden, where they studiously preserve all sorts of wild animals, even down to jackals and green parrots. It is the nature of the English to consider all created beings as equal. The Badshah himself wears khaki. His son, the Shahzada, is a young man who inhabits the trenches except when he is forbidden.

It is true that trains run underneath the city in all directions. We descended into the earth upon a falling platform [lift] and traveled. The stopping places are as close as beads on a thread. The doors of the carriages are guarded with gates that strike out sideways, like a cobra. Each sitter is allowed a space upon a divan of yellow canework. When the divans are full the surplus hang from the roof by leathers. Though our carriage was full, place was made for us. At the end of our journey the train was halted beyond the lawful time, that we might come forth at ease. The trains were full of English soldiers. All castes of the English are now soldiers. They are become like us Rajputs—as many people so many soldiers.

We two saw houses, shops, carriages and crowds till our souls were broken. The succeeding days were as the first without intermission. We begged to be excused from the sight of the multitudes and the height of the houses.

We two agreed that understanding is most needful in this present age. We in India must get education before all things. Hereafter we Rajputs must seriously consider our arrangements in all respects—in our houses as well as in our fields, etc., etc. Otherwise we become nothing. We have been deceived by the nature of the English. They have not at any time shown us anything of their possessions or their performances. We are not even children beside them. They have dealt with us as though they were themselves children talking *chotee boli*—little talk. In this manner the ill-informed have been misled. Nothing is known in India of the great strength of this people. Make that perfectly clear to all fools. Why should we who serve the Government have the blood of the misinformed on our heads when they behave foolishly? This people have all the strength. There is no reason except the nature of the English that anything in their dominions should stand up which has been ordered to lie down. It is only their nature which saves evil from destruction. We thought it was only an armed horseman. Behold, it is an elephant bearing a tower!

It is in my mind that the glory of us Rajputs has become diminished since the old days. In the old days our Princesses charged beside their men, and the name of the clans was great. Then all Rajputs were brothers and sisters. How has this come about?

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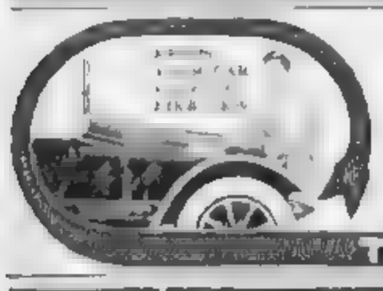

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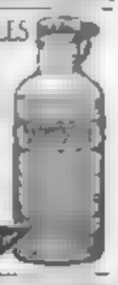

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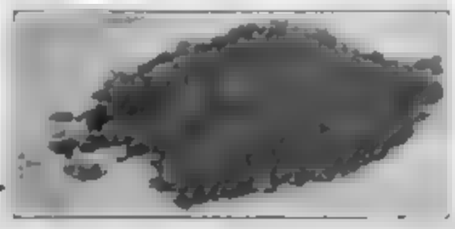


Comes out in chunks.

Dept. B.

What man of us now relies upon the advice of his womankind in any matter outside? In this country and in France the women understand perfectly what is needful in the day of trial. They say to their men: "Add to the renown of your race. We will attend to the rest through the excellent education which this just Government has caused us to receive." Thus the men's hearts are lightened when they go to the war. They confide securely in their well-educated women. How is it with our horses? Shape and size from the sire; temper and virtue from the dam. If the mare endures thirst, the colt can run without water. Man's nature also draws from the spindle side. Why have we allowed forgetfulness to impair our memory? This was well known in the old days. In this country arrangements for washing clothes exist in almost every house, such as tubs, boards and irons; and there is a machine to squeeze water out of the washed clothes. They do not conceal their astonishment at our methods. Our women should be taught. Only by knowledge is anything achieved. Otherwise we are as children running about naked under the feet of grown men and women.

See what our women have already accomplished by education! The Thakore Sahib of Philawat was refused leave from the Government to go to the war, on account of his youth. Yet his sister, who wedded the Rana of Haliana, had prepared a contingent of infantry out of her own dower-villages. They were set down in the roll of the Princes' contingents as stretcher bearers: they being armed men out of the desert. She sent a telegram to her brother, commissioning him to go with them as Captain of stretcher bearers: he being a son of the sword for seventy generations. Thus he received permission from the Government to go. When they reached France he stole them out of the camp, every one of his sister's men, and joined himself to the Rajah of Kandesur's contingent. Those two boys together made their name bright in the trenches. The boy was hit twice and came to hospital. The Government sent him a sealed letter by messenger where he lay. He had great fear of it, because what he and Kandesur had done was without orders. He expected a reprimand from the Government and also from his uncle, because of the succession. But the letter was an announcement of decoration from the Shahzada himself, and when he had read it the child hid his face beneath the sheets and wept for joy. I saw and heard this from my very bed in the hospital. So his Military Cross and the rest was due to the Maharanee of Haliana, his sister. Before her marriage she attended instruction in England at the great school for maidens. She goes unveiled among Englishmen, laying hold upon her husband's right arm in public assemblies in open daylight.

And Haliana is sunborn. Consider it! Consider it!

Do not be concerned if I do not return. I have seen all the reports of all the arrangements made for burial, etc., etc., in this country. They are entirely in accordance with our faith. My youth and old age have been given to the service of the Government; and if the Government can be served with the dust of my bones it is theirs. Now that my boy is dead in Arabia, I have also withdrawn my petition to the Government for a land-grant. The house is empty.

Man does not remain in the world,
But his name remains.
Though Jam and Suliman are gone,
Their names are not lost.

When that arrives, my Maharanee Baharanee will dispatch to you post-free per parcel post my Cross that the Badshah gave me, and a letter from my Captain Sahib's mother, with whose brother I served. As for my debts, it does not trouble me in the least that the moneylenders should be troubled about them. But for the Army and the police, the people would have killed all moneylenders. Give my duty to the Rana of Pech, for his line were my father's overlords from the first. He can hang up my sword beside my father's.

Do not be concerned for whatever overtakes me. I have sifted the sands of France: now I sift those of England. Here I am held in the greatest kindness and honor imaginable by all whom I meet. Though I am useless as a child, yet they are unwearied of me. The nurses in my Maharanee Baharanee's Hospital, which is by day a home and a house to me, minister to me as daughters to a father. They run after me and rebuke me if I do not wear a certain coat when it rains daily. I am like a dying tree in a garden of flowers.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series by Rudyard Kipling. The fourth and last will appear in an early issue.

RUTH LAW—HERSELF

(Concluded from Page 25)

large city in the United States. Yet even though flying is my profession it will always be sport to me.

Last year, after my flying exhibitions were all finished, I wanted to do a little flying for my own amusement. Looping the loop, flying upside down, and so forth, are a lot of fun for the people on the ground to watch, and I had been doing that sort of flying all summer; but I wanted to try something new. So the flight from Chicago to New York was arranged, in which I won the American long-distance record. That was my first attempt at cross-country flying.

But I must not give the impression that flying is all pleasure. Like every other profession, one must work hard to succeed. It is necessary to know your aëroplane, and to be as familiar with your motor as you are with your mirror and powder puff.

Next to flying I love animals—horses and dogs in particular. The little dog in the picture is one of several that I own. He is a Mexican Hairless, and often flies with me in my aëroplane. But my newest and best friend is the big Belgian police dog that I brought home from the trenches in France.

While in France I visited the chief aviation centers for the purpose of studying military flying and war tactics. The first thing I learned was that we American aviators were handicapped by the lack of efficient fighting aëroplanes; and, second, that we should not know how to use them after we got them—that is to say, to the best advantage.

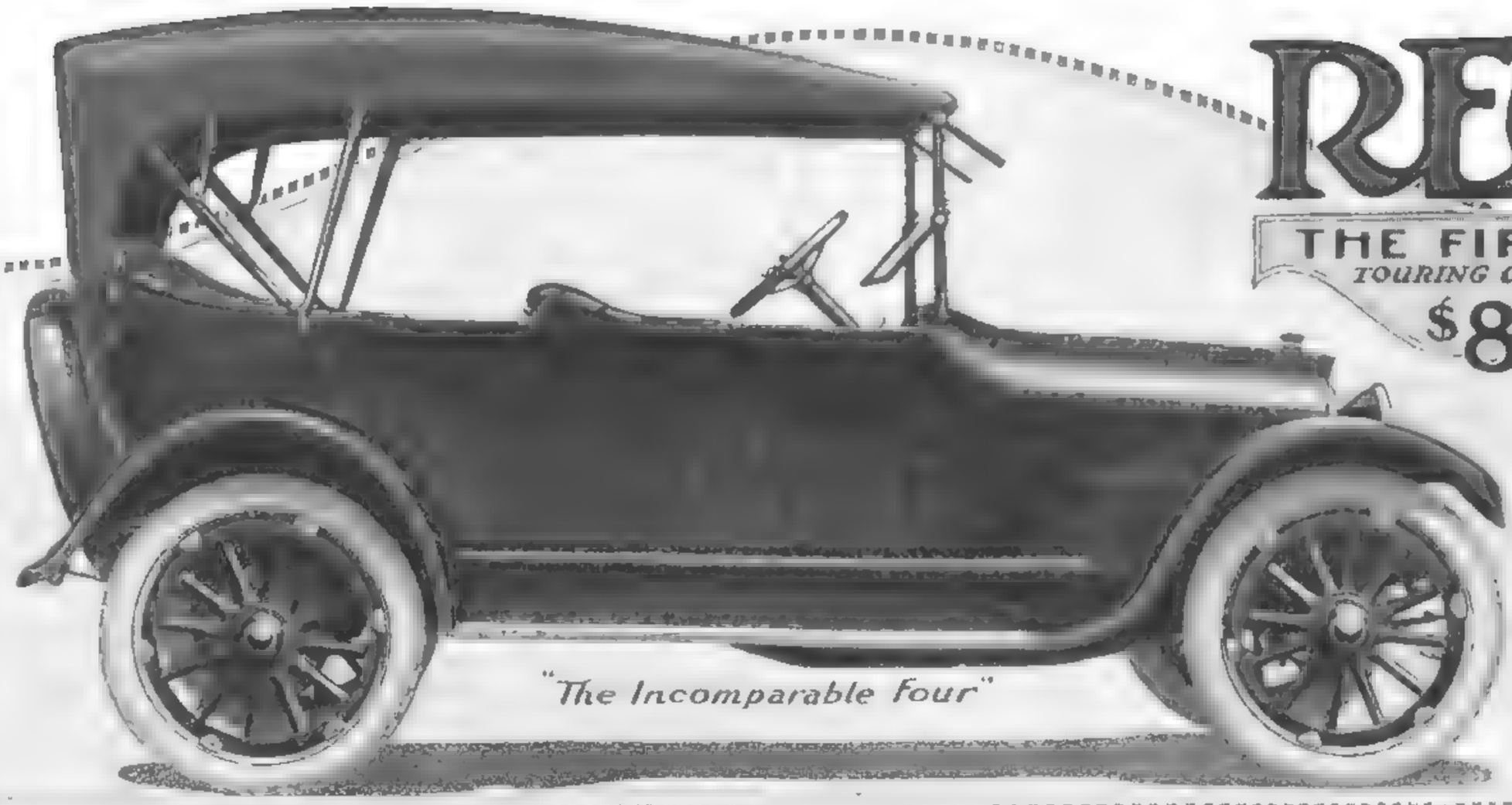
I tried hard to persuade the French military authorities to let me bring home one of their little fighting aëroplanes with a Vickers machine gun on its nose. I had a ride in one over Paris. I wanted to show our Government right here at home just what the Allied aviators were doing and could do with their tremendously powerful little aëroplanes; but we were not one of the Allies then, and what a big difference it made! I am so sorry that I couldn't stay in France long enough to see the change of feeling that must have taken place when war was declared.

When I was permitted to visit the American escadrille and to see our big American boys doing their bit for France, my heart thrilled with pride; and when I came home I offered my services to the Government for the aviation corps, and was told that I should be notified if need should arise; so I am waiting, and in the meantime I am recruiting young men for the aviation branch of the service, under the direction of Capt. Franklin Kenney, chief recruiting officer for Chicago.

SINCLAIR LEWIS—HIMSELF

(Concluded from Page 25)

Freud and Havelock Ellis. Since then, however, I have had time to read some of their works, and don't dare mention them. I was a newspaper man for about a year, in Iowa and all points west, and was fired from three jobs for total incompetence. When I returned to New York I became a magazine editor, then editor and press agent for a publisher, as well as a commuter and a solid citizen. But now I live the true Hobohemian life, which consists in sitting before a typewriter and wishing I were out motoring, for half the day, and sitting before a steering wheel and wishing I were back home writing, for the other half. I once got my flivver up to twenty-six miles an hour, and the garage man thinks he will be able to save the right rear mud guard by vulcanizing. I hate baseball, golf, tennis, work, dancing, reading, billiards, Pullmans, war, fishing, hunting and grand opera, but otherwise am very fond of sports. My ambition is to meet H. G. Wells, whom I admire so much that I once bought one of his novels, with scarcely any trade discount.



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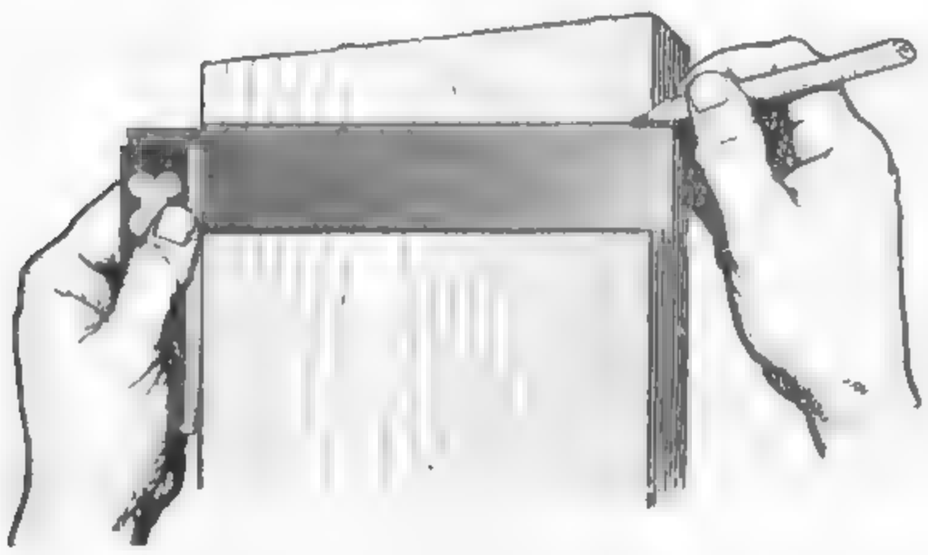

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DISSTON
SAWS AND TOOLS

SHOULD THE SCENARIO WRITER BE PAID?

(Continued from Page 34)

from reading a submission, returning it, and swiping the idea, which I would turn into a scenario of my own? Nothing; absolutely nothing but my conscience, and that wasn't always working as nicely as it should. It is true that I should draw no extra pay for the thing itself, but my extraordinary fertility of mind would be worth a large salary from the company.

Again the red-headed big boss came to the rescue of the absurd authors. Now he divided us into sheep and goats. The sheep were to read submissions, but were not allowed to write; while the poor goats had to write scenarios from the stuff we accepted. That suspicious old boss also thought it best to divorce the sheep from the goats; so we were given widely separated offices and no intercommunication was permitted. I was a sheep, and after this change in our arrangements I never used to see the goats; and the new ones I hardly knew by name.

When a scenario is now submitted it is bought or returned on its merits—as understood by the readers—by men and women who have no possible interest in it beyond the hope that it will be useful to the studio. If it is accepted it is turned over to the goats, who whip it into shape for shooting. The chances of theft at our studio, and others that have adopted this system, are so remote as to be a negligible factor in an author's consideration. While I was there we paid from fifty to a thousand dollars for every idea and story we used. There are a few large companies that still permit their readers to write; and, though they are gradually installing high-grade people, it will be much better when even unconscious plagiarism is impossible.

The prevalent idea that moving-picture companies still steal their stuff is shown to be absurd when one looks over the cost sheets of the many pictures we turned out. To appropriate twenty-five thousand dollars for a five-reel picture and to steal the story from which it is made? No, indeed! So desperate are studios to get good stuff that some time ago one of them offered to pay one hundred thousand dollars for one hundred acceptable stories. On the contrary, it is the knowledge that movies are paying big money for scenarios that has brought down the deluge which is upon us.

Where Ideas Count

When the joyous news that we were paying real money leaked out, and the happy recipients of our checks exhibited them to every passing stranger, the bombardment began; but when the trade magazines took up the cry, and wonderful schools of scenario writing were established, and there came into existence agencies that guaranteed to dispose of scenarios from the pens of anybody, "without education or previous training," the dramatic eruption became volcanic. Yet, with the avalanche of so-called scenarios that daily pour in upon us, there is very, very little that is worth a tinker's dam; and if you have ever heard a tinker you will know I couldn't say less. I should say that, of the two thousand submissions a week that came to us, not one-half of one per cent was available for any purpose. If we relied on our free-lance contributors we should have to shut down. Most of our wants are supplied by certain well-known photodramatists and short-story men, and the few goats we keep in captivity right on the lot, where we can pick on them when we think their stuff is particularly puerile.

The task of a scenario reader is more difficult than the same position on a magazine; for in the latter case the reader can often tell, almost at a glance, whether the stuff is available. A fellow may have a bully idea, but as the magazines are not running schools of short-story writing the MS. may be returned without further perusal if the diction is hopelessly bad. But in the case of the scenario the idea is the whole thing; so we cannot afford to neglect reading the most illiterate story that comes to us. We read them all with avidity, in the hope that perhaps the author has somewhere concealed in the middle of his muddle an idea worth developing. It is because we sometimes find good material by new writers that we have a staff that can work it over into something worth while.

Hope of financial gain does not alone explain why every man, woman and child is writing scenarios—or is about to. We receive hundreds of stories with the authors' compliments, and many are not even signed. One director is at present making a corking comedy for which his company will gladly pay the author a thousand dollars—if they can find him.

No; it must be the universal human cry for expression that prompts motormen and supreme-court judges to submit scenarios. An art is practiced in direct proportion to its understanding; and, as the photodrama is by far the most democratic of all the arts, everybody wants to contribute either as an actor or a writer. If the gang understood music, poetry and painting, they would all be drumming, drooling and daubing; but to most people the fine arts are closed professions. Here is an art, however, that a child or a Chinaman can understand, even though the titles are unintelligible to them. It was Aristotle, I think, who said that the most elemental intellectual quality was the power to recognize familiar objects.

The People Who Write

Whatever the reason, the whole world is writing for the screen. We get stories from Europe, Asia and South America. Some come in pidgin English; while one chap, fearful that someone might beat him to it, sent us his shorthand notes. One came a few months ago from a Japanese Freshman up at Berkeley; and it is too bad that it is a tragedy—oh, a very tragic tragedy! If we could film it with his naïve subtitles it would be a scream. For instance, when the unhappy wife repudiated her husband for her lover the title read: "He is not my connubial partner. He possession only my corpse. I bestow not my personality."

Of the Americans, I should say that newspapermen and short-story failures are the most prolific contributors. Close to the head of the literary pageant come the professionals—ministers, judges, psychics and healers; then the clerks and paying tellers; propagandists, cranks and plain nuts. And bringing up the rear come the old vets; they are the employees, from camera kids to the bosses in New York, their wives and sweethearts, aunts and uncles. Perhaps the most ferocious writers are the actors themselves, who simply cannot find stories adequate to their peculiar and splendid personalities. It's a darn shame that scenario writers insist upon showing more than one person on the screen; for if they would only consult some of the author-actors they would learn that a good five-reeler consists of five thousand feet of close-ups of the leading man.

A curious fact—the reason for which I shall leave to the psychologists—is that women contributors are vastly in the minority; yet they send in most of the morbid stuff.

There are persistent writers who come back month after month for years without ever selling a thing. One girl in Vermont always intersperses her synopsis with quaint personal parentheses. Here is a fragment of one: "It is the night before election, and John Borden is seen sitting at his desk marking his ballot (I hope, Mr. Editor, you will vote for Mr. Wilson, and as he makes his last mark he pours himself a glass of beer (I want the villain to drink beer, for you know, Mr. Editor, beer is very degrading), then he rises and leaves the room."

There are thousands of burning geniuses who are having their wicks trimmed at the scenario schools; and we can tell, from so-called studio patter, just where each of these scholastic scenarios comes from. It is as absurd to attempt to learn the technic of the photodrama without the stage, camera and laboratory as it would be to take a correspondence course in seal training. Most of the jargon learned in many schools is wrong, or of purely local use, and only clutters up the idea the poor student is submitting. I know of no large company that does not prefer a straight, short story synopsis.

And what of the plots?

One morning at breakfast Louise read me a real story from the one paper that has dedicated itself to the Truth—so the editor asserts. The piece in question was about

Many miles of concrete road have been built along the Lincoln Highway. This section is near Ft. Wayne, Ind. Engineer, R. Guenther, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

What Concrete Roads Mean to Everyone

HOW vitally good roads affect his personal welfare the average man on the street seldom realizes. But he is as dependent upon roads as every part of his body is upon blood supply. The defense of his country, the feeding of his children, the cost of his living, all are affected.

Food prices depend upon supply, and supply depends upon quick transportation. Wages depend upon business activity, and business activity depends upon shipping facilities. Shipping facilities depend upon an adequate mileage of permanent highways to handle the short haul freight.

Everybody Benefits

The Farmer: Concrete roads enable him to haul cheaply at any season of the year, to produce more; to earn a better profit. They enable his family to get to town and his children to get to school. They move his farm into town.

The Motorist: The pleasure, usefulness and value of a motor car can be measured by the mileage of good roads available. Concrete roads mean greater radius of travel, faster travel, safer and more comfortable travel, less cost of travel.

The Merchant: To the country merchant concrete roads bring trade. The more often farmers come to town with their wives, the more they see and want and purchase.

The Hotel Man: Concrete roads attract travel, both for pleasure and trade, and bring more patronage to the hotel keeper.

The Railroad: Better facilities for hauling mean prompt loading and unloading of freight with less idle time of cars. Trucking on concrete roads relieves railroads of the unprofitable short haul; releases rolling stock for the profitable long haul.

The Tax Payer: Concrete roads do not waste tax money. They save the enormous annual expenditure otherwise spent for renewals and repairs.

The Manufacturer: Pays less taxes or rent by locating out of town on a concrete road.

Road Officials: By building concrete roads they can relieve themselves of the growing problem of keeping impermanent roads in repair. They can save their constituents' money and give them satisfactory road service the year round.

Be sure you know what a concrete road is. Concrete is made of ***Portland cement,*** sand and pebbles or crushed stone. It is hard, rigid, unwearing and durable. Concrete for roads is the same as the material used in building concrete dams, factories, bridges and big engineering works like the Panama Canal requiring great solidity and strength.

Let us send you an interesting booklet about concrete roads. After reading it you will be in a position to take up the building of concrete roads authoritatively with your neighbors and road officials. Write for a free copy of Bulletin No. 136.

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CONCRETE FOR PERMANENCE

We Don't Have to Touch It, My Dear—
The ÆTNA Checks Are Ample

They were ample. As regularly as the month rolled around, the Ætna check arrived—not only while he was in bed—but until he was ready to go to work. All he had to start with was a cold—but the results of that cold would have drained the bank account dry if he hadn't been far-sighted when he was well. Every man is sick sometime. Heart disease and Bright's disease and rheumatism and pneumonia and colds and indigestion and nervous prostration—one or more of them gets every man sometime. They give but little warning. Act now—protect your bank account—

ÆTNA-IZE

Send this coupon and find out about the Ætna Disability Policy. It brings you—
$25 a week up to 52 weeks while you are ill. $25 a week for 100 weeks—nearly two years—if you lose the sight of both eyes by disease, or the use of both hands or feet or one hand and one foot by paralysis. Also payment of hospital charges or for a surgical operation.

$50 a week as long as you are disabled by [illegible] If you are killed in an accident, or lose two limbs, or both eyes, we will pay from $5,000 to $15,000. Half as much for loss of one hand, foot or eye.
When your serious illness comes, and you have to quit work, you will be too late. Now is the time to make yourself safe—now while you are well. Let Ætna work for you when you can't work for yourself. Send the coupon now.

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Agency opportunities for all Casualty and Bonding lines
An Ætna agent has a national advertising campaign working for *him* all the time.

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STANDS HOT AND COLD WATER TOO

RAT CORN Kills Rats & Mice

PATRIOTIC FLAG STICKERS
Show your colors. Flag-seal your letters, packages, menus, circulars, bills, etc. Be for America first, last and always.
1000 Seals, $1.00; 3000 Seals, $2.00; 6000 Seals, $3.60
Actual colors: red, white and blue. Beautiful stay-stuck stickers. Money back if not satisfied. Largest exclusive gummed label plant in the world.
Sticker is exact reproduction of U. S. Flag. No wording whatsoever.
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These wonderful batteries, specially constructed for gas engine ignition, render a service that is notable for its reliability. Misfires are eliminated by the use of ACME RAPID FIRE BATTERIES, with their big flow of hot, blue sparks.

For general battery service, including ignition, the ACME 1900 Battery is in wide favor, owing to its extra lasting qualities.

ACME BATTERIES are sold at leading hardware stores, electric shops and garages. Write us if your dealer does not handle them.

NUNGESSER CARBON & BATTERY WORKS of National Carbon Co., Cleveland, Ohio

a burglar who had entered a house in Pasadena; but instead of finding rich loot he came upon a poor mother in great distress because her child had croup. This was too much for the burglar; for it seems he had three little burgs himself, all of whom he had nursed back to health and burglary, and he was, therefore, the grandest croupist in Kern County. So for the nonce he gave up crime; and running out to the kitchen he started the hot-water kettle, and when it was boiling he fixed up some steam-inhaling device, and Hortense got well. It was a right smart story, true to life and full of heart interest.

"Sam, how many scenarios will that story bring in?" asked Louise.

"Fifty, in thirty days," I replied.

Two weeks later my sleuthhound wife came in with the news that, between three other companies and ourselves, ninety-two submissions had been received from California alone. As the story traveled East they kept coming from all over the United States; and even after the lapse of ten months I sometimes received as many as three in a week.

Infantile paralysis was another cheerful subject that yielded an amazing harvest. Then along came Mexico, with its crop of Villas; and now we are simply overwhelmed with the "patriotic" story. There aren't enough smoke pots and bunting in the world to picture some of the splendid dreams of our photodramatic patriots.

The Kidnaped Kidneys

Besides these rather obvious sensations, the newspapers inspired other strange crops. A few years ago, when Doctor Carrel was doing unusual surgery at the Rockefeller Institute, certain sunny dispositions saw delightful plots in these anatomical miracles. One happy-go-lucky lad sent us a story of how a young broker, suffering from Bright's Disease, got even with his rival by stealing his kidneys. The hero hired two surgeons and a first-class kidnaper; and, after capturing and chloroforming the old crab, they brought him on the table and opened him wide. Meantime the young broker was having his defective plumbing removed.

When all was ready the kidnaping surgeon kidnaped the kidneys of the rich man and sewed them into the broker, while the other surgeon took the bum set and fastened them into the old crab. Then both the principals were sewed up and taken home. After that the young broker gained so much in strength that he was able to push the rich man to the wall, whereas the old crab lost his nerve and always walked with a limp; and he never knew that his downfall was due to his wearing the indisposed organs of his young rival.

It is interesting to know that there are fashions in villains. A few years ago the swart Mexican was the vogue; but at present the Japanese are the more fashionable. In the patriotic stuff they are indispensable as spies and conspirators. If one of them goes out to photograph a circus parade, certain newspapers get the fidgets and proclaim, in hectic extras, a very yellow peril, while others keep us scared to death lest our Japanese truck gardener may have a rifle concealed among his onions; and what the newspapers say always finds expression in our scenarios.

However our tastes may change in heroes and villains, the same old plots go on forever. If I were asked which of these was the greatest favorite I should be puzzled; for the popularity of some of them is inexplicable. One that will recur twenty times a month is about the brother and sister who separate in youth, meet later in life, fall in love, and—just as they are about to marry—discover the relationship. By some queer perversity, if the submitter is a woman she usually permits the ceremony to proceed.

The black-and-white mésalliance—called the tar-brush plot—is also very common; another—the dear little locket that hangs about the child's neck, from the cradle to the big scene, unobserved by the nursemaids of her youth or the osteopaths of her maturity, is always the source of happy dénouements. Kidnaping is fashionable with everybody but the censors; and we get Charlie Rosses and Dorothy Arnolds by the hundred, on whom the censors would never hang their tags.

Little things like the physical limitations of the camera give nary a care to the lighthearted photodramatist, and we get all sorts of disquisitional and metaphysical plots that couldn't possibly be canned on celluloid. Weird double-exposure dream plots by the psycho-analysts are now beginning to come in from the New England States. Another snappy plot, which offers some camera difficulties, solves the murder mystery by finding the picture of the murder upon the eye of the murderer.

I have talked to several readers and they all agree that the most persistent stolen plot that comes to our desks is De Maupassant's Diamond Necklace. I used to get it on an average of ten times a month. The plots of O. Henry come next in popularity; and trailing behind are the stories of all the popular writers of the day. It wouldn't be so bad if the kleptomaniacs would disguise their pilferings, for that is about the only originality possible to them. But most of these people don't take that trouble; and if we bought half of this stolen dope we should go broke paying damages to the copyright owners.

There are several freaks of law that, when heard for the first time, always send the novice scurrying off to his typewriter. A pretty regular one is the law that frees a wife from testifying against her husband, even though she married him subsequent to the crime. You've thought of it. Of course—everybody has! The girl was the only witness to the killing of the villain and the state will hang Harold on her testimony. What shall he do? Have her killed? No; he will marry her. She is smuggled into jail as a nun; and you are ready for the big punch—the confusion of the state in the courtroom scene. This plot has all the ingredients of popular success—action, mystery, blood, love, and a happy ending for the murderer!

Oh, I nearly forgot amnesia, the most prolific of plot in the whole gamut of human idiosyncrasies. Mr. Newlywed goes down to the club to celebrate his happy conquest, and during the brawl somebody beans him with a bottle, or else he runs into a lamppost on the way home, and instantly the light goes out from him. When he recovers, his memory has deserted him; and off he goes, forgetting everything, if not by his creditors forgot. For twenty minutes on the silver screen we follow him through the ensuing years; and when, in later manhood, he returns, with a set of furs upon his jowl and deep furrows in his brow, he gumshoes up to the old homestead and, peering through the window, sees his wife happily married to another.

This story used to be ended by the husband's going off—Enoch Arden stuff; but nowadays they usually have the new husband run over by a jitney, so that the ending will be happy for the amnesic husband.

The Troubles of the Readers

Now perhaps it will be conceded that we poor readers bear some pretty heavy crosses. It is difficult enough, heaven knows, to have to wade through the tons of junk that comes to our desks; but when, after finding an occasional pearl, we later discover that it has been stolen, we sit right down and have a good cry—or would if we were not strong men. Most studios now have some old literary wheel horse who has read everything in the world and remembers it; else we should be constantly held up and asked to pay for counterfeits. At that, we occasionally have to dig up five hundred or a thousand dollars to the holder of the copyright, after having paid the burglar who first turned it in.

Some of the tricks that are tried on us would themselves make pretty good scenarios. One girl mails in a nice cleanly typed literary fragment, and incloses with it a letter to her from a famous author of best sellers. In the letter the kind author says: "I have read your scenario and I think it is perfectly splendid," and so on. Now who am I, to contradict a great author? Yet I thought the story particularly punk—another amnesia plot—and structurally hopeless. My first suspicion was roused when I noticed that the precious letter was very soiled, and my second bobbed up when I recalled the insistence with which the young lady wished the return of that letter.

Well, I returned it all right, story and all, and then tipped the other fellows to watch for it; and, sure enough, it turned up later at the Bioscope with an entirely different story. That poor old letter has more than fulfilled the hopes of the great author. It might not be out of place to suggest to famous boosters that they write the title of the thing they are sponsoring in the body of the letter of recommendation.

(Continued on Page 113)

Industrial France Forcing Production with Leviathan and Anaconda Belts

Need for speeding up demands shipment of thousands every month

American Manufacturers show how to cut out Power Waste

"Somewhere in France"—Leviathan and Anaconda Belts helping to win the war

THE SPRINGETS MILLS
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"We have one of your belts on a 120 Horse Power Engine, which we know ran [illegible] hours a day for seven years. Another on beater drive, has had the same service, five years. If you care for the pictures of these [illegible] you may get them at our plant [illegible]"

ORANGEBURG FERTILIZER COMPANY
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"We are [illegible] of the above instant and beg to state in reply that the belting which you have purchased from you has given entire satisfaction so far."

BOOKER BRICK COMPANY
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"The main belt which we are now using, we are in a few days starting our nineteenth season. It is still in good running condition, and looks as if it would last as long again."

SEA ISLAND COTTON OIL COMPANY
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"We are thoroughly satisfied with the four inch endless expeller feed drive belts that we have been getting from you and we shall certainly take at least four more of them during the present season."

THE ALBRO-CLEM ELEVATOR COMPANY
Philadelphia

"If you call at our office, we will show you a belt that you furnished us about twenty (20) years ago which has never been touched. The greater part of the year it is running day and night. From the appearance, it ought to run at least forty (40) years more."

BARNHARDT MANUFACTURING CO.
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"Everything fine. They have almost the entire plant equipped now. One short piece of two inch four ply on a crossed drive about eighteen inch centers over six inch pulleys, and Mr. Lovett says it pulls better than any belt he has ever had. On their folders they have twenty inch pulleys, three foot centers, and they have to have the belt tight, on these the three inch belt is pulling splendidly, also on the cleaner drives and four fans, which he will next time put six inch four ply on. *To date they have not cut a belt.* This is some record."

HUGHES & PEACE LUMBER CO.
Thomasville, N. C.

"We are putting in a large engine that will require an 18 inch drive [illegible] which we will order soon as we can get the length. The [illegible] the belt and only belt for a drive."

NECESSITY knows no traditions. Yet, even so, present day France is no place for industrial experiments or fakes. When the official French order to speed up factories came, experts were put upon every stage of production to do away with waste, to save coal, to conserve power.

English and American plants were visited and reported on, and as a result today French factories are leading the world in efficiency, despite the replacements of trained men with female and coolie labor.

Every month now sees increasing shipments of Leviathan and Anaconda to our agents in Paris for work under conditions never yet seen in American plants.

What originally interested the French experts was not so much the fact that here was a scientifically designed and manufactured belting with a remarkable record of thirty-five years of service behind it:

Nor that a belt could be made of woven strands, in plies, yet so impregnated with compound that every last fibre is protected and welded in a homogeneous fabric with no stretch left.

But what chiefly interested them was the high praise given Leviathan-Anaconda in every American factory where they were in use—the testimonials universally forthcoming from engineers, factory superintendents, and executive heads of businesses.

To American Manufacturers

Speeding-up time is now here for you. Time to discard power-wasting, time-losing, production-retarding belting of any sort.

This is no time for traditions.

And no time for industrial experiments or fakes.

We can give you names of manufacturers in your line now using Leviathan and Anaconda.

Although it may give you a chance to compete to better advantage than you have been, we are sure at this time they will not begrudge specific information about their success with Leviathan-Anaconda.

We have a power chart for checking belt performances which we will gladly send you upon request.

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for Transmission, Conveying and Elevating

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At this very minute "Acid-Mouth" may be attacking your teeth

Ninety-five people in every hundred are believed to have "Acid-Mouth," but it attacks so quietly that few realize its presence until cavities actually appear.

PEBECO TOOTH PASTE

Counteracts "Acid-Mouth"

Of course—Pebeco cleans and whitens the teeth and is extremely pleasing to the taste.

Write Today for Acid Test Papers and Ten-Day Trial Tube of Pebeco

We will send enough for a family test, with a ten-day trial tube of Pebeco. The test papers will tell you whether you have "Acid-Mouth," and the tube of Pebeco will show you how pleasantly efficacious a real dentifrice can be.

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Pebeco is sold by druggists everywhere

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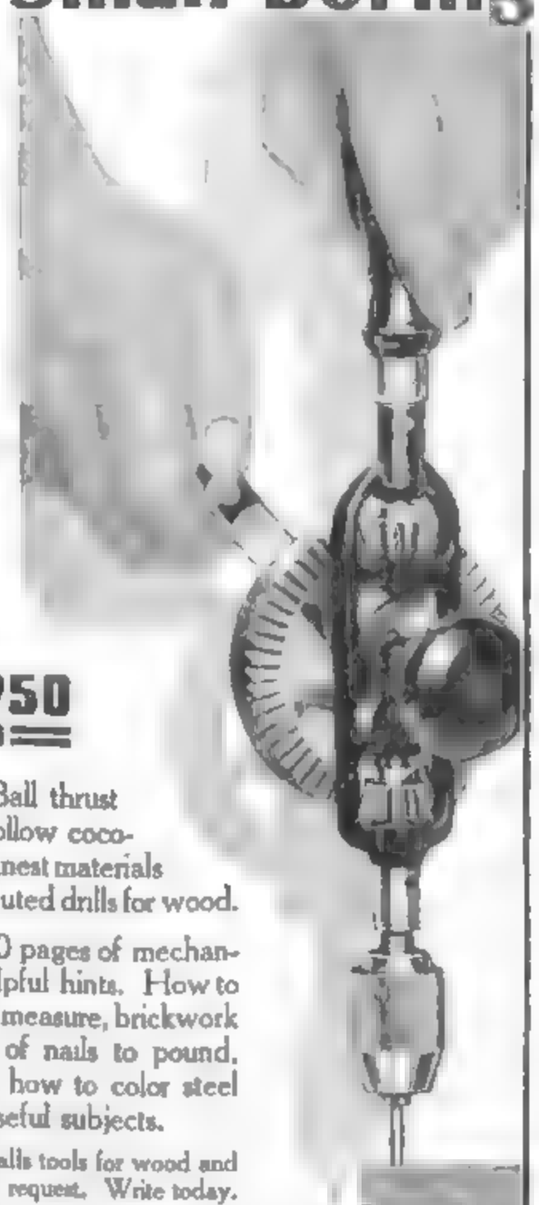

HERE'S a small Hand Drill for mechanics and householders that is better than any other kind of tool for all-round small boring.

1. It will bore into hardwood and metal as well as soft wood.
2. Will not bind or choke no matter what material you bore.
3. Steady, strong power, doesn't "jump" when started.
4. Place and direction of boring are accurately under control.
5. Adapted to the most delicate work.
6. Holds drill securely in 3 jaw chuck.

MILLERS FALLS HAND DRILL No. 5 $2.50

Has cut gears. Double pinions of steel. Ball thrust bearings. Removable side grip handle. Hollow cocobolo end handle for holding drills. Made of finest materials —Handsomely finished—Price includes 8 fluted drills for wood.

Send 10c for this Mechanic's Handbook, 60 pages of mechanical information—valuable formulas and helpful hints. How to figure paint, shingles, board measure, brickwork and stonework. Number of nails to pound, weight per foot of wood, how to color steel and brass and 50 other useful subjects.

Pocket catalog of all Millers Falls tools for wood and metal will also be included on request. Write today.

MILLERS FALLS TOOLS

MILLERS FALLS CO.
"Toolmaker to the Master Mechanic"
100 River Street, Millers Falls, Mass.
We also make bit braces, hack saws, breast drills, mitre boxes and other boring and cutting tools.

THE REIGN OF HAVOLINE

Impetuous rush of pleasure car and dogged grind of tractor —both rely upon Havoline Oil.

Whether you tour the land or till the soil, Havoline Oil helps translate every gallon of gasoline into its fullest measure of might and mileage.

Havoline stands guard against disappointing performance; makes it easier to drive; easy to swing a burly tractor.

Buy Havoline in the original, sealed can—your guarantee of supreme and uniform quality, full quantity, no waste, no impurities, and all Havoline.

Havoline-Oiled cars run better, last longer and are worth more money when trading-in time comes.

Indian Refining Company, New York
Incorporated
Producers, Refiners and Distributors of Petroleum

(Continued from Page 110)

Another chap sends in a story and naïvely says that in reality he is a well-known magazine success, but that he has bet a friend the studios care nothing for names and buy stories only on their merits. I wrote and told him he had won his bet—that was why I was returning his scenario. On the other hand, one day I received the most ignorantly written scenario I had ever seen.

Some of it was in pencil, some penned, and much of it was printed in illiterate characters; several kinds of paper had been used, including a generous piece of butcher's brown. Yet I bought the story, for it was a crackajack.

In response to a check for two hundred dollars, I received a letter from one of our best-known authors saying that he, also, had made a bet that the studios would pay for a good story, no matter whence it came.

While on the subject of great authors, permit me to pay my disrespects to a lot of them. They are the loudest in their denunciation of our "piffling" stories; yet many of the most ferocious denouncers treat us shamefully and send us all the junk they cannot sell to the magazines. Notwithstanding the fact that we have met the highest prices in the market, they still refuse to take our profession seriously. Some of the worst stuff we get comes from men with great names.

Last week we received a scenario from one of our best-known authors. I urged the studio to buy, shoot, and then advertise it as the rottenest story we had ever received, and let the author's name be proclaimed in letters three feet high. Another Best Seller wrecked his hero in the North Atlantic, and, after drifting about for a few days, had him fetch up on a cannibal island! Some geography, eh? No; these great authors should be stingy with their brickbats while they send us in such bunk and junk.

The delightful fiction that we are immensely impressed by big names has caused some of the agencies to try a very silly trick. I received a colorless tale one day from a fellow whose stuff I had bought before; but in this case I found it necessary to return it. A few weeks later I was speaking to a friend in another studio about the affair, and he told me he had that day received the same story from a certain agency, but that it now bore the names of a pair of famous authors.

The authors were, no doubt, quite innocent of partnership in this crude effort of salesmanship.

There are a number of fake agencies that are pests to us and worthless to the patrons. A small few of them, however, seem to exercise some degree of intelligent selection. In any event they send in nice clean copy. At that, most studios prefer dealing directly with the authors.

As to Copyrights

Another interesting peek into the minds of the scenario writers comes from the cashier's office. The clerks tell us that the old writers cash their checks immediately, but that new ones sometimes keep them for months, and the dirt and thumb marks show eloquently with what pride they have been exhibited to the popeyed villagers.

Notwithstanding the fact that big responsible companies are paying for everything they get, there are a great many suspicious geniuses in garrets and garages who will take no chances; so they have all their precious children copyrighted. I know of a case where an automobile salesman brought forth such a lovely plot that he would not even trust the mail. He jumped on a train and went right down to Washington to attend to his own copyrighting. It was an expensive trip, but he learned many things—among the most important, that one cannot copyright a plot or situation. One may copyright a story in fiction form; or, if turned into a photodrama, the finished cinema production may be protected by registering a few inches of film from each scene.

This inability to hold tight to one's little situation simply proves to some minds that the enormous wealth of the studios has been used to corrupt our lawmakers, so that we can go right on with our stealings. But these indignant fellows ought to realize that, if Congress had permitted the copyrighting of plots, the whole industry would have been tied up years ago and about twenty men would be supplying our entire literature. Think of owning the copyright to this idea: A big brute of a man falls in love with a fragile little woman, who fears and dreads him. He carries her off and, by force or compromise, compels her to marry him. As time goes on she discovers great nobility in the heart of her cave man and ultimately grows to love him. If that idea had been copyrighted we should have been denied several splendid books, a dozen or so of our best photoplays, and one of the finest dramas of the age—The Great Divide.

There is no doubt that many of the plagiarisms we receive were unconsciously made—the writers are too obviously sincere. A fellow has read a book or seen a play a long while ago and has quite forgotten it, when one day an incident comes into his life that awakens in his subconscious mind the old plot. No one is more surprised than these same writers when they find they have developed plots quite the same as the originals. The earnestness and enthusiasm with which many writers send in the Diamond Necklace plot is too genuine to suspect them of deliberate theft. The same phenomenon occurs right on the lot. We ourselves have some amazing examples of unconscious—sneer, gol-ding it; sneer!—plagiarism.

When Hundreds Think Alike

Another fact that should be considered is this: A hundred million people, living under the same physical and psychological conditions—like the high cost of living and war, for instance—are likely to be thinking in very similar terms, with the result that at any given time hundreds of people will be writing about the same thing; and it would be strange indeed if many of them did not cover the same idea.

We were making a five-reel picture a while ago that dealt with the life of a war baby, grown to manhood. We had no sooner started the first scenes than we received a submission from a fellow in Brooklyn that dealt with the same theme in almost the same way; and, more remarkable, the locale was identical. This latter resemblance made it absolutely necessary to purchase the Brooklyn story; for, though we might have entirely changed the treatment of our plot, we could not go to the expense of painting new sets.

Last fall the manager of one of the large studios wrote to two of his regular scenario writers, living miles apart in the East, to send him stories on the subject of preparedness. When the scripts arrived it was discovered that both authors had taken the boy-scout idea and had developed it almost identically. He was going East at the time; so he invited the authors to meet him for lunch in New York. One can imagine their surprise when each read the other's story. With the best of good sportsmanship, they "shook" to see whose story should be accepted. If either scenario had been used without this literary show-down, the loser would have felt convinced that his story had been stolen.

So it can be seen that the studios have a fine job on their hands in convincing suspicious authors that they are not the burglars their past reputations seem to justify. There are really so few plots that only in a new treatment can anyone claim originality; so, unless a writer sees his story on the screen, situation for situation, and with a succession of local details that could not be coincidental, he should be very careful in his cry of plagiarism.

Ever since Milestones appeared upon the stage and Intolerance upon the screen, we have received many of the so-called epoch stories. We turn them all in to the "puzzle" department. If, in the greatest example of this new dramatic experiment, one was sometimes fearful lest Belshazzar should be run over by an automobile, one can imagine what would happen were the several parallel themes handled by a lesser genius. We have one tangle that the continuity fellows take out and play with just as other people play chess.

One of the hardest tasks of the scenario department is in demanding true stories of true life from the authors, and then having to reconcile them to the demands of the boss for happy endings. True life doesn't always end thus. Then, again, most of our bosses are firmly convinced that all human motives spring from sentimental love of lad and lass—at least, no story is complete without the goo stuff.

I once O.K'd a scenario that was unique in that it had not a woman in it. The story told of a degenerate Mexican boy, of early

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WHAT Valspar is doing in other homes—making the woodwork absolutely waterproof and spot-proof—it will do in *your* home also.

Try it yourself on some place that is shabby and spotty, for Valspar is easy to apply.

VALENTINE'S VALSPAR
The Varnish That Won't Turn White

Try it on your bathroom floor and woodwork, where all the splashing in the world won't spot it.

Use it on your floors and then forget them, for they will have a perfect, durable, waterproof finish.

Use Valspar on your porch and porch furniture. They will start—and finish—the season fresh and new.

Your kitchen and pantry should surely be Valsparred, because splashings of soapy hot water do Valspar no damage and you can wash it freely.

Your dining-room table and sideboard should be Valsparred, because then they will be immune to injury from spilled coffee, tea, milk, and fruit juices.

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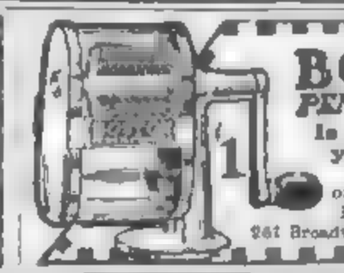

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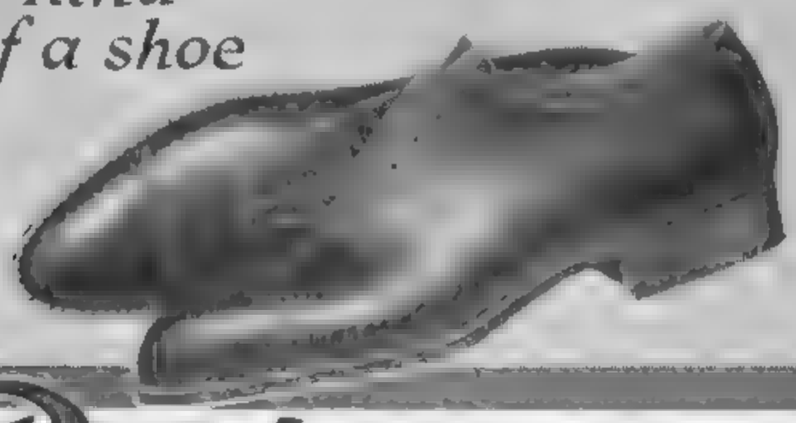

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Californian days, who was won back to his faith by witnessing the good works of the padres. It was a simple tale, with strong dramatic situations, lots of color, some fine lost-in-the-desert mirage stuff, and a splendid chance to show the Old Missions in the height of their glory and usefulness.

We bought and shot the story, and the author came out to see it projected at the studio. You may imagine his chagrin when the first scene opened with a bunch of beautiful señoritas! Then strange things followed. Three whole reels of the wildest adventure had been introduced, just to show how Pedro had become bad—thus is a simple two-reeler padded out to make a feature picture. When at last the story began, the poor little author found that the padres and the missions had become merely atmosphere, and the lad would be saved from sin by the sensuous-eyed Delphiah. Then, in the last reel, came the wedding bells and the same old clinch for the final fade-out.

When the broken-hearted author remonstrated with the boss for reducing his story to the common denominator of the other ninety-nine, this intellectual giant replied:

"We think we know our business, Roberts; and your story wouldn't have got over to the boneheads in the front seats. There's only one safe subject that always gets across, and that's the love stuff."

"But," said the struggling one, "love may express itself in many ways. Men will die for their country, for political ideals, for sheer adventure at the North Pole, for their inventions, and lots of things besides romantic love."

"Not at our studio," answered the Intelligence.

When Mr. Lewis became manager of our company this great purveyor of the photodrama left and became the head of a rival company. A scenario man over there told me that when one of Charles Dickens' stories was under consideration at their studio the boss had ordered him to cable Dickens to see whether they could buy the picture rights! Is it any wonder that much of our photodrama seems to have been addressed to "the boneheads in the front seats"?

It is a notorious fact that many good stories have been fearfully mangled by mediocre-minded men in positions of authority. But forward-looking companies, recognizing the supreme importance of the story, are seeking out high-grade men and women for this work. The days of the jolly robbers—or, what was æsthetically worse, the single-track minds—are happily near an end.

A Motion Picture School

When I came to the Filmart I found a whole new conception of the moving-picture business. Charles Mills, the director-general, and his brother William, scenario editor, were well-known dramatists before they came into the business; and, though they brought with them a vast knowledge of the stage, they recognized that here they were confronting a new art form. So for two years they very carefully felt their way along while evolving this promising organization.

It was their modesty that saved these men from the disasters of many a jaunty novelist and playwright who thought the making of pictures was a child's art. The discovery of the amazing complexities of this curious mixture of all the arts made them decide that if men were ever to write intelligently for the screen they must have a profound knowledge of its technic. So a photodramatic school for writers was established in connection with the studio, right on the lot. Our schoolrooms are in a little row of bungalows way over in a quiet shaded spot, away from the noise and turmoil; no telephones, cigarette borrowers, story-tellers, or other pests of the usual scenario department, bother us. I often wonder now how we ever knew what we were reading or writing in those awful dramatic boiler shops of other days.

William Mills is our prex; and attending his little school are three of the best-known dramatists of America, one famous novelist, three short-story writers, two dramatic critics, and several exceptional scenario writers who have grown up in the business. Besides these very high brows, there are several of us ferrets, with queer heads like cantaloupes, who read the submissions. As strange a bunch of students as ever wrecked a bar!

What is our curriculum? Well, first of all, for a month or two the student just follows a director about, watching him shoot. Here he learns the action on the narrow stage; the dramatic and pictorial use of the close-up, the distance of registration; how to time scenes by film footage; the best lengths for different purposes; how to register letter writing, telephone conversations, and the innumerable pantomimic stunts that have demanded entirely new dramatic symbols. Finally he will learn from the director the fine art of carrying continuity through scenes that are not made in their proper sequence.

Next comes work in the mechanical departments. In the laboratory he will learn the marvels of the dark room—how double exposures, dissolves, fade-outs and the various camera tricks are made. Then he goes to the camera, where he studies the various shots and distances, and how the speed of the action can be altered by changing the speed in camera cranking. Next the student must learn how scenes are lighted—the use of the different lights in their various combinations. He must even go out on location and see how carefully the lighting is studied and recorded, so that it will correspond with the studio shots. His hardest and most complex mechanical job is learning how continuity of action is made and arranged in the cutting room.

The Puzzle Department

After a few exciting months at this outside work the embryonic playwright is finally landed in the "puzzle department," where he learns the bewildering technic of writing continuity. This is the final working script from which the picture is shot and cut; and so complete is it—at least, at our studio—that every direction which goes to the making of a picture is included. The action, all business, different camera shots in the same scene, the dialogue the actors speak, and even the lighting are so minutely given that the director has merely to follow the script.

When a student has been "graduated" it is supposed he is qualified to take an ordinary story and translate it into photodramatic terms that will be perfectly understood by every department on the lot. And it is these graduates, mates, that scenario-ize your deep-sea tales; and you ought to be glad they fall into such capable hands. And, furthermore, it is because most of you know nothing of all this technical stuff that the studios—all that I know, at least—urgently desire that you send your stuff in short-story form or in a simple synopsis. If your story survives the handicap of the scenario form and continuity so glibly taught by many schools, it will have to be done over again, for no two studios have the same technical working script. So well understood is this fact, that even the best of our writers first send us nothing but synopses.

One can't learn studio technic while sailing the deep blue sea; so most of you will have to submit your masterpieces to the hands of trained translators hence, our school. And I want to repeat, so as to make it good and strong, that you are darned lucky when your story is translated by trained men and women of education. Most writers, if they only knew, would be mighty proud to have these well-known artists as collaborators. I have accepted some rather doubtful stories that became masterly productions when they had gone through this particular mill.

And there is no use in getting all worked-up because you don't know our language. The fact that a man writes a good short story does not mean he can write for the screen. Novelists have rarely been good dramatists for their own works; and even the dramatist, though much better equipped than the novelist, cannot write a film play without understanding this new art form. A story written in narrative form becomes, on the screen, simply a series of illustrated subtitles, and a modern conversational play would be mostly subtitles, with an occasional picture. In the films, characters are not described, but must be established by the things they do; and the plot cannot be developed or unfolded in conversational dialogue, but must be told, as nearly as possible, in dramatic action. Factors like these make the photodrama an art form differing from the story, stage and canvas, yet borrowing much from each; so it is silly for the dramatist and story-teller to object to our translations of their arts to the screen. Music written for the clarinet is not played upon the violin.

(Concluded on Page 117)

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THE EDWARD WESLEY COMPANY

CINCINNATI, OHIO

(Concluded from Page 114)

So it is in our unique little school—which has within it the seed of the future academy of photodramatics—that we are gradually training a group of men and women from whom we hope to get our best plays.

What chance, then, you ask, has the free-lance writer to sell his scenarios? Every chance in the world. The staff writers could not possibly fill all the needs of the studio, and it would not be desirable if they could, for they would soon grow stale; so we go right on buying all the good stuff we can lay hold of, and cry for more. But this must be remembered: the story we purchase may be greatly changed by the time it appears upon the silver screen; and this is bound to be the case until more of our photodramatists know their profession from its production side.

So starved are the studios for good stories that if we find a writer with the faintest promise we nurse him along by advice and criticism, often endeavoring to sell his stuff to other studios if it is unsuitable for our own. If he improves a whole lot we may send for him; but if he shows big-league ability we just buy him outright, slam him into school, and then hope for the best. I might parenthetically remark that the other members of our company are jocularly jealous of our school; and because of our very exclusive isolation they have dubbed us "the educated lepers!" This is high praise, however, compared with some of the names we get in our daily mail.

Going Through the Mill

Just for fun, indignant author, let's follow your accepted story through our particular Mills, and see what happens to it when it is revised by William and shot by Charles. First of all, as scenario editor, William Mills writes commentary notes on the dramatic action, psychology of the plot and the larger factors; he then turns the story over to two other trained dramatists—without his notes—and they each write their criticisms. The three then meet to find, if possible, a common base. When this is done a trained author is called in; and, after a thorough going over with the three editors, he goes off to write a reconstructed story. After this is accomplished the author again meets the three editors, and if the reconstructed story is satisfactory he goes off again, this time to make a more fully developed tale. When this is O. K'd by Mr. Mills, the director is next called into consultation with him and the author. As the director is the one who paints the picture, his suggestions are sympathetically sought and always adopted, unless too violently opposed to the author and the editors.

Outside authors are always furiously indignant because we don't shoot their stories exactly as they are written. Well, here is something they must all reconcile themselves to: it can't be done. Even if the author writes his own continuity, directs the picture, and acts the lead himself, he will be surprised to find how different the finished picture will be from his original visualization of it. After having everything possible indicated in the script, the director's work is still highly creative, for it is largely a matter of dramatic emphasis and inflection. Two violinists may each play the same melody and get in all the notes, yet one will be music and the other noise. Two directors may each exactly follow the same script—one will produce a work of art, and the other "just a moving picture."

But to return to the mill: After full consultation with the director, the author takes the story and writes the continuity. In our little school we are taught that continuity is to the synopsis what lines of the spoken play are to its construction; consequently the writing of it calls for the highest degree of dramatic ability and psychological knowledge, and should, therefore, be done by a real author—preferably the one who has been in consultation throughout the grind.

Attached to the continuity are the scene plots, props, locations, costumes, cast, estimate of cost, and every necessary item to start the huge machinery of the studio at work to build the picture.

It has taken weeks and weeks to get to the point where the picture is to be shot; and, though the author is given full credit for the story, it can be seen, from what I have told, that its dramatization has been the work of many sets of brains.

The travel of the story through all this elaborate machinery will be strange news to the jolly writers on Elevated trains, who think that all one has to do is to jot down a plot on the back of an envelope, send it in, and see the picture run just that way.

The old-fashioned directors blow up when they are confronted by the new order. They think our directors are nothing but glorified camera men. This, however, as we have seen, is not the case, for the director was consulted about the story and helped largely with the continuity—the point being that, when the last detail is decided in advance, the whole plant can be set at work on a schedule, and the picture made better and in much less time than under the old inspirational and temperamental methods of the individualistic directors. If ever there was a social product, it is the film drama. So important is the smooth running of the elaborate machine, that no director is now allowed to change the script in any noticeable way without consultation with the scenario editor and the continuity man.

This reading of scenarios is just like mining—there is always a delicious hope that one is going to find gold. Sometimes we strike a lead that peters out; once in a while we dig up a little low-grade ore that is worth smelting; and then, about once a month, we clap our hands for joy when we come upon a shining nugget. But, alas, it often turns out to be brass! Let me flash one on you which is very much like the others, except that it is a little bit brassier:

"EDITOR SCENARIO DEPARTMENT,
"Filmart Studio.

"*Dear Sir:* You will see by my letterhead that I am a success in magazine work. Have decided to do scenarios. Am prepared to furnish you—on forty-eight hours' notice—two or five reel dramas, eight-reel features, one, two and split reel comedies, or anything else you may desire. I will also write subtitles for educational films that will put a punch in them. As I am a business man I wish to know your terms in advance. And what guaranty can you give me that my stuff will not be appropriated without compensation?

"Sincerely yours,
"J. GOODRICH CRUST."

These beautiful promises, whose fulfillment would have meant a permanent vacation to our poor overworked staff, were crowded way down in the corner of a letter that was otherwise occupied by a splendid half-tone likeness of this gelatin genius, garlanded about with reproductions of magazines that had been honored by his pen; then, spilling down the sides in modest tones of red, lavender and green, were quoted clippings which told of the rare approval his stories had evoked.

To Tom, Dick and Harry

We just love these efficiency authors, though we rarely buy their stories; but this chap was so promising that I sent him a night letter asking for samples and agreeing to put up a bond of five thousand dollars that we would not take any of his stories "off him," no matter how great the provocation. But, unlike his brother advertising authors, he never even replied to our generous offer.

So, after all our golden hopes have gone up in smoke, we have to get right back to Tom, Dick and Harry. And, in order that you three old stand-bys may work a little more intelligently, I am going to give you a few rules and suggestions for your guidance:

Tom: For the love of Mike, write about Dick and Harry. Don't think you must go to Rome or Rio for your story. There are tales right in the shirt department, across the aisle, that would go big on the screen—if you only knew what they are. I have a hunch, from things I've heard you say, that your boss, though perhaps not so colorful,

is a worse pirate than ever roved the Spanish Main. Go after him; he may be good for five reels. Whatever you do, write about the places and people you know; and if the tale is a bit rough leave the happy ending to us—that is the best thing we make.

Dick: Forget your silly copyrights—you can't stop our stealing if we should get another spell; cut out the "scenario form"; don't dare attempt continuity, but write us a simple synopsis of five hundred words, or a short story of five thousand—with a synopsis. If you do this we won't have to use the divining rod or employ a staff of clairvoyants to locate your idea. But remember this: A bunch of episodes is not a story; nor is a series of loosely related incidents that fail to work to a climax. We sometimes buy simple ideas for a fair price and keep them in stock, just as we do film. We pay no royalties, except to famous authors; stories are bought outright—that is, the film privileges are bought. If you think you can sell your story to the Bird Center Bugle after we have shot it, go to it.

Harry: Don't send dour tragedies to a studio that employs thirty companies of exclusively custard-pie throwers; nor to the companies who have never made a slapstick in their gelatin lives should you contribute comedies that would necessitate the employment of a regiment of pastry cooks. Throughout the foregoing tale I have purposely used fictitious names for scenario editors and studios; so do not address your stuff to them. You will find that most studios advertise their needs in the trade magazines; so, if you would save us perspiration and yourself postage, just shoot at the right targets.

The Lion Stunt

However, I want to warn you about farce comedy—it's easy to write, but darned hard to sell. One of the biggest comedy companies in the country has not accepted half a dozen scripts in the past year. They write all their own. Comedies of situation are, on the other hand, the rarest jewels we seek, and a good one will sell instantly. Another tip, Harry: Unless you are an animal trainer don't send in the jungle stuff. The fact that you may be a little wild in spots, or have even tamed a vamp, doesn't qualify you to write the animal stuff. These stories are always written in collaboration with the fellow who trains the savage leads.

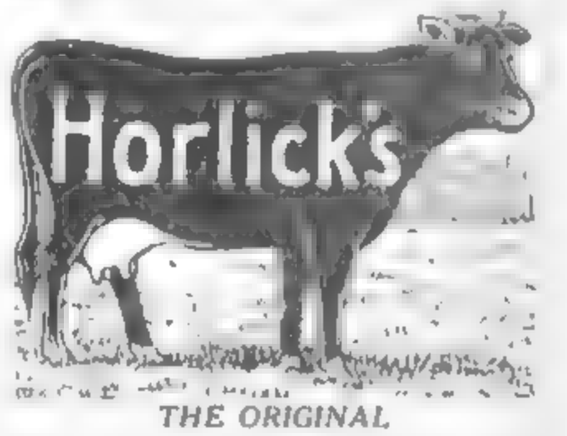
I know of but one picture that was made from an outside idiot's scenario. This chap, to show how the girl won the heart of the king of beasts, had her pull a thorn out of his majesty's paw with her fair young teeth. Now anybody who knows aught about the cats will tell you that you may put your pin-head in the lion's mouth, but he won't put his paw in yours—not while he lives. And the joke on this author was that we made the picture because we happened to have a dead lion at the time. After getting a little footage of the girl fooling with the live boy, trying to get hold of his paw, we then shot to a close-up of the girl clutching the leg of the cold-storage lion and pulling the thorn out with her teeth. The claws were made to open and shut by manipulating the muscles of the foreleg. But don't hand us another, Harry, for we can't kill a thousand-dollar lion to get an impossible story. Remember, we have dramatized everything in the Zoo, from elephants to trained fleas.

And to all three of you I would suggest that you do not ask for criticism of your work. We cannot afford to run a correspondence school; and, besides, you wouldn't like us if we told you the truth. After all, a check is the most satisfactory critique we could offer. And, above all, I beg of you to choke back that distressing impulse to suggest that we might steal your story while we have it in our treacherous hands. You would be absolutely amazed at the amount of stuff we don't steal.

The other evening, at dinner, Mrs. Belden made a curious observation.

"Sam," she said, "the schools and colleges are always asserting that their greatest function is to develop self-expression. If this is true, the Moving-Picture Industry is the grandest educational institution the world has ever seen. From the janitors in the bowels of our office buildings to the solemn owls of our supreme courts, all the human carnivora are writing for the screen; and, even though they never sell a single scenario, just think of the practice they are getting in self-expression!"

Maybe there is more than a joke in what Louise says. There usually is.



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Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

TRAINING FOR TRENCH FIGHTING

(Concluded from Page 10)

At four-thirty dismiss call is blown, and, except for supper and guard mount, the men are free for the day. About once a week this routine is broken for each battalion by a day in the field. This may be a practice march, or field maneuvers, or trench service. Field maneuvers are sham battles in the open, in which one battalion is sent to capture a ridge, or a crossroads, or take up a certain position, while another is sent out to frustrate their objective. The bare plan and a map is given the officers, and they are left to work out the problem for themselves. I shall never forget the woebegone expression of a young commissary officer who unrolled a blue print for my inspection and, pointing to a red cross on it, exclaimed: "I've got to be there with three trucks to-morrow at noon, or my battalion will be ruled out as hungry, and heaven only knows where it is!"

He set off at daybreak; his trucks got stuck in the sand, and he had to come back for mule teams; but at ten minutes of twelve he was at the appointed place, having found his way there through a strange country by a blue-print map and having overcome all sorts of transportation difficulties. Six months before, that same man, an author, had never seen a blue-print map, and had no more idea about loading provisions on a truck than he had about the disposition of the army mule.

All the way through Canada adopts this sink-or-swim method of training. It develops a high degree of initiative and self-reliance, not only in the officers but in the men also. To go out and do a thing "on your own," and then come back and report to an expert for his criticisms and suggestions, is a very different thing from doing that thing with that same expert at your elbow. The Canadian Army in training learns many lessons from hard experience, a system, incidentally, that reduces the number of professional soldier-instructors to a minimum. The trained men are needed at the Front, and this is the same problem that we shall shortly face.

Trench Life in Canada

The most interesting part of Canadian training to us, however, is the trench fighting. Outside of Camp Borden a couple of miles of opposing trenches of different types have been thrown up—or rather dug down, for the modern trench is a narrow, steep-sided gully as inconspicuous as possible—and into these battalions are sent for twenty-four-hour tours of training. This is the feature of the Canadian system that our army war college announces will be a part of the training at the sixteen cantonments now planned for our new army. The practice trenches at Camp Borden are reproductions of sections of trench held by Canadian troops in France. "We have here," said my guide, "everything except the bugs and the Boches."

Here the Canadian recruit learns how to live in the trenches, and how to find his way about in their elaborate, labyrinthine system of communication trenches—two no mean accomplishments. Here, too, he learns what he can and cannot do; how to stand sentry; what to expect and what to look out for. Here he actually with his own hands makes new sape, runs out mining operations, builds new machine-gun emplacements, repairs wire entanglements, and here he practices as a sharpshooter, firing his rifle at any target the men of the opposing battalion present; as a bomber, crawling out and throwing bombs that actually explode into the other trench; as a scout, creeping through his wire out in a very real No Man's Land. The telegraphers crouch in dugouts and send real messages; the signalers send off real rockets and flare bombs; aviators fly over the trenches, learning what to observe.

One can hardly imagine how thrillingly realistic this mimic trench warfare is, but I shall never forget my feelings when, after walking through what seemed to be miles of winding communication trench, I reached the fire trench and, stepping up on the fire step, peered over into No Man's Land. In the uncertain light of the new moon the country in front stretched away in an eerie, greenish haze. Here and there were black marks, "stumps," my guide told me, and quite close I could make out a lightish streak, "our wire." A flash and a sharp report showed me where the enemy's sharpshooter was firing from, and, as my eyes became accustomed to the light, I could finally make out the other trench.

The officer in charge of this section of trench came up, and my companion, one of the instructors in the trench-fighting school, asked him how things were going.

"Very good, sir," the lieutenant replied. "We've got positive information the enemy is going to attack shortly after midnight. Hollinsworth captured one of their scouts. They're very nervous," he added, jerking his head toward the enemy; "been shooting their heads off all evening, sir."

"Sure they're not shooting your heads off?" the instructor asked.

"Not a chance. I've told the men to keep well under."

"That's right. There's just enough moon to be risky."

"Beg pardon, sir," said the sentry on watch in the bay where we were standing, "but I think I see two of their scouts."

We stepped up on the platform and peered over the parapet.

"In that hollow—just to the left of that big stump."

Silent, tense, every nerve strained, we peered out. Our own trenches seemed strangely quiet, the enemy's very noisy. The cool night breeze wafted us the murmur of voices and the sound of a muffled laugh. A spit of fire from the opposite trench and the crack of a rifle—and we ducked down.

"Must have seen us," the instructor said. "Too many of us too close together. Did you see anything?"

The young lieutenant had not; the sentry and I thought we had.

"Why not send up a flare and make sure?" suggested the instructor. "Call in the men from the listening posts first, and send a warning to the sentries."

The lieutenant gave his orders in a low voice, while we stood on the platform peeping over the parapet. A mysterious "All ready—watch out—flare going!" ran along the trench, jumping from bay to bay, from man to man, though none seemed to speak. "That's the way a trench rumor travels," my guide had just time to whisper, when there was a hiss, like the hiss of a rocket, and a trail of red sparks streaked over our heads. With a soft, hollow pop the flare bomb burst high over No Man's Land, flooding the earth beneath with a bright white light. In that shining glare the country between the trenches looked curiously artificial, like a night scene in a second-rate country theater, but every detail of the landscape stood out sharp and distinct. At first my attention was caught and held by a black streak, the shadow of the propeller that kept the flare afloat, that swung round and round over the country. My eyes followed it half a dozen times round the circle till they stopped, riveted on the hollow where we had seen the scouts. Nobody was there. The other trench showed up plainly, and I could see their wire as well as if it had been day. Suddenly the flare went out. We all stepped down in the trench.

"See anything?" asked the instructor.

"Not a thing," the lieutenant replied sadly, and the sentry muttered "Sold!"

"Let us go over to the other trench," my escort proposed. "They are a different type, and I want to show you a mine."

As we stepped out of the end of the trench my guide flashed his electric bull's-eye on his arm to show the white band that proved him an instructor and a neutral.

"Did you see any scouts?" he asked me.

"No; were there any out?"

"I'm almost certain there was one behind the big stump—thought I could see his leg. There was certainly one right in front of us, just beyond the wire. He was an easy shot. It takes a little practice to spot them under a flare if they lie quiet—this is only the second time that battalion's been out in the trenches."

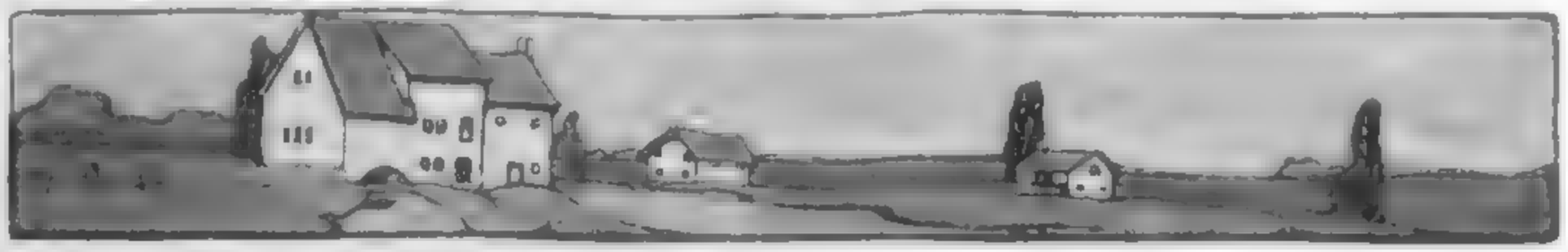
And this is just the kind of practice these men were getting, the kind of practice that makes perfect. It is practice not to be gotten in any other way, and it is absolutely invaluable. One of the favorite after-dinner stories at Borden tells of the exploit of an inexperienced scout—at the Front the good joke would have been a tragedy. This adventurous fellow, his first night in the trenches, crept almost up to the enemy's trench. Because no one fired at him he fondly believed he was unobserved, but in reality his every move was carefully watched. It was planned to make him a prisoner, but before those sent out to capture him could cut off his retreat, he turned to go back to his own trench. Crawling away on his hands and knees he presented a tempting target. A signal rocket was at hand, and a corporal grabbed it and touched the fuse. The aim was perfect, and the rocket struck the scout square in the seat of his breeches. With an agonized yell he sprang to his feet, and then moaning that he had been shot he staggered forward and fell in approved moving-picture style, while the trenches rocked with laughter. To add insult to injury his retreat was now cut off and he was captured. Back in the trenches his captors solemnly conducted him to a dressing station. The doctor in charge decided that an operation was necessary, and he was stripped by the red-cross men and a warm spanking applied. That particular Canadian soldier will be a very cautious scout.

No Place for Blunders

"Trench-fighting lessons can only be learned in the trenches" was how one of the instructors, a man back from the Front, expressed it to me; "and we find it cheaper to have mistakes made in Canada than in France." And Canada has found that it takes a year to train an army in trench fighting to a point where the men will be so efficient that they can be relied upon. The fate of the First Contingency was a bitter lesson, a lesson that we, too, will do well to remember.

The greater part of the Canadian training is done in Canada because it simplifies the transportation and feeding problems in England and France. The men are sent to England for a finishing course, but only after eight or ten months' work on this side. They go over physically fit, perfectly familiar with their weapons, and confident in their ability to meet any two Germans on even terms. These, as General Logie, the commanding officer of Camp Borden, said to me, are the objects of Canadian training. The post-graduate work in England trains the specialists who have shown special ability in bombing, mining, scouting and other special details, while the whole battalion is hardened by work that makes the Camp Borden régime seem like a holiday.

For the moral effect of having American troops overseas it may be wise to send over an expedition as soon as possible and to give them their training abroad; but we must remember the food and transportation problems, and plan to do the greater part of the training here. We must send over the army specially trained for trench fighting, so experienced in this highly specialized warfare that after a couple of months' hardening they can take their places in the front trenches, knowing what they must do and how it must be done. A blunder in the trenches is dangerously like wholesale murder.



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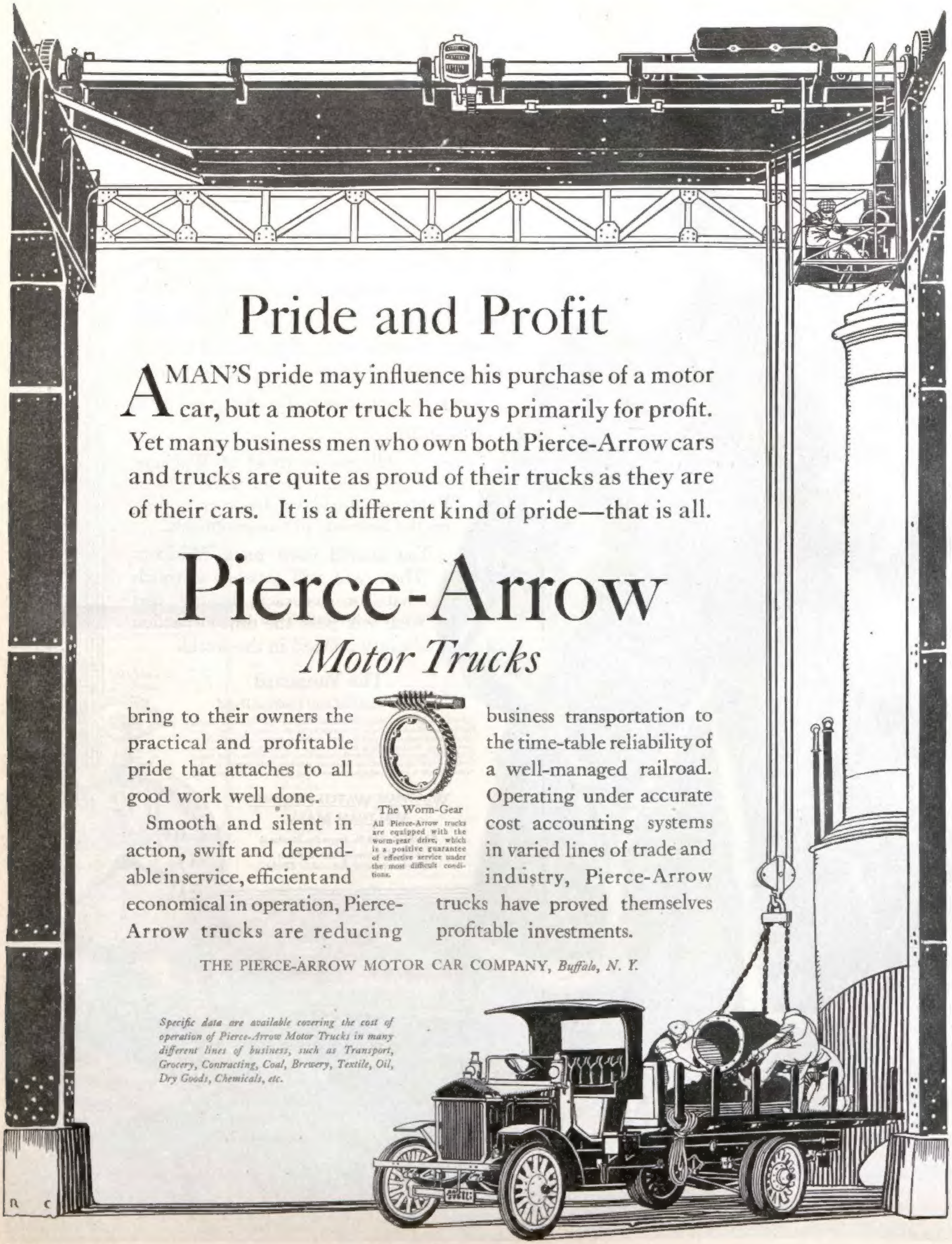

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But palm oil comes from central Africa. In the first stage toward us, natives carry it over mountains on their heads.

Our olive oil comes from Spain and Italy. Last year the olive crop was short. So olive oil is high.

Each and Every Shipment

Both these oils come oversea. Both come through the war zone. So we now must pay a multiplied freight rate, plus enormous war insurance.

One result is scarcity. We have to fairly scrape the market for supplies. Another result is a 50 per cent higher cost.

No Changes Yet

Despite this situation, Palmolive remains the same.

We still use African palm oil and olive oil from Spain. We use the same grades as we used to, and the same amount. Our formula is unchanged.

Your dealer pays a trifle more. But all the further extra cost we so far pay ourselves.

What May Happen

Two things may happen to PALMOLIVE which we think you ought to know.

First, the scarcity of these two oils may force reduction in our output. Some of you may need to go without.

Second, still higher costs, ruinous to us, may force a higher price to you.

PALMOLIVE, therefore, may be scarce. Or it may be higher later. But it will never be different. It will always bear this delightful blend of palm and olive oils.

Our Suggestion To You

If you prize PALMOLIVE, and would sadly miss it, we recommend that you lay in a supply. At today's price, it is by far the greatest value you will find in soap.

The prospects are, if war continues, that this soap will be hard to get.

In either case, some may tell you that other soaps are like it. That will be untrue. When we can't get palm and olive oils, others will also fail.

Animal fats and domestic oils may be colored like PALMOLIVE. But they cannot produce PALMOLIVE quality.

Such are the facts as we know them. We are not seeking new users. And, at present costs, we have no wish to urge old users.

But we want you to know that PALMOLIVE isn't changed and it never will be. But there may be scarcity, and there may be higher cost.

You can protect yourself now by laying in a supply.

Palmolive soap heads a complete line of splendid toilet specialties—Palmolive shampoo, cold cream, vanishing cream, face powder, price 50 cents each; Palmolive talcum and shaving stick, price 25 cents each. If your dealer does not carry a full stock, write us direct, enclosing price of article desired.

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